

JAN 11 1950

DIVORCE - the Shame of Hollywood! *see page 52*

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*Esther Williams
and her son*





Smooth it on...your skin blooms! Your powder clings for hours!

Revlon's "Fashion Plate"

the only cream-wafer face make-up in the world

You've never known a make-up base like Revlon's Fashion Plate! Just fingerstroke it on ever so lightly...no more than a misty film. Instantly your skin seems flawless, blemish-free! Now...fluff on matching Revlon face powder. When have you had such an ultra-velvet glow!



Smooth it on, light as a mist.



Apply matching Revlon face powder.

Fashion Plate, new purse size 1.00* Dressing table size 1.50* Face Powder in genius colors 1.00*

*PLUS TAX

Revlon makes the fabulous difference in make-up!

HAT: MR. JOHN. PHOTO: RAWLINGS ©REVLOX PRODUCTS CORP.

DENTAL SCIENCE EXPLAINS HOW
IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!



No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For dental science says that tooth decay starts with acid-forming bacteria trapped in a sticky coating on your teeth. Every time, *any* time you use Ipana, it fights tooth decay by helping remove this bacteria-trapping coating.

DENTISTS SAY THAT IPANA CARE
PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!



In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *That's just as important as fighting decay*, for dentists warn that you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try this dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.

HERE'S THE DENTIST-APPROVED
IPANA WAY—EASY AS 1, 2:



*The Ipana way is doubly effective. 1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (Ipana's own formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner.) 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.)

GUARD AGAINST TOOTH DECAY AND GUM TROUBLES BOTH!

Dentists warn you must do both to save your teeth.

You can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—with doubly-effective Ipana care!*

You realize, of course, that fighting tooth decay is vitally important.

But you may not realize that *fighting gum troubles is just as important!* It's true—for leading dental authorities warn that most tooth losses are caused by *gum troubles*.

You can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles **BOTH**—with doubly-effective Ipana care.*

No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. *And no other leading tooth paste* is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

So get Ipana for double protection—for fighting tooth decay and gum troubles *both*.

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS
IPANA for Both!



Products of Bristol-Myers



Refreshing Ipana
leaves your breath cleaner,
your mouth fresher, too!

THIS BEAUTY GUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH—WITH IPANA CARE!

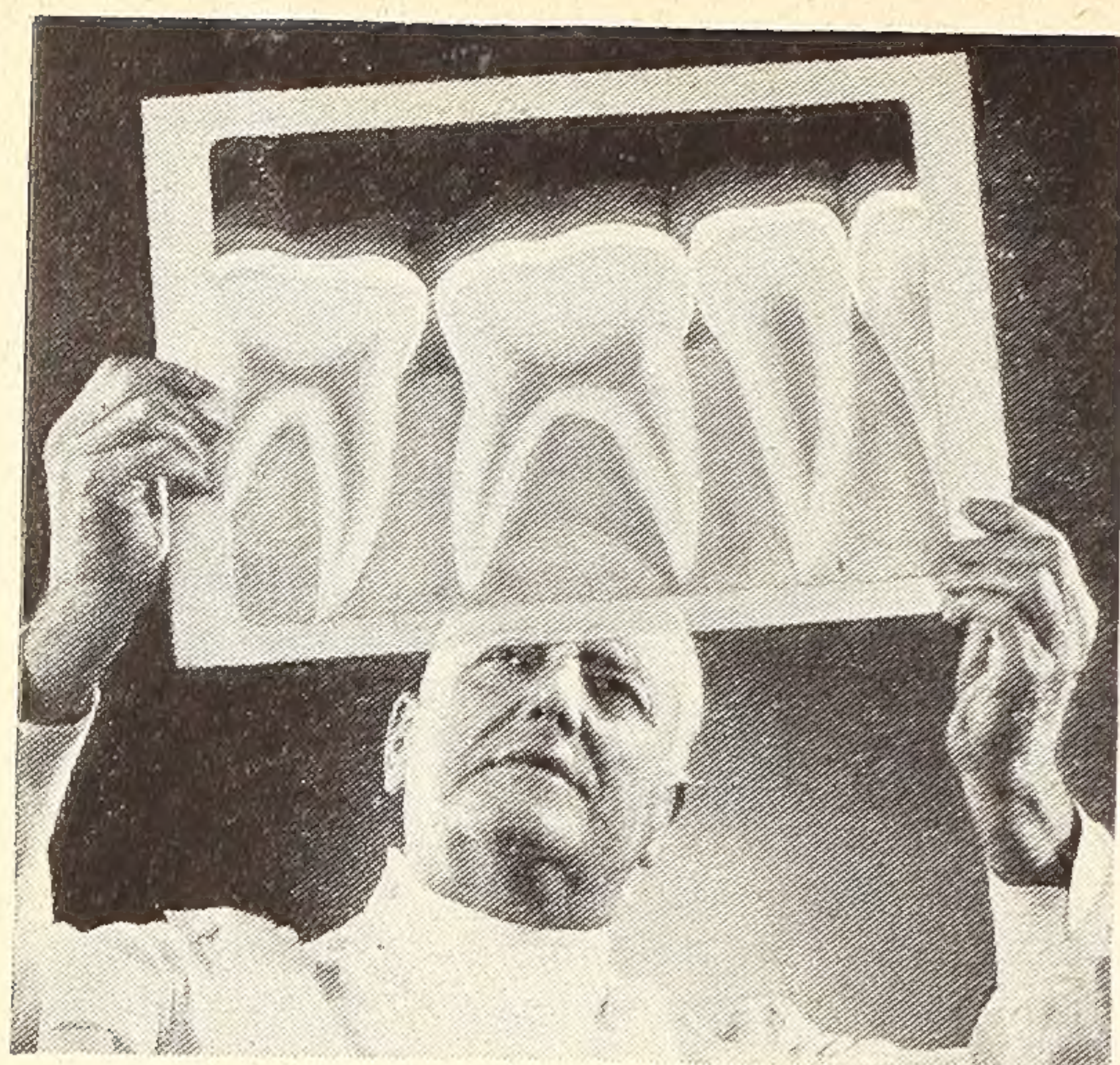


With a smile like this, popular Jean Fritz of Long Island, N. Y., never risks halfway dental care. As a highly successful junior model, she knows that healthy teeth and healthy gums are *both* essential to an attrac-

tive smile. So Jean (like thousands of other smart girls) fights tooth decay and gum troubles, too—the pleasant Ipana way. Give yourself this same doubly-effective dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

modern screen



**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH
RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

**Exhaustive Research by Eminent
Dental Authorities Proves How Using
Colgate Dental Cream Helps
Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!**

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

**No Other Dentifrice
Offers Proof of These Results!**

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!



ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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**"I was married to a
man other women
pursued!"**



There are two sides to anybody's town—the high hat side and the lowdown side, and the two rarely meet—in public places that is. But

when they do, and they do in M-G-M's new picture—you get a drama like this! Barbara Stanwyck plays the woman in it, a woman who knows the heartbreak of dream street. She's one of the dazzle girls of the social columns married to a man other women pursue. Watch James Mason play *this* part! Of course there's the other woman—there usually is—but not like this other woman. Ava Gardner plays the role. Watch her go for James Mason!



Yes, this is the story of night life, the kind of night life that leads to newspaper headlines—

and once in a while to murder! Marcia Davenport's exciting best-seller has come to the screen with stars that make it live!

M-G-M presents

BARBARA STANWYCK • JAMES MASON
VAN HEFLIN • AVA GARDNER
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

CYD CHARISSE • NANCY DAVIS • GALE SONDERGAARD

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART

Based on the Novel by MARCIA DAVENPORT

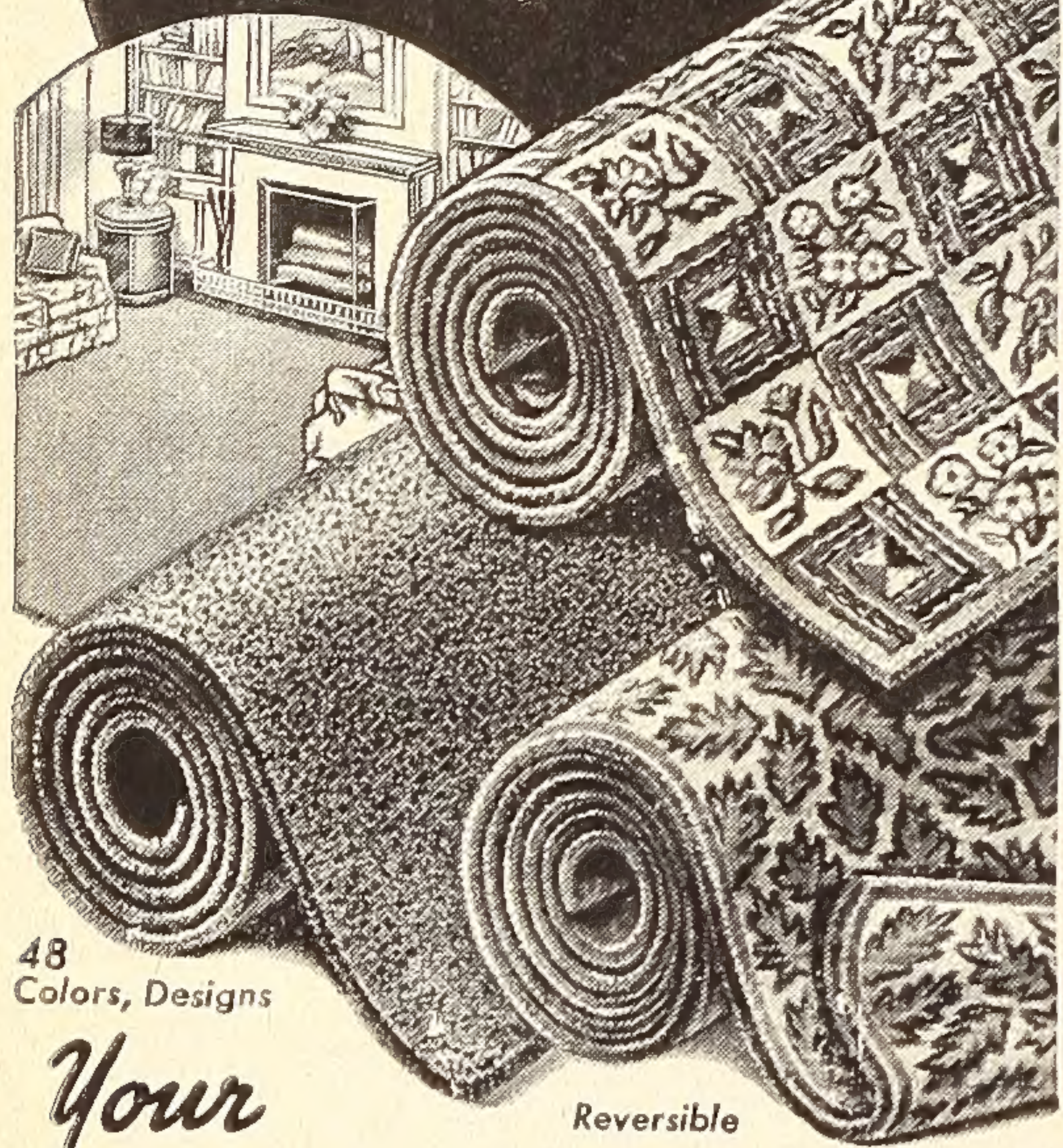
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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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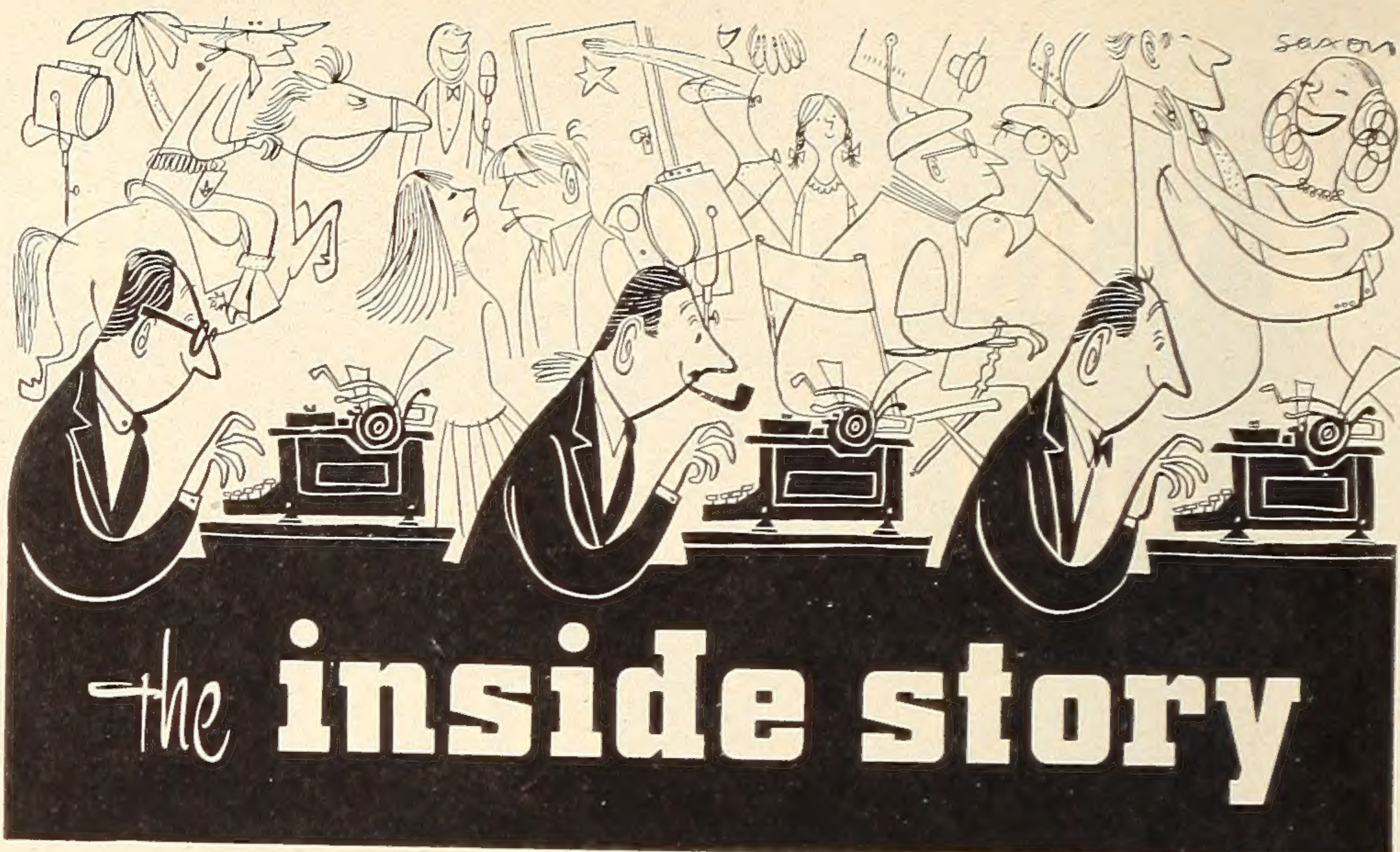
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WHEN ESTHER WILLIAMS married Ben Gage, she married a hazard. He's not a hazard to her, you understand. He's one to himself. You see, he's six-foot-five and what with bumping his noggin on door jambs, taxi roofs, and headboards, he's lived dangerously. But Esther has a new fella now—a little guy called "Benjy," with enormous eyes and hands. Only trouble is *he's* only a foot-and-a-half tall and she keeps worrying that he might go out with the laundry. You'll find further details on *My New Guy* on page 32.

HEDDA HOPPER, that fearless lady, is living way out on the breezy end of a limb these days. We got her to climb out by daring her. "Go on!" we dared. "Predict what'll happen in Hollywood in 1950." And darned if she didn't—with *My Predictions for 1950*, on page 30. She has some fine—and some surprising—things to say about Farley Granger, Susan Hayward, Ruth Roman and a whole passel of others.

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, when Rory Calhoun felt the great out-of-doors beckoning to him, he did not, as you might suspect, shut the window. Instead, he bundled wife Lita into their roadster and took the high and lovely road to Ojai. Seventy-five miles from Los Angeles, in a beautiful valley, they found a dilapidated ranch house and fell in love with it. With a combination dude-ranch and resort in mind, they've been dusting beds, installing swimming pools and currying favor with the horses. If you can't drop in on the Circle-B ranch, try reading *Home Is Where You Hide It* on page 48. It's better than a vacation.

WE'LL BE BACK on the newsstand next month with a terrific, sparkling new issue—a special Elizabeth Taylor issue, with an entire section devoted to her life and times. Then there's a fine love story about the Ricardo Montalban, and more on your other favorites and ours—such as Kirk Douglas, Jane Powell, Joan Crawford and Lana Turner. Please, please don't miss this!

AS WE STRODE by our row of files the other day, a hand suddenly reached out and clutched us. "Want some hot facts, huh, bud? They're new, never been used before." "Henry Malmgreen," we said, "what does all this mean?" So he wiped away the dust and told us. It seems that he and Al Delacorte—MODERN SCREEN's former editors—have been working on their Hollywood Yearbook and now have it crammed with everything important that happened in Hollywood or to a Hollywood star for the past 12 months. Sections for newcomers, best movies, a pictorial on night life—all kinds of wonderful things. Only in Hollywood Yearbook will you find *The Most Dangerous Marriage of the Year*. Look for it on your newsstand now! It costs a quarter, and it's something you'll want to keep.

A STORY
OF TWELVE
MEN AS
THEIR
WOMEN
NEVER
KNEW
THEM...

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

THE WORLD
STANDS STILL
AT...

...of one man who
stood forward—alone!
GREGORY PECK in
his most exciting role—as
"Savage," who crosses
wings with Destiny!

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

20th
CENTURY-FOX

starring

GREGORY PECK

with
HUGH MARLOWE • GARY MERRILL • MILLARD MITCHELL • DEAN JAGGER • ROBERT ARTHUR • PAUL STEWART • JOHN KELLOGG • BOB PATTEN

Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** Directed by **HENRY KING**

Screen Play by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr. • Based on the Novel by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

■ Princess Irene Ghica, who will marry Errol Flynn, is slim, green-eyed, attractive and titled. But it wasn't her obvious sex-appeal or the "Princess" in front of her name that made the fascinatin' Flynn fall for her like a ton of bricks.

The Princess is mad about children and nothing could have struck a more potent blow at Errol's heart. He adores his little Rory and the older child, Diedre.

The first time Errol met the Princess was at the Paris apartment of his good friends, the Freddie McAvoy's. Freddie has a little daughter (by a previous marriage to Irene Wrightsman) and his new French bride also has a small child.

The Princess could not have made a more smashing hit than she did romping and playing with the youngsters and chattering with them in French. They are just as devoted to her as she is to them—also well noted by Flynn, plenty lonesome for his little Rory at that time.

The girl who has succeeded in taking Errol off the bachelor lists is Rumanian-born and before the advent of the Commies her family was wealthy and very high in social circles. She is 20 years old and just LOOOOVES emeralds.

That is the main reason her engagement ring is a big emerald. I can tell you first-hand, because I spent quite a bit of time with them when I was in Europe last summer.

* * *

The gay and glittering parties which always start the holiday season, came with a rush, each one seeming more festive than the last.

Your friend and mine, Clifton (Belvedere) Webb, said he was too old for anybody but his mother, Mabelle, to remember his birthday—so he tossed himself a party in his beautiful Spanish home.

It was the first social appearance of the Tyrone Powers since their 18-month absence from Hollywood, and vivacious Linda was the center of all eyes in what was the most elaborate gown of the evening, a white, embroidered satin, created in Rome by the fabulous designer, Fontana. It was really the most beautiful dress I ever saw—entirely strapless and sleeveless and embroidered in flowers with rhinestone centers.

She and Ty seem so happy and so in love. He was constantly coming over to her to plant a kiss on her cheek or on the top of her pretty hair.

At the height of the party, many of Clifton's friends adjourned with him to the den to

JANE POWELL BECOMES GEARY STEFFEN'S BRIDE WITH



Three of the bridesmaids enter the church. Left to right: Marjorie Dillon, Jane's stand-in; star Elizabeth Taylor, a close friend; Betty McDowall, Roddy's sister. Roddy, who was an usher, has been a friend of Jane and Geary for many years.



Jane Powell Steffen proudly shows her wedding band to Geary's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Steffen, as bride and groom and their respective parents stand at the head of the reception's receiving line. Jane's parents are at her left.

NEWS

ALL THE CUSTOMARY WEDDING GAIETY



Smiling happily, the bride-to-be steps toward the church, escorted by her father, Paul Burce, and one of her friends. Jane's dress is white taffeta with lace sleeves and bodice.



After the ceremony, a rather nervous Jane holds firmly to her bridegroom's arm as they leave together for the wedding reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Geary and Jane met three years ago, but delayed marrying until he had established himself.



Looking pleased about the whole thing, Geary and Jane help themselves to wedding reception champagne. The big day was preceded by pre-wedding parties for them.



Jane tosses the handsome bridal bouquet with an energetic swing while the wedding attendants watch to see which lucky girl will catch it. Standing next to Liz Taylor is Jane's young matron of honor, Barbara Steffen Covington, Geary's sister.



You can lose him in a minute!

IT has happened to thousands of girls . . . it can happen to you.

One little moment's carelessness and he will be through with you *that quick!* You will probably ask yourself over and over again, "Why? Why? Why?"

How About You?

Never let halitosis (unpleasant breath) nullify your other charms. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best.

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against offending

because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually. Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and, we repeat, always before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic . . . it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces . . . often helps head off much cold misery.



Who's the Santa about to go on the air with Louella Parsons? It's jolly old Dan Dailey! Dick Riggs, show's producer, is the other jolly soul.

listen to his album of *South Pacific* songs. This elicited a cry from Lauren Bacall in pseudo-melodramatic-romantic fashion "Gimme Pinza!"

"Did she say 'Panda'?" yelled her ever-lovin' man, Humphrey Bogart. The Bogarts are another very happily married couple with a wonderful recipe for staying that a-way. They howl at each other's jokes. "Baby" Bacall looked very cute in a short, but très elaborate evening gown.

Among the other Hollywood lovelies, I saw Patricia Neal in severe black, Gertrude Lawrence in delicate pink and that lovely character actress, Gladys Cooper, in pale gray. I thought Miss Cooper one of the most charming women present.

However, the party spotlight was really stolen by Clifton's mother, Mabelle, who brought down the house when she did a solo dance to "Happy Talk" from *South Pacific*—and was so good she should be in the show!

If Dr. Peter Lindstrom was totin' a torch a mile high and eating his heart out over Ingrid Bergman, he's succeeded in dousing his heart-ache rather noticeably. No longer a recluse, he has been stepping around a little—and his favorite date seems to be Signe Hasso, another Swedish charmer. He certainly sticks to the Scandinavian belles.

I heard a very funny story about the Doctor's social habits. He is crazy about dancing, even on crowded floors in over-heated night clubs. But he is fastidiously neat, and always carries along two extra shirts!

At one party, where he did not know there would be dancing, he forgot his "spare" linen—and borrowed two shirts from his host!

Personal Opinions: I've heard more than one attractive bachelor opine that Janet Leigh has more sex-appeal, off screen, than any other belle—including Ava Gardner! . . . Just when some Hollywood reporters (not me) were blaring the news that Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini had cooled, and Ingrid was on her way home, Joe Steele was talking from Hollywood to Ingrid in Rome. He point-blank asked her how things were. "I am still deeply in love," Bergman told him, "and I am not returning to America." Hope this ends *that!* . . . I'm worried about Judy Garland's health again. I'm afraid she tried to come back to work too soon. And it is unfortunate that she had to take off those 10 pounds she needed so much, because she registered too much poundage in front of the

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR—
HELP THE MARCH OF DIMES
IN ITS CRUSADE AGAINST POLIO!

We've Gotta Tell The Truth...
It's MORE FUN Than
"Dear Ruth"

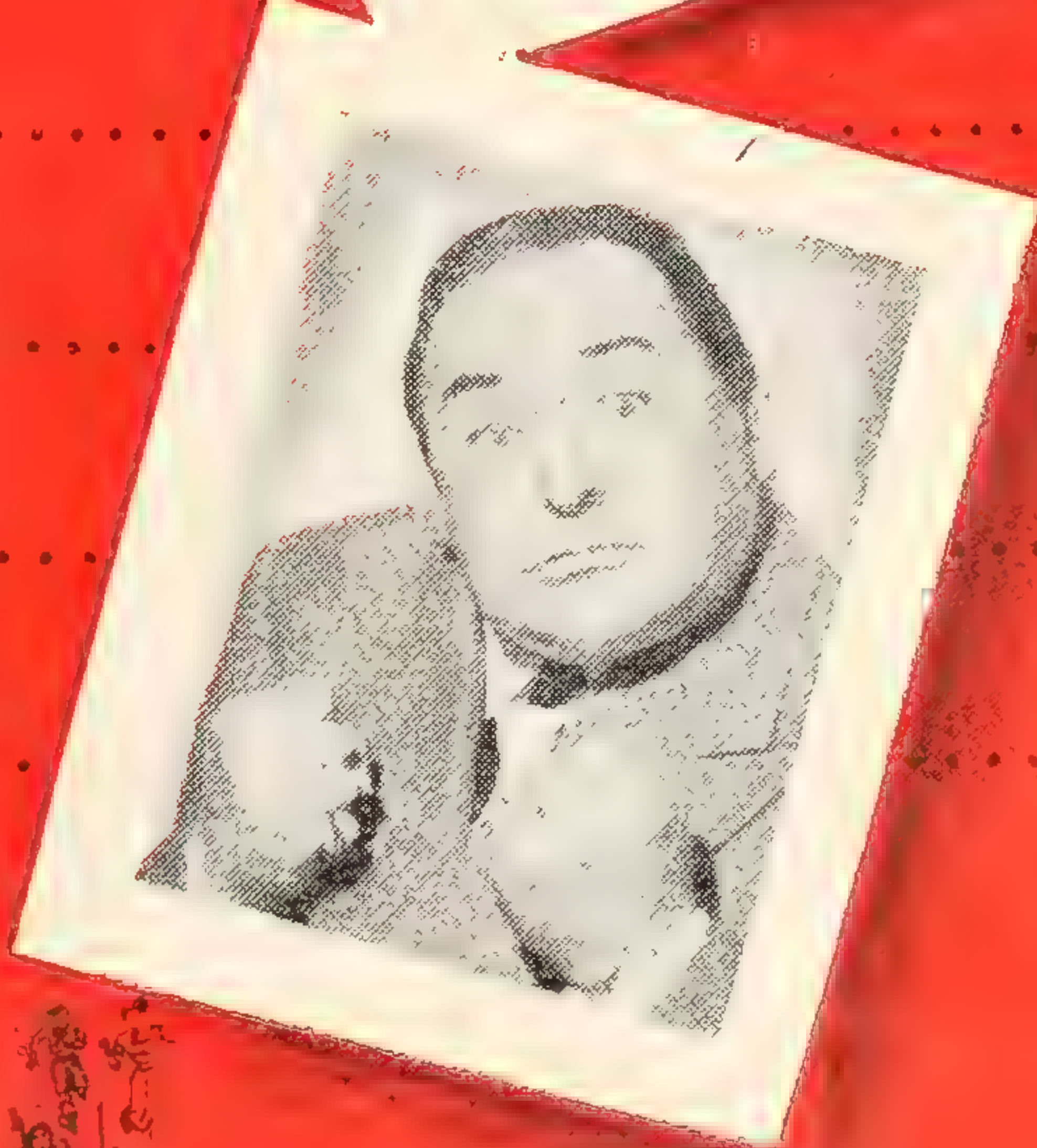
"Dear Wife"

FOR THE HOWL OF YOUR LIFE!

starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
JOAN CAULFIELD
BILLY DE WOLFE
MONA FREEMAN
EDWARD ARNOLD

All the wonderful people
who made "Dear Ruth" such
a riot . . . are back—to
invite you to come along on
this hilarious honeymoon!



Bill Seacroft

Ruth Seacroft

Albert Kummer

Miriam Wilkins

Judge Wilkins



with
ARLEEN WHELAN
MARY PHILIPS

Produced by
RICHARD MAIBAUM

Directed by
RICHARD HAYDN

Written for the screen by Arthur
Sheekman and N. Richard Nash
as a sequel to Norman Krasna's
"DEAR RUTH"





Which Twin has the Toni?

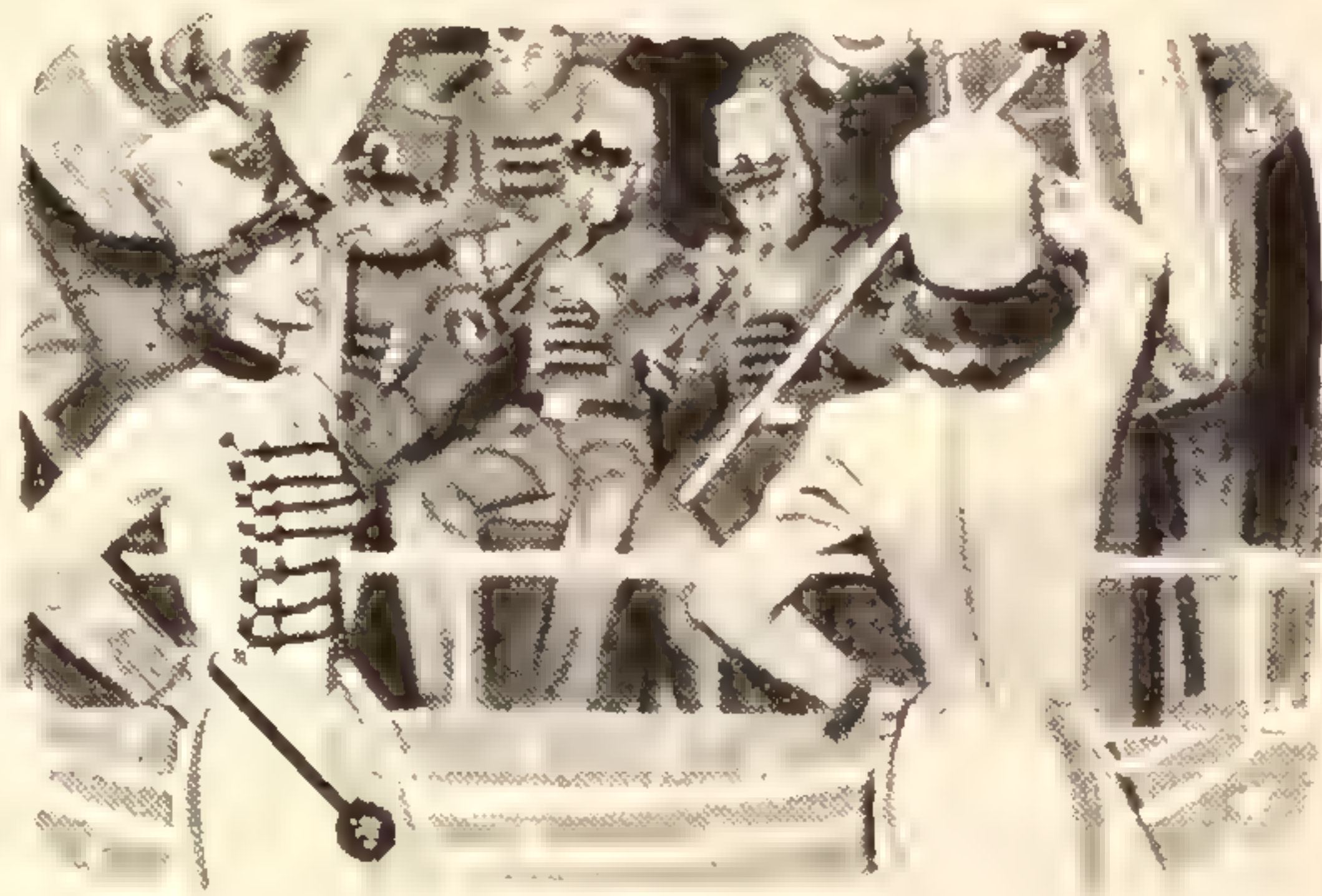
Jany and Joey Pope of Los Angeles, popular U. C. L. A. majorettes. Can you tell which has the expensive salon wave and which has the Toni? See answer below.

Attractive hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood Hair Stylist.

Now! Toni with SPIN curlers *twice as easy—twice as fast!*

Now it's doubly easy for you to have a flattering Toni Home Permanent. For new patented Toni SPIN Curlers save half the time and work of winding curls. They grip the hair, spin up curls... lock with the flick of a finger! No more rubber bands. Fewer curls to wind, for you wind more hair on each curler. And SPIN Curlers fasten curls closer to the head—give you a better, longer-lasting wave.

What's more, with Toni Home Permanent you'll get the most *natural-looking* wave you've ever had! Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion is so different. An exclusive, gentle formula that *coaxes* your hair into soft, springy curls. So gentle and fast. No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so natural looking—so easy to set and style. Jany, on the left, has the Toni.



At the game all eyes are on Jany's spinning baton—and her shining, natural-looking curls. Jany says, "The new SPIN Curlers have spin action, too. They grip—spin—and lock with the flick of a finger!"



Still the center of attraction at the dance. And Jany knows her hair has a lot to do with it. She says, "Even after a strenuous day, my Toni waves are still in place and look just as soft and natural."

Toni
Refill
\$1.00

Special
Combination
Offer



Refill Kit and
complete set SPIN Curlers
\$3.00 value **Only \$2.29**



Barbara Stanwyck gets no rise from Robert Taylor as she tells him at Mocambo's that she's about to dance with newsman Armand Archer.

cameras. . . . That rising lass, Joan Evans, who is 15, has to look 21 in *Edge of Doom*. After experimenting with all kinds of hair-dos, they found she looked older with a very short hair cut. Which is just opposite to why most of us trim our hair short!

Getting back to the social whirl—the return of Sir Charles Mendl from France was the occasion for many dinners in his honor, one of the most charming being given by Mrs. Dolly Walker, whose father planned and developed most of beautiful Beverly Hills where most of our stars live.

Sir Charles arrived with Joan Fontaine on his arm. She was completely exotic in a bright red Parisian gown, and to set off this daring ensemble, Joan had cut her blonde locks almost as short as Mary Martin's. Joan told me she had done the snipping herself!

Red was certainly the favorite color of the evening for the gals' gowns. Ann Miller, in flame-colored chiffon, was escorted by good-looking lawyer William V. O'Connor. Mrs. Walker, the hostess, was also in red—almost matching the colorings of her drawing room.

Just by way of being different, red-headed Arlene Dahl, one of the town's great beauties, wore emerald green—but it remained for Janet Gaynor to appear in the most startling frock of all.

Inspired by her recent trip to Africa with her husband, the noted designer, Adrian, Janet's silk and clinging gown resembled a tiger skin, stripes and all. On her, it looked good—but on anyone else, it would have been terrible.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

THE WAVE THAT GIVES THAT NATURAL LOOK — TONI

1950'S 'TEN-BEST' LIST WILL START

WITH Warner Bros.

Hasty Heart

WAS IT LOVE...

WAS IT PITY...?

"So good it tops
the stage play! A
new star is born!"
— LOUELLA PARSONS

"Richard Todd
gives the greatest
performance
of the year!"
— HEDDA HOPPER

"Bravo!
An 'Oscar
Contender!'"
— EARL WILSON

"'The Hasty
Heart' will
win your heart!"
— LOUIS SOBOL

"The comment's
terrific! Richard Todd's
sure to be nominated
for an oscar!"
— DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Chosen as
Redbook's Picture
of the Month

"One of the best
pictures I've seen!"
— FRANK FARRELL

"It's No. 1
on my Movie-
Hit Parade!"
— GUY LOMBARDO

Winner of
Parents' Magazine
Medal Award

"It's enormous!"
— PHOTOPLAY

**MOST TALKED-ABOUT, RAVED-ABOUT
PICTURE SINCE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!**

STARRING

RONALD REAGAN · PATRICIA NEAL · RICHARD TODD

DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN SCREEN PLAY BY RANALD MacDOUGALL



Are you in the know?



To win attention, which should you be?

- ☐ Stand-offish ☐ A specialist ☐ The helpless type

Feel like a little lost sheep, in your crowd? Learn to *shine* at something. Whether your specialty's skating, boogie, or beating up delish cookie batters, you'll find it's a magnet to males. Buys your poise! You needn't retreat on "those" days, either.

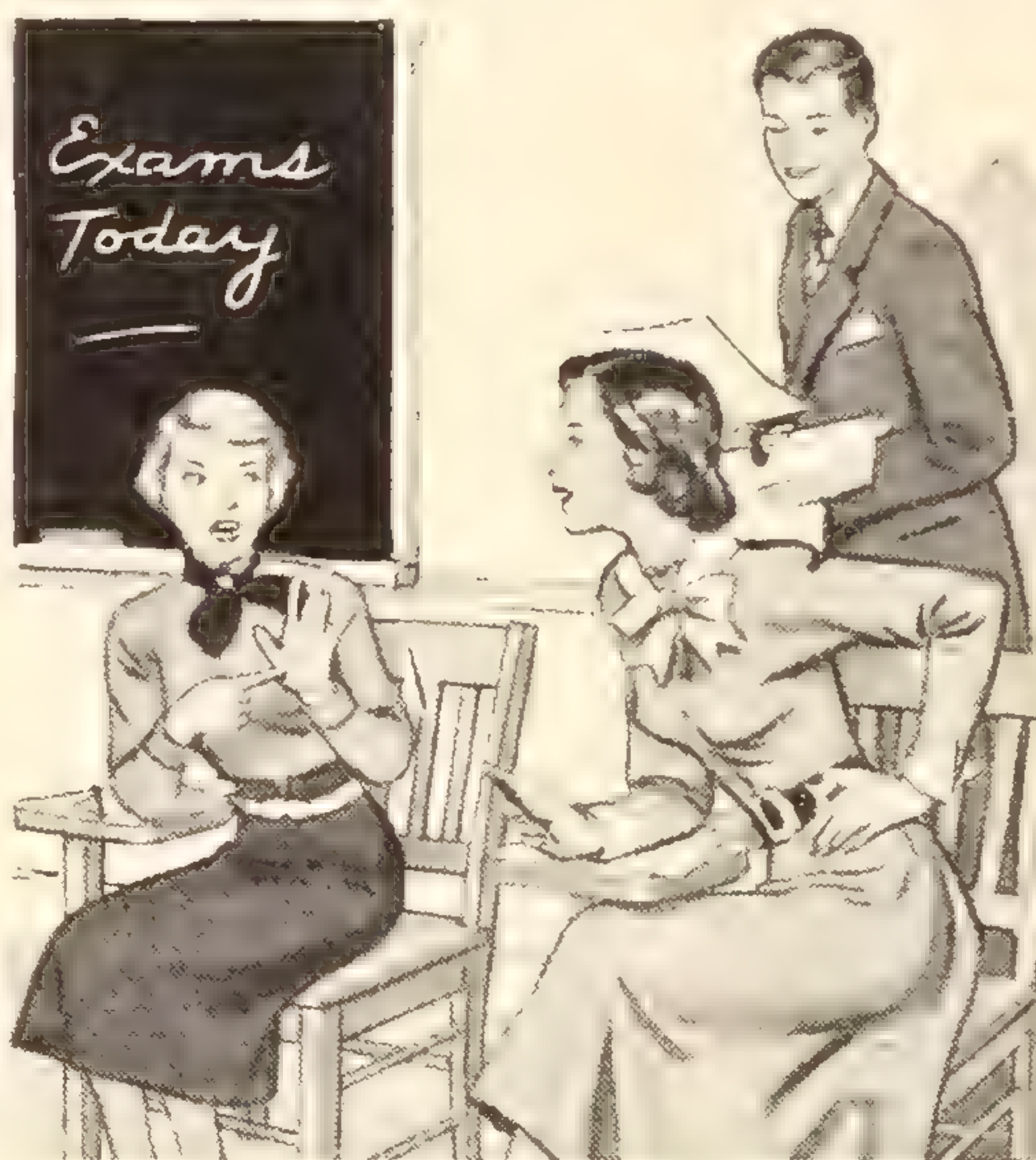
Not when you have the cushion-soft comfort of the new Kotex. *This softness holds its shape . . .* for Kotex is *made* to stay soft while you wear it! What's more, your new Kotex Wonderform Belt won't twist, curl, cut. It's made with *DuPont Nylon* elastic!



Is a gal most likely to see green —

- ☐ When a new cutie comes to town
☐ On March 17th
☐ Under her charm bracelet

For some gals, the wearin' of the green isn't just reserved for St. Patrick's Day. They're the belles who live in their charm bracelets—come sleep or showers. Does telltale green lurk beneath *your* bangles? Remove it—if you'd rate in grooming! Dabbing your wrist with cleaning fluid does the trick. As for banishing telltale *lines* (on trying days), that's no trick at all, for Kotex. You see, those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines . . . keep you super-poised!



What does "campus copper" mean to you?

- ☐ A monitor
☐ A prom chaperone
☐ A sharp shade

Pst — Big Bother is watching you! So? Ten to one he's admiring that bright-as-a-new-penny outfit of yours: the new copper color that's wowing the school. Add copper pearls, coral lipstick—it's knockout! You're fashion-right with any shade of the russet family, if it becomes you. And on problem days, you're right (protection-wise) with any of the Kotex "family" of 3 *absorbencies*. Whichever you choose, you'll have *extra* protection with that special *safety center*.



Louis Jourdan and Jack Agar, flanked by bagpipers, attend the New York premiere of *The Fallen Idol* during their Eastern p.a. tour.

Vivacious Ann (Mrs. Jack) Warner, whose dress was much admired, confessed that she had taken a very expensive Paris gown of a few years ago and shortened it to give it that chic 1950 look.

At our table was Patricia Kennedy, daughter of our former ambassador to the Court of St. James. She is crazy about Hollywood and its people.

I asked her if she had heard anything about Princess Margaret's proposed visit to Hollywood. Pat said she hadn't, but she assumed if the attractive little Princess is given permission, she will visit here with her close friend, Sharmon Douglas.

The British Consul General at Los Angeles, R. H. Hadow, told me he had a book of enchanting pictures of Princess Margaret, actually a pictorial biography commencing with babyhood and carrying on up to her 19th birthday. Mr. Hadow said he hoped King George would permit the Princess to visit America.

"She would be a great ambassador for England," he added. "Her youth and vivacity are positively contagious and would strike a warm response from the American people—just as the Duke of Windsor did when he was Prince of Wales and visited the United States."

Among the glamorous beauties who came to Dolly's party was Myrna Loy—unescorted, because her husband, Gene Markey, is still abroad.

* * *

The night of the opening of Hollywood's new little intimate revue, *A La Carte*, was an evening to drive the autograph hounds mad. It was also the night of the premiere of *All The King's Men* and, I swear, every star in Hollywood attended one event or the other.

Dining at La Rue's in pre-theater dinner parties, I saw:

Jimmy Stewart and his pretty wife, Gloria; Margaret Sullavan with Bill Dozier (Maggie's been getting around with Joan Fontaine's ex-husband, lately), and Van Johnson and Evie.

Across the room, good-looking Bob Stack was at a table for two with Elizabeth Taylor—and those two were an eyeful!

Out on the terrace, Jimmy Cagney was buying dinner for his relatives—quite a tableful of them.

I had already seen *All The King's Men*, so I went on to *A La Carte* to get a look at Gale Robbins and Bill Shirley, borrowed from the movies, who were making their stage debut in *A La Carte*. Gale reminded many people of Rita Hayworth. She's a beautiful girl who can sing and dance—and you'll be seeing more and more of that lady on the screen.



More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Want to know what the Inspector General inspects?

— I'M
DYING
TO
TELL
YOU !!!



Never such
singin',
dancin',
Danny
Kaye-pers!
He's a
general
with an
army of
beautiful
babes!

DANNY KAYE

is the
Inspector General

The All-time
Comedy Kayo from
WARNER BROS.

IN COLOR BY
Technicolor

WITH **WALTER SLEZAK** **BARBARA BATES** **ELSA LANCHESTER** **JERRY WALD** **HENRY KOSTER**

Screen Play by Philip Rapp and Harry Kurnitz • Suggested by a Play by Nikolai Gogol • Lyrics and Music by The Associate Producer SYLVIA FINE • Musical Direction and Incidental Score by Johnny Green.

LEARN THE SECRET OF "PERMANENT" PIN CURLS ...even in damp weather



set your hair tonight with
DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

Yes, you can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins stay in day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.



The **brush bob** by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

Top producers Sam Goldwyn and Joseph Schenck were on hand in the second row.

Ginger Rogers, with one of those small black hats perched on one side of her head, was with Greg Bautzer—natch. I noticed that, like Joan Fontaine's, Gloria Swanson's hair is so short that Mary Martin will have to look out for her "most shorn" honors.

Red Skelton laughed longest and loudest at the comedy antics. Red was with both his present and his ex-wife, Edna. Edna's escort was Merrill Pye—they're quite a romance these evenings. Oh, yes, Jack Oakie was there—at least 60 pounds thinner.

When Mrs. Zachary Scott gets her divorce, no one will be surprised if she becomes Mrs. John Steinbeck. But I'm certainly not hinting that the famous novelist had anything to do with the surprising break-up of the Scotts. Elaine and Zach were practically estranged before she ever met Steinbeck.

In fact, the Scotts had had one of their tiffs when Elaine decided to accompany Joan Crawford on a 10-day jaunt to Carmel. Joan

met Steinbeck at a party and introduced him to Elaine.

Since the official rift between the Scotts, the famed author and Elaine have seen a lot of each other.

* * *

And now—the Letter Box scores for this month: For the third month running, Glenn Ford is the actor most mentioned in your letters—but just barely topping Montgomery Clift, who's red-hot again since the release of *The Heiress*. Answering Anne Loven, of Astoria, N. Y.—I agree with you about Glenn and all the letters I receive about him are as flattering as yours.

Janet Leigh is gaining in fan attention—you seem to like her "natural" and unaffected type of beauty.

A few brickbats flew about Peter Lawford—not at Pete but at the writers (not this one) "who are picking on him!"

Also, plenty of "disillusioned" letters about Shirley Temple's divorce.

That's all this time—see you next month!

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

If you can't be first, at least you can be among the first 500 to return this questionnaire to us. We receive thousands each month, but only 500 can be the winners of our free three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN. All we want to know is which stories you liked in this issue and which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. It's so simple, we'd like to send back a questionnaire ourselves—but we're not allowed. Remember—the March, April and May issues free to the first 500.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Somewhere Over the Rainbow
(Judy Garland) ☐

Someday Her Prince May Go
(Rita Hayworth) ☐

Barefoot Boys With Shows On
(Monty Clift) ☐

My Predictions for 1950 by
Hedda Hopper ☐

My New Guy (Esther Williams) ☐

The House They Love In (Bill
Holden-Brenda Marshall) ☐

My Prayer Was Answered (Van
Johnson) ☐

Hallelujah! We is Bums (Bob

Stack, Ruth Roman, Lon

McCallister ☐

This Love Of Ours (Larry Parks) ☐

I Don't Run Betty's Life (Betty
Grable) ☐

My Kind of Man (John Derek) ☐

Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens ☐

Home is Where You Hide It (Rory
Calhoun) ☐

Divorce—The Shame of Hollywood ☐

Hollywood Pictorial ☐

Modern Screen Fashions ☐

Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is

My address is

City Zone State I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

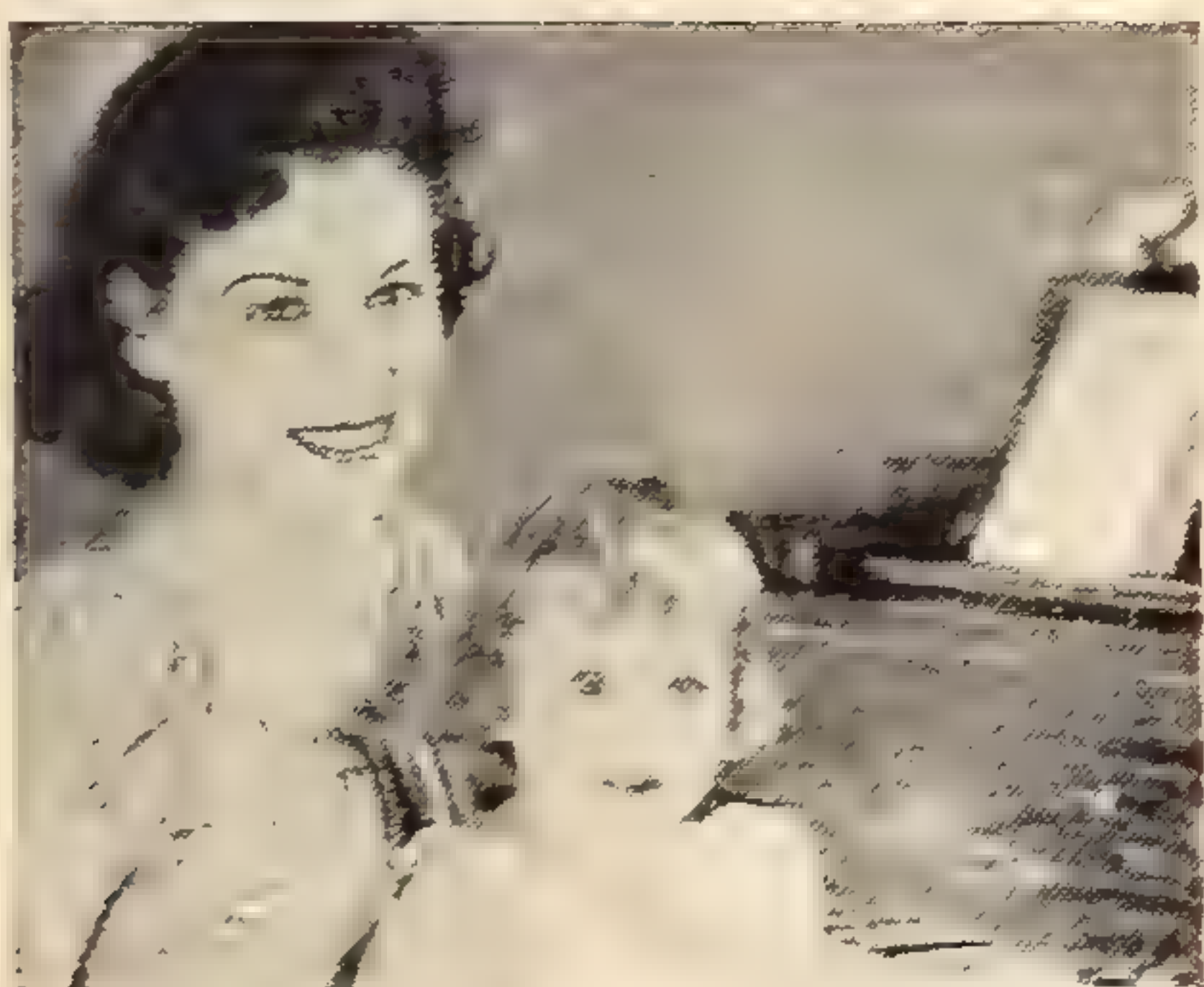


"Externally-caused **blemishes** were a *real* problem," says Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked so much softer and smoother. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"I had **dry skin** before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS...OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Red, Rough Hands! A professional pianist must have lovely-looking hands! Mrs. Carolyn Suiter of Kansas City, Mo., says, "I use Noxzema on my hands every night to help keep them soft and smooth."

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're ever bothered with dry rough skin, externally-caused blemishes...if your hands are red and rough from housework—here's real news!

A famous doctor, using one cream — medicated Noxzema — developed a New Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women! Here is the

Doctor's Simple 4-Step Routine.

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin *looks* and *feels*.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how *really clean* it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is *greaseless* — no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was *clinically-tested* by doctors with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands

And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, house-

work or painfully chapped from exposure — try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 7 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter-looking hands in 24 hours!

Money Back Offer

So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight — smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow — start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied—return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Try Noxzema. Remember—it's clinically tested —used by millions.

Special Trial Offer: To win new friends for Noxzema, we offer you the regular 40¢ size jar for only 29¢ plus tax. But you must hurry—time is limited. So get your jar *right away*.



Chapped Hands! "I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream to help them look soft and lovely," says Mrs. Lois Heerdt of Buffalo. "I like Noxzema because it's not greasy — and it vanishes so quickly."



"Housework Hands!" "Two business girls and I live together—and share household chores," says Doris Hamilton of Boston. "We all use Noxzema to help keep our hands looking soft and white."

She was a little girl
destined for great things.
But, gaining them, Judy Garland
lost one of the greatest things
of all—her childhood.

BY ARTHUR J. RAWLSON

somewhere over the rainbow



Judy Garland embraces her daughter, Liza. Judy returned to work soon after her illness.

Once again, there have been rumors of trouble between Judy Garland and her studio. Whispers of temperamental outbursts, whispers of dissension have appeared in various columns. In the following remarkable story, the true nature of Judy Garland is examined with penetration and sympathy.—THE EDITORS.

■ Thirteen years ago a chubby-cheeked, bright-eyed youngster stood on an MGM sound stage, gazed earnestly into the heart of a heavily blanketed camera and sang these words. "Somewhere over the rainbow, 'way up high. . . . There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby. . . ."

The stage was crowded with veteran movie-makers—grips, electricians, gaffers, assistant directors, men immune to the a-la-carte emotions displayed daily by the cardboard characters of Hollywood. As though a spell had been cast on the set, these workers stood silently rooted to their posts listening to the little girl sing.

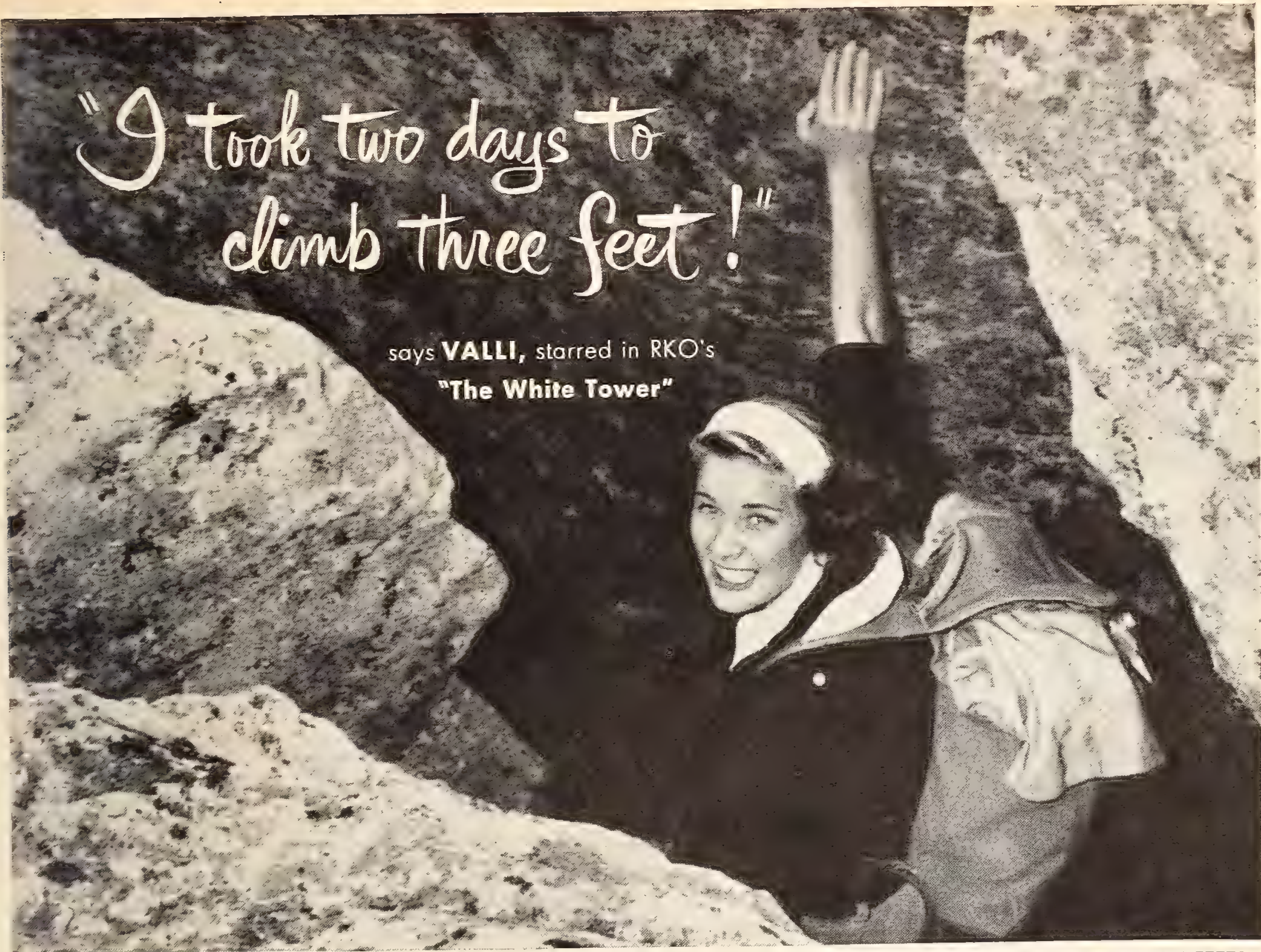
"Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. . . . And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. . . ."

The child sang the song in a rich, thrilling voice, mature in quality and splendid in tone. But there was something more rare in her singing, something that held her hardened audience enthralled. It was a cry, a prayer, a belief in the words, an inner warmth—a feeling that the singer really understood what she was singing and believed in the words.

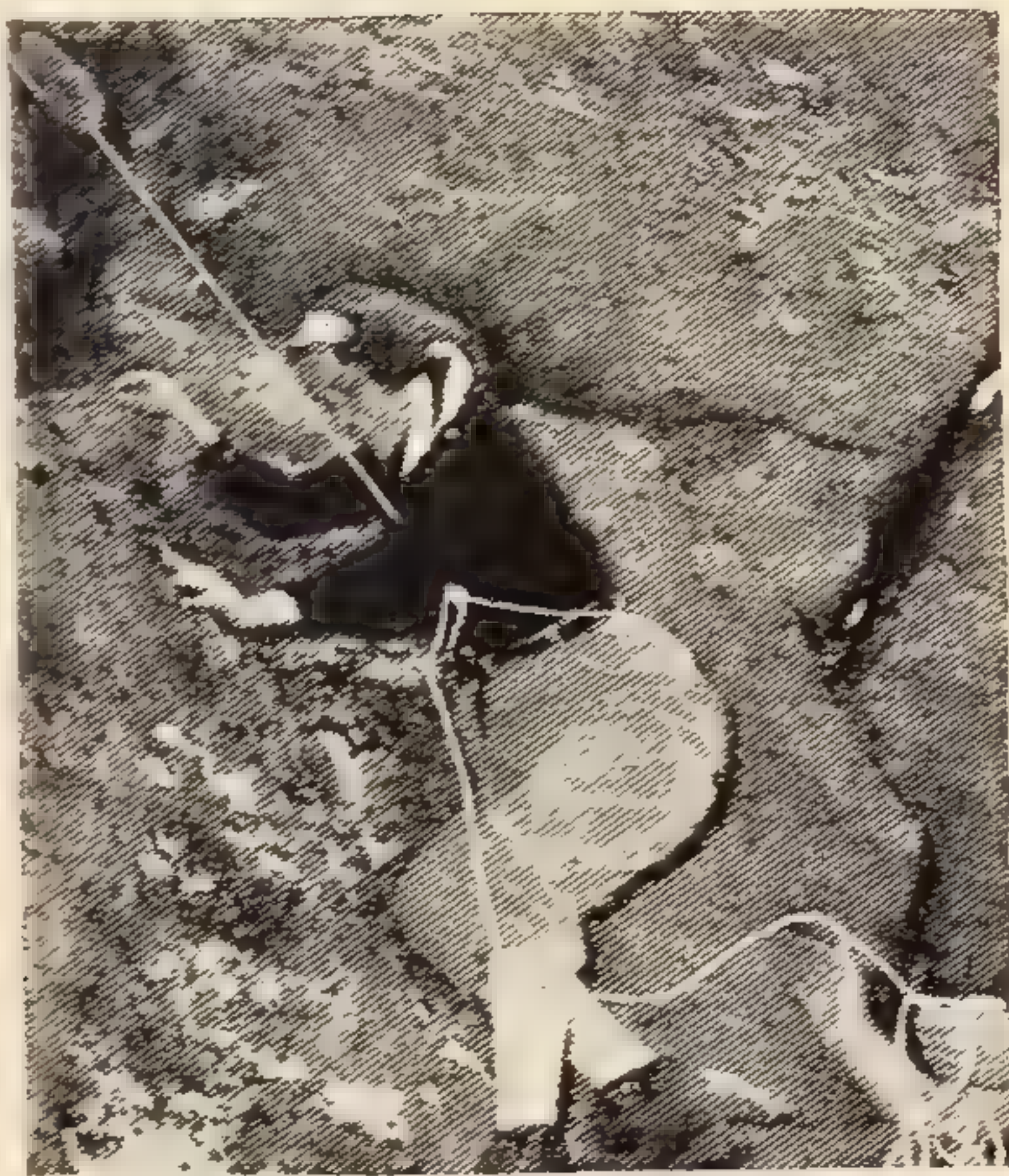
"Someday I'll wish upon a star, and wake up where the (Continued on page 79)

"I took two days to
climb three feet!"

says **VALLI**, starred in RKO's
"The White Tower"



WE MADE "THE WHITE TOWER" IN THE ALPS. TO GET ONE SCENE, I SPENT TWO DAYS CLIMBING THE SAME THREE FEET!



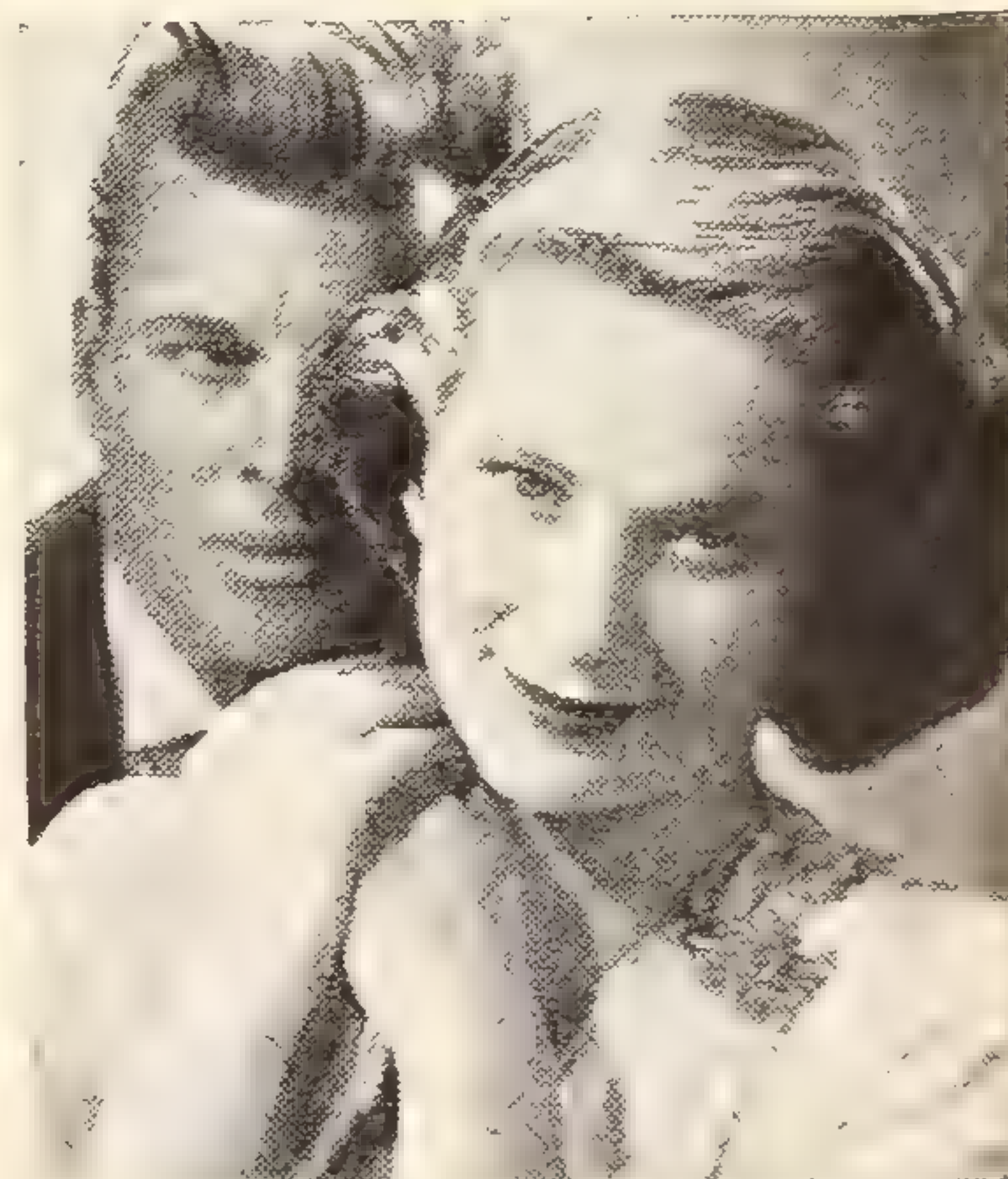
LATER, I had to claw my way up
a "chimney" barehanded...



EVEN RESTING, my hands were
burned by the hot Alpine sun...



I LOVED the way Jergens Lotion
kept my hands soft...



BEAUTIFUL HANDS are so impor-
tant in romantic close-ups...



BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is
quickly absorbed by thirsty skin.

**CAN YOUR LOTION
OR HAND CREAM PASS
THIS "FILM TEST"?**

To soften, a lotion or cream should
be absorbed by upper layers of skin.
Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-ab-*
sorbed ingredients doctors recom-
mend — no heavy oils that merely
coat the skin. Proof? Water won't
"bead" on hand smoothed with
Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a
lotion or cream that leaves a heavy,
oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it with this
simple test described above...



YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion
is my beauty secret...

**Jergens
Lotion**

used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to \$1 plus tax

AND IS USED by Hollywood stars
7 to 1 over other hand cares!

Picture
of the
Month



Betty Garrett, Frank Sinatra, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen and Gene Kelly have a wonderful time in MGM's great musical, *On the Town*.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



ON THE TOWN

■ People who love New York in the spring will go for this; so will people who like good dancing, gay music, high spirits, and innocent merriment. The adventures of three sailors let loose in the big city with a one-day pass leaps from a Broadway run to the movies, still as fresh as an April morning. Don't expect too much plot. Gene Kelly (sailor number one) falls in love with Miss Turnstiles (Vera-Ellen) whose picture is in all the subways, and whom he thinks is a big celebrity, but who's really a cooch dancer at Coney Island. Frank Sinatra (sailor number two) gets tangled up with a lady cab-driver (Betty Garrett) with man-eating instincts, and Jules Munshin (naval hero number three) falls prey to Ann Miller, a passionate scientist. More passion than science, really. Every time she kisses Munshin, she claims it's for a survey, and Munshin's pals all call her, "Dr. Kinsey, I presume." I guess that's quite a bit of plot, after all. But mostly, *On the Town* is music, and wonderful Technicolor shots of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Battery, Times Square, the East River, the skyline, and a terrific cast kicking up its heels and acting as if it's having a wonderful time. The stars are all swell; so is a featured player named Alice Pearce, who plays an ugly and delightful girl named Lucy Shneeler. *On the Town* should contribute vastly to the gaiety of the population.

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SAVE! ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL FROM FLORIDA FASHIONS
NOW! MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! More Beauty! More Style! More Value!



298
 Sizes
 14 to 42

NEW! PARIS COLLAR AND POCKETS
 Flattering new collar and pockets in white pique. Smart striped pattern, perfectly matched in front and back. COLORS: Blue, Red, Grey. SIZES: 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 206** Only **298**



279
 Sizes
 12 to 40

CHECKED-CHARMER
 Bold checks flatter the winged collar and cuffs, the big Paris pockets, the full swirling skirt. Simulated leather belt. COLORS: Dark Green, Navy, Brown. SIZES: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17; 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 901** Only **398**



398
 Sizes
 9 to 17, 12 to 40

Two-piece LACE-EDGED BEAUTY
 Lovely-to-wear solid color pastels set off by rich eyelet embroidery. Double peplum all around. Graceful flared skirt, cap sleeves, square neck. COLORS: Aqua, Pink, Light Blue. SIZES 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44, 46. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 980** Only **398**

398
 Sizes
 12 to 46



WHIRLING, SWIRLING PLEATS
 Peek-a-boo pleats all around, in floral pattern on two-tone stripes... Beautiful! Button front, notched collar; truly amazing value! COLORS: Pink, Lime-Green, or Blue predominating. SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 600** Only **279**



298
 Sizes
 12 to 42

STRIPE JACKET DRESS
 for all year-round wear 2-piece outfit... wear it 2 ways... now with the brief jacket, later as a smart sun-back. Unusual contrasting stripes get wider and wider down the skirt and jacket. COLORS: Wine with Pink; Navy with Copen-Blue; Steel with Light Grey. SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 202** Only **298**



DOUBLETONE
 Florida fashions
 Terrific Two-Tone Fashion Hit!
 ...NOW in **MIMIKINS*** too!

259
 Sizes
 12 to 44

198
 Sizes
 7 to 14

169
 Sizes
 3 to 6 X



298
 Sizes
 14 to 42

BRAID BEAUTY PRINCESS STYLE
 16 Flashing Rows of Braid
 Smart, comfortable cape sleeve. Flattering princess lines. Easy-on button-front style. Two roomy pockets. Ties in back. COLORS: Black, Green, Blue. SIZES: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 208** Only **298**

THE ZIP-FRONT FAVORITE
 Gorgeous
 Roses-'n-Lace Pattern
 Sweetheart neckline, two roomy pockets, set-in belt. Quick and easy zipper closing to way below the waist. COLORS: Navy or Black background with multicolor print. SIZES: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42. Guaranteed Washable Order **STYLE 204** Only **298**



298
 Sizes
 14 to 42

Lovely 2-tone solid colors in our own fashion success... flattering for grown-ups, cute as a wink for Big and Little Sisters. Contrasting yoke and insert gores in light colors make you feel slimmer, look smarter. COLORS: Dark Green with Light Green; Brown with Pink; Navy with Light Blue.

(A) Coat Style SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44. Order **STYLE 304** Guaranteed Washable Only **259** ea.

*JUST LIKE MOTHER'S
 (B) Big Sister SIZES: 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Order **STYLE 1705** Guaranteed Washable Only **198** ea.

(C) Little Sister SIZES: 3, 4, 5, 6, 6x. Order **STYLE 1705-L** Guaranteed Washable Only **169** ea.

TESTED FOR QUALITY - O.K.
 TESTED - High-Count Cotton Fabric - O.K.
 TESTED - Washable... Fast Color - O.K.
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 ALL OF THESE DRESSES ARE MADE TO FLORIDA FASHIONS' HIGH STANDARDS OF QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP.

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 You can make an exchange or get an immediate refund... no questions asked if you are not 100% thrilled with your dresses

SO QUICK 'n EASY TO ORDER!... and what fun you'll have opening your FLORIDA FASHIONS package!

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 Please send me these dresses on approval at the price listed plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted I may return purchases within ten days for refund. (You may enclose purchase price plus 20 cents postage, saving C.O.D. fee. Same refund privilege.)

Quan.	Style	Size	Color	2nd Color Choice	Price Total

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 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(C)

FREE! Write for our newest style catalog!

PINKY

Cast: Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, Ethel Waters.
20th Century-Fox

As a child, Pinky (Jeanne Crain) is sent North from her Southern home by her Negro grandmother (Ethel Waters) to be educated. Pinky looks entirely white, and no one at school knows differently, so she has no contact with prejudice while she's there, learning to be a nurse. But she falls in love with a young white doctor (William Lundigan), and since she feels she can't tell him she's a Negro, and she can't marry him without telling him, she runs home to her grandmother the minute her training is completed. Being proud and sensitive, she now finds the South even more intolerable than she'd expected, and she's planning to leave again, when her grandmother begs her to help out a lifelong white friend and employer, Miss Em (Ethel Barrymore), who's dying. Crotchety old Miss Em lives alone in a big old house. Pinky thinks she doesn't like the white woman, but eventually they become good friends, and before Miss Em has her final heart attack, she wills her house to Pinky. Now there's trouble. The town claims Pinky doped the old lady, and Miss Em's only relatives sue for the property. Despite the local prejudice, Pinky wins the case, and she starts a nursing home in Miss Em's old house. Lundigan, still in love with her after chasing her all over the country, and discovering the truth,

begs her to marry him and come away. Pinky says she can't run away, she has to be what she is, she has to stay and fight where there's fighting to be done if she's to keep her self-respect. She says goodbye to Lundigan, and he leaves. It's a touching picture, and Fox has bent over backwards to give the South a break. Many of the townspeople are shown to be lewd, ignorant and cruel, but the doctor, the judge—the few educated men—are fair and decent. There's a magnificently savage portrayal of a bigoted, faded aristocrat by Evelyn Varden, and there's a courtroom scene which is spellbinding.

INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Cast: David Brian, Claude Jarman, Jr., Juano Hernandez.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is the story (based on the William Faulkner novel) of a near-lynching, in the deep South. It concerns an elderly Negro, Lucas Beauchamp (Juano Hernandez), jailed for the murder of a no-account white man named Gowrie. The Gowrie boys are drinkers and fighters; by and large they deserve to be murdered, but that's not the point. Lucas' color is the point. Lucas is proud. He owns a little house and a stretch of land, he refuses to be put "in his place" by the white townspeople. So even if he says he didn't kill anybody, it's a good idea to lynch him. But an adolescent boy named Chick (Claude Jarman, Jr.), believes Lucas was framed. "They have to

make a nigger of him just once," he says bitterly. When his family teases him, Chick loudly denies that Lucas is his friend (his upbringing has taught him that colored people should act respectful to white people, and Lucas' dignity is an insult) but he's determined to save Lucas' life, nonetheless. He and an ancient lady named Miss Habersham (Elizabeth Patterson), who also wants to see justice done, go rattling off through the night to dig up the grave of the recently-murdered man, check the kind of bullet that killed him, etc. There's excitement, suspense, and marvelous acting from everybody involved. Claude Jarman lays bare the seething, complex emotional structure of a growing boy, David Brian is excellent as the boy's lawyer uncle, Porter Hall is excellent as the murdered Gowrie's father, the Sheriff (Will Greer), Miss Habersham, the blood-thirsty lynch mob—they're all fine.

THE STORY OF SEABISCUIT

Cast: Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald, Lon McCallister.
Warners

Barry Fitzgerald, a horse trainer, arrives from Ireland with his niece, Shirley Temple, a student nurse. Shirley hates racing (her brother was killed in the Grand National, when his mount missed a jump) but Barry, whose heart is with the horses, takes a job on a breeding farm. He falls in love with a knobby-kneed colt called Seabiscuit, per-

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

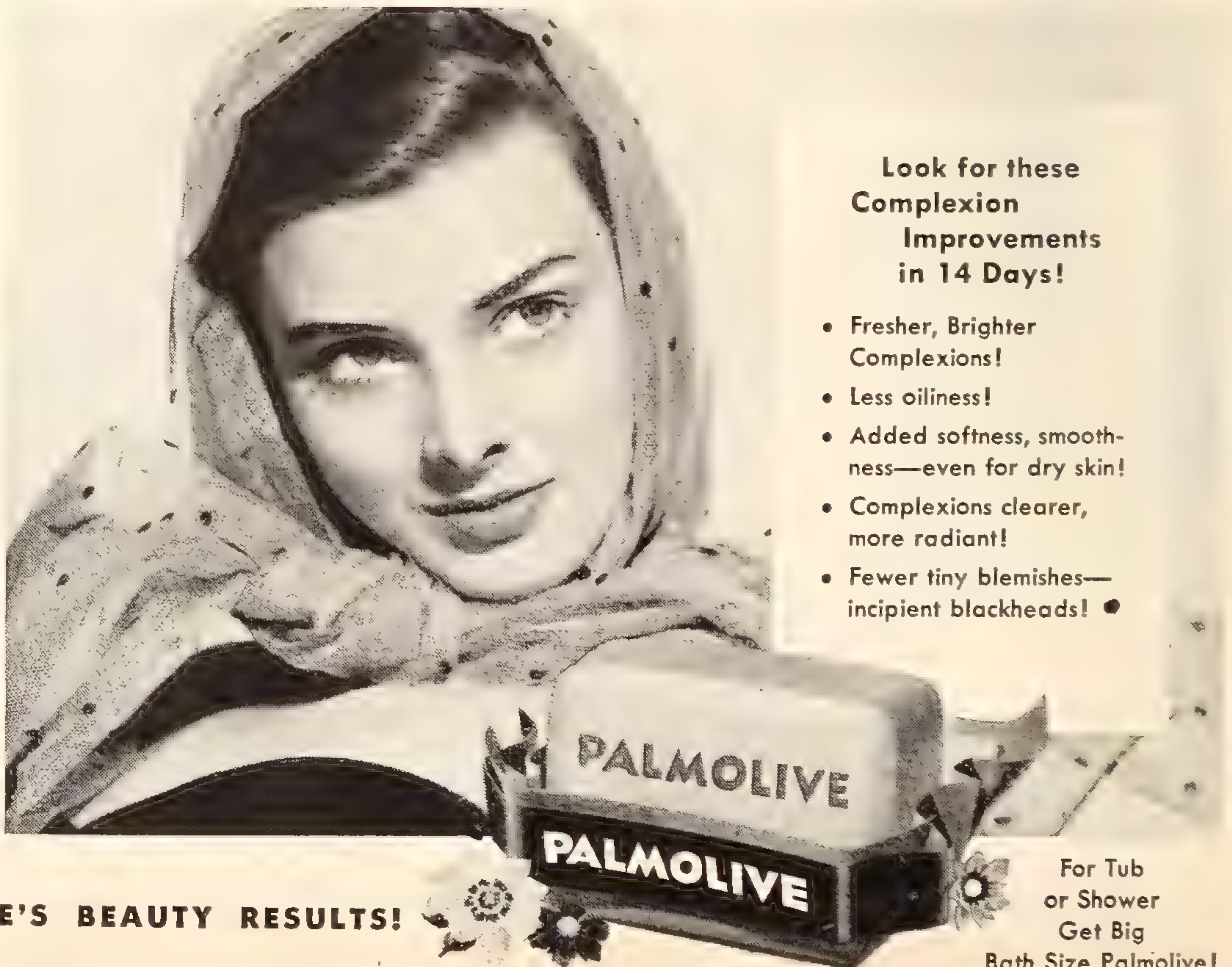
Not just a promise—but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!



Look for these Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
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- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads! •

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

suades the farm's owner not to sell him, despite the head trainer's advice. Then jockey Lon McCallister falls in love with Shirley, but she won't let herself think of him That Way because of his line of work. Seabiscuit, meanwhile, does nothing. Even as a two-year-old, ridden by top jockey Lon, he can't win a race. Barry, who's sickly, goes West, takes a job with William Howard (Pierre Watkin) on his ranch, persuades Howard to buy Seabiscuit, and also Lon's contract. First thing you know, Seabiscuit's winning races. Second thing you know, Seabiscuit's the most popular horse in the country. At one point, he pulls a ligament, is expected never to run again, but confounds everybody by getting better, and breaking a world's record the next time he races at Santa Anita. Shirley and Lon work out their problem, too.

THE GREAT LOVER

Cast: Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming,
Roland Young, Roland Culver.
Paramount

If you're a Boy Forester, you aren't supposed to drink, smoke, or kiss females not your mother. This is very hard on Bob Hope, in charge of a group of Boy Foresters (they've been touring France on bicycles) and subject to the same rules. One puff at a cigarette, and a certain rat of a Boy Forester named Stanley will surely squeal to his rich old man, and lose Hope his job. Next prospect: Starvation. When we meet them, the happy Foresters and their repressed leader are returning to America on a luxury liner. Also aboard are a Duchess (Rhonda Fleming), her father, a Grand Duke (Roland Culver) and a cardsharp-murderer (Roland Young). Hope falls madly in love with the Duchess (she rests his eyes, after all those spindly-limbed boys) and since she's a female not his mother, there's danger ahead. The Duchess thinks Bob's a millionaire, and Bob thinks the Duchess is a millionairess, but they're both really impoverished, and after awhile they sing a song about being plain Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and living on love. "Jones?" says the Duchess. "What's Jones?" "Oh, that's just a very common name in my country, like, say, in your country, Slobbovitch," Bob explains gallantly. Meanwhile, Roland Young, the viper, is murdering detectives, and playing crooked poker. That he gets caught is a tribute to Bob Hope's stout—uh—heart.

THE LADY TAKES A SAILOR

Cast: Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan, Eve Arden, Robert Douglas.
Warners

Jane Wyman's a regular one-woman Good Housekeeping Institute—(they call it Buyers' Research Institute in this picture) and anything she puts her seal of approval on is guaranteed to last a hundred years. To crown her triumphant career, she's just won a permanent endowment for the Institute (and a confirmation for herself as Director) from rich eccentric John Tyson (Robert Douglas) and the trustees of the Tyson Foundation. But Jane

JOAN FONTAINE soon to be seen in
Hal Wallis' "SEPTEMBER", a Paramount Picture



Don't look now...

So you're wandering through the Farmer's Market—on your first trip to that Hollywood landmark. Joan Fontaine's at the next stall! She's looking at curios so you can steal a glance. Even if she catches you, do you think she minds? Not at all! It's part of being a star! And she knows the Woodbury Powder she wears (in lovely Rachel) helps her look her beautiful best!

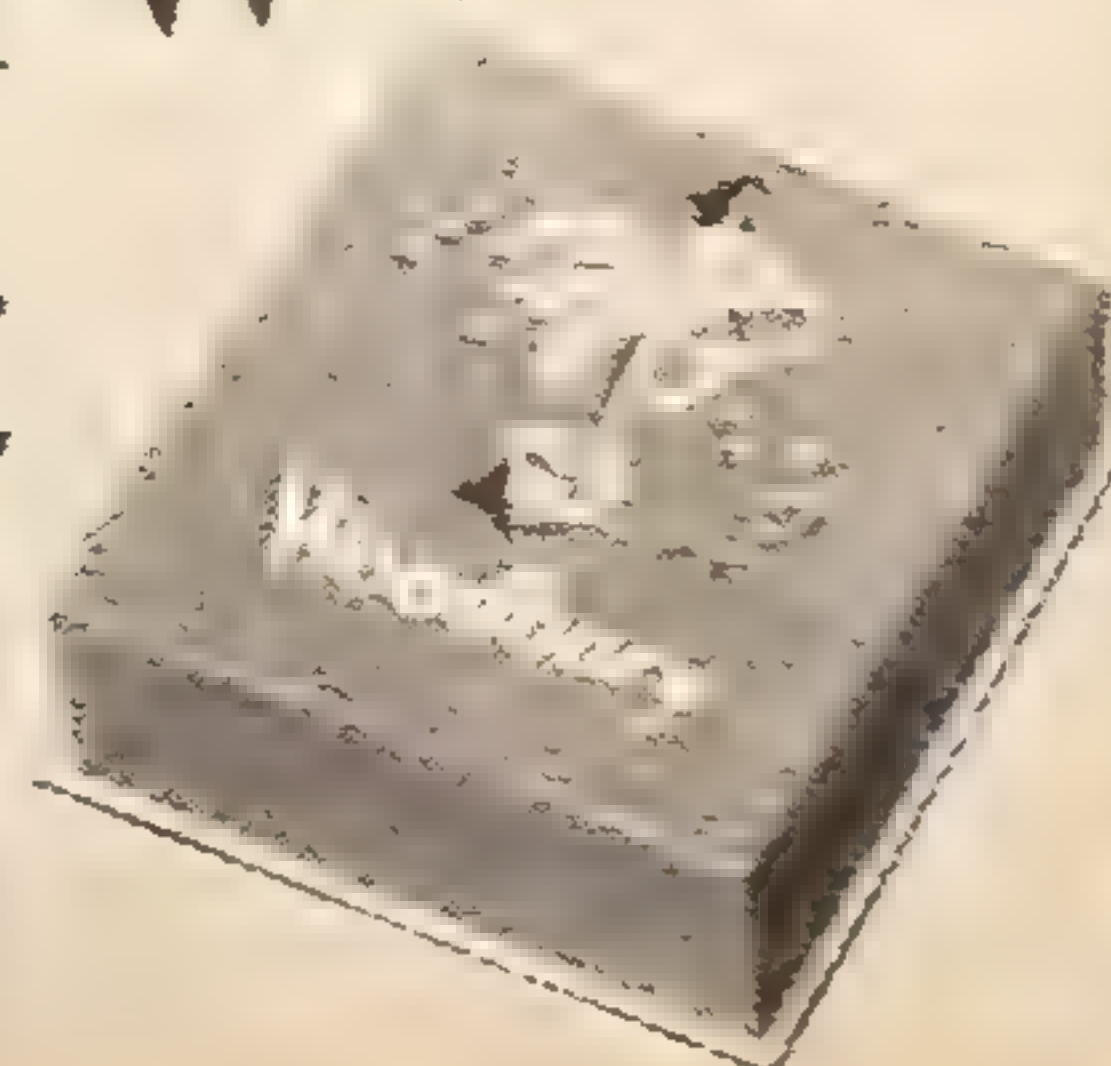


there's
Joan Fontaine ...

In Hollywood, where women are easy to look at, stars chose Woodbury Powder their favorite 6 to 1*. And no powder can make you look lovelier! A new ingredient gives a satin-smooth glow to your skin. And u-m-m! The exciting fragrance clings like this unbelievably fine-textured powder! For every skin type... in seven heavenly shades. 15¢, 30¢ and \$1.00 plus tax.



* IN HOLLYWOOD
STARS CHOSE
WOODBURY
POWDER 6^{to} 1





I dreamed I went skating in my *maidenform bra

A figure eight! Wonderful! But my Maidenform figure...
spectacular! I never knew how much a bra could do
'til I tried Maidenform. Improves my form, gives me a
lift I love. How wonderful if only I could skate so
dreamily! One dream, at least, is real... a bra with
perfect fit... my Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* Strapless in white satin
and lace designed for young uplift.

This is only a hint of a come-hither collection! For strapless,
hug-me-close support, for fuller figures, it's Maidenform's
Hold-Tite* Inter-lude* for classic roundness, deep-down cut
And for deep, deep down necklines, your bra is Dec-la-tay.*

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The Lady Takes a Sailor. Jane Wyman goes for a little sail in a sailboat and gets picked up by submarine skipper Dennis Morgan.

goes for a ride in a sailboat, and gets capsized by a submarine, and picked up by the submarine's captain, a man who says his name is Davey Jones. He shows her an octopus, and gives her some sleeping pills, and plants her on the beach, some hours later. When she's found by the Coast Guard, naturally nobody believes that story. The newspapers call her crazy, she gets an award as Liar of the Year, and her endowment is imperiled, since truth is the keystone of her business. But Jane took some pictures while she was down in that sub. If she could produce *them*, she'd be cleared. But Davey Jones (Dennis Morgan) has swiped the film out of her camera. (Truth is, he's a Navy commander, doing secret underseas work, and he's responsible for the security of his mission. He's sorry for Jane, but he could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not honor more.) Jane hires a private detective, who's part crook and part maniac to help her trace Morgan, and the rest of the picture's a series of pursuits, with the roll of film changing hands periodically. In the end, Jane sees the light, and lets her career be ruined (she doesn't want the country to go to pot on her account) and Dennis is so grateful he marries her.

HOLIDAY AFFAIR

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Janet Leigh, Wendell Corey, Gordon Gebert.
RKO

I've been sitting around trying to analyze the charm of this one—and it's unusually charming—but why bore everybody? It's enough to say *Holiday Affair's* characters are nice, its dialogue is extra-good, its acting is warm and real. Janet Leigh, widow of a soldier, is trying to bring up her little son (Gordon Gebert) to be just like his father. Janet's more-or-less engaged to a lovely man (Wendell Corey) who wants to take her away from the pots and pans and buy her a dishwasher. With a built-in wedding ring. But Janet thinks it's disloyal to her late husband to get serious about romance. At which point she meets Robert Mitchum, who's working in a department store, and loses him his job. (She's a comparison shopper; Mitchum fails to turn her in, so the store turns him out.) Mitchum's not backward, he gets to know Janet, and he and Corey now form two sides of a highly civilized triangle. Mitchum doesn't approve of Janet's obsession with the past;



Holiday Affair. Janet Leigh is more interested in the department store clerk than the merchandise. Naturally—he's Robert Mitchum.

Janet doesn't approve of Mitchum in general (he eats with seals in the park), but they fall in love anyway. Janet's little boy's crazy about Mitchum too, and when man buys boy an electric train for Christmas, boy hauls it clear back to the store for a refund because he doesn't think man can afford it. Other man (Wendell) behaves admirably throughout, though he gets the short end of things. There's a gay, Christmassy feeling about the whole picture. But little Gordon Gebert is the real thing to talk about. That kid could open an acting school, just like Madame Ouspenskaya, if he wanted.

PRINCE OF FOXES

Cast: Tyrone Power, Orson Welles,
Wanda Hendrix.
20th Century-Fox

Paramount recently made a movie called *Bride of Vengeance* in which the small Italian state of Ferrara successfully turned back from its gates the armies of Cesare Borgia (the Renaissance ruler who ran most of Italy). Now Fox comes along with a little duchy called Citta del Monte, and permits said duchy to triumph over Cesare's forces. What with all these small towns beating him right and left, the wonder is that Cesare ever got to be a big shot. But that's not our story. Our story has Cesare (Orson Welles) sending his trusty aide (Tyrone Power) on a series of messy missions—the most important of these missions being to get the wife of the Duke of Citta del Monte all starry-eyed about him and then murder the Duke. Tyrone's reward will be the lady (Wanda Hendrix) and the duchy. The Duke of Citta del Monte (Felix Aylmer) is an old man, and he's not especially averse to dying, but he doesn't want his wife made love to, and he doesn't want Borgia's armies putting their big feet all over his flower beds. Tyrone, who's not really a bad sort, comes to see the Duke's point of view, and ends up fighting his former master. This is a typical semi-historical-swashbuckling-adventure movie. The only thing particularly notable about it is that the Italian scenes were shot in Italy. (In fact, the whole picture was shot in Italy, at Heaven knows what fearful price.) There's a nice gruesome moment where an assassin pops Tyrone's eyes out, too.

THE MARCH OF DIMES NEEDS YOUR AID!

Wonder-working lotion brings new beauty to your **WHOLE HAND!**



1 SOFTENS CUTICLE.

Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

2 SMOOTHS KNUCKLES.

Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!

3 SATINIZES PALMS.

Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

4 BEAUTIFIES SKIN.

New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for extra effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs...try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.



PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

Hinds

Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE



someday her Prince may go

■ If you like movie stars, and I certainly do, it's tough to watch their lives unfold over the news teletype, which chatters away endlessly, spilling over with such items as:

THE ALY KHAN TODAY DENIED THAT HE AND RITA HAYWORTH WERE HAVING MATRIMONIAL TROUBLE. . . . LONELY RITA HAYWORTH TELEPHONES FATHER FREQUENTLY. . . . RITA HAYWORTH HAS SENT FOR AUNT AND CHINESE SERVANT TO BE WITH HER.

Every day, just before my broadcasts from Hollywood, I go to the news room, tear the news sheet from the machine and step before the microphone to relay the latest movieland events to the public. Sometimes, on a hunch, I pocket the latest lowdown and wait until I have a chance to check an authoritative source.

Such was the case when the flash came that serious developments were pending in the household of Aly and his Princess, my old friend (*Continued on page 95*)

Is Rita Hayworth
still happy? If she should
cease to be a princess,
would Hollywood still have a
place for her?

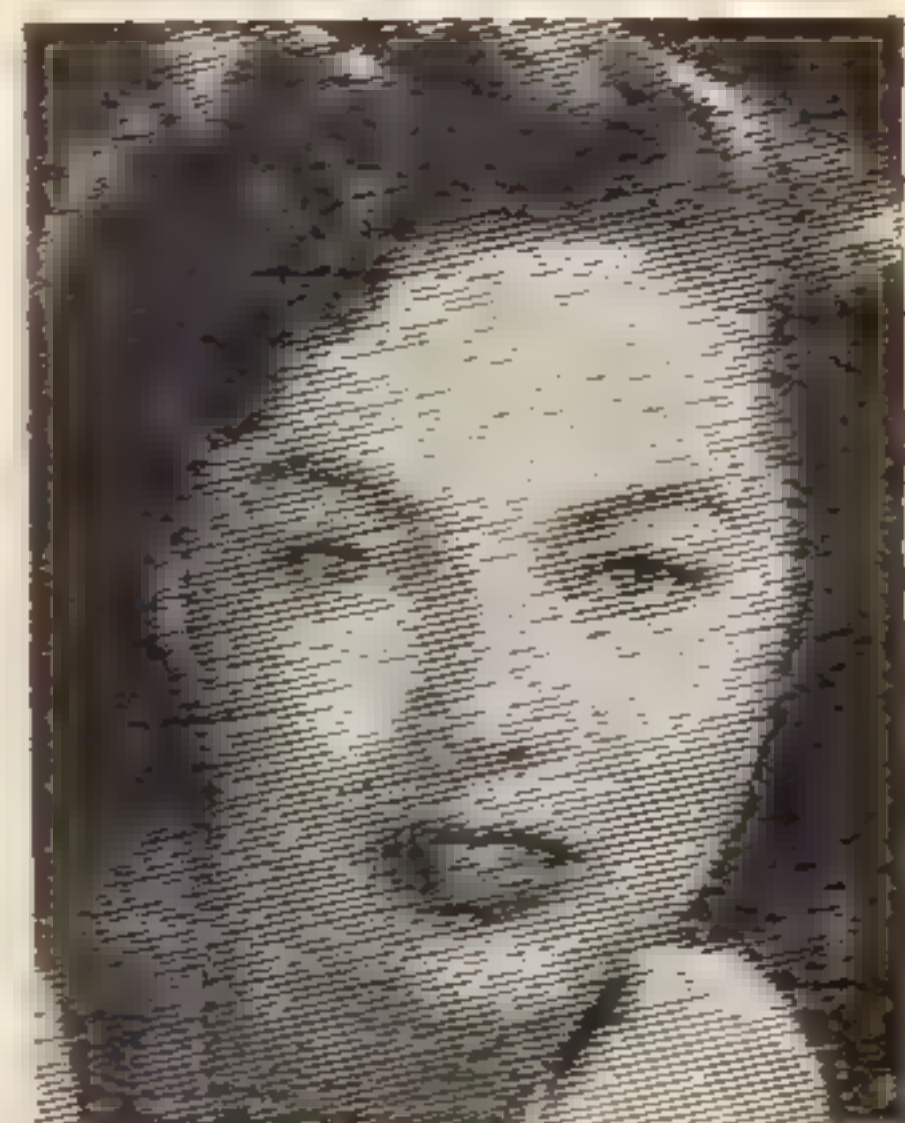
Her father answers frankly.

BY GEORGE FISHER

new faces



HUGH MARLOWE had been to Hollywood twice before he finally clicked in 20th Century's Come to the Stable. The third time he came straight from his Broadway hit in Voice of the Turtle. He decided on being an actor just after graduating from high school and did some little-theater work around Chicago where he spent his boyhood. Hugh is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 lbs. and has brown hair and blue eyes. He married K. T. Stevens, who was once his leading lady, and they have a son. Hugh's next is 12 O'clock High.



DONA DRAKE was born Rita Novella in Mexico, on Nov. 5, 1920. She began her theatrical career at the age of 13 and soon after organized her own orchestra. They played theaters, hotels, college dances and anything else they could find. The road was long but it finally led to Hollywood. There Rita, who had become Dona, got her first break in Louisiana Purchase. Dona is five-feet-one and weighs 100 pounds, and has blue-green eyes. Her latest is Beyond the Forest.



MARIO LANZA comes from a very musical family. They were too poor to give him music lessons, so they bought Caruso records and when he was old enough—he got a job moving pianos. He moved one for Serge Koussevitsky and sang at the same time. Serge was very impressed and thus Mario began his formal training. After serving in the war, Mario began making records and radio appearances. MGM discovered him at the Hollywood Bowl and he was signed for That Midnight Kiss. Mario was born in New York; has black eyes and is married to Betty Hicks.



LINA ROMAY, whom you'll soon see in The Big Wheel with Mickey Rooney, has been in show business for quite a few years. She was discovered by a Detroit newspaperman who found her singing at a party and arranged a radio audition for her. The radio people signed her for a weekly show and that's where Xavier Cugat heard her. She appeared with him in You Were Never Lovelier and Week End At The Waldorf. Lina's five-feet-three, weighs 110 pounds and has brown eyes. She's divorced from John Adams.

Beauty is my business—

says

GILLIS MacGIL,
Enchanting Cover Girl

And SweetHeart is my Beauty Soap

9 out of 10 Cover Girls
Use **SWEETHEART SOAP**

• All the glamorous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year were asked, "What beauty soap do you use?" And 9 out of 10 replied, "SweetHeart Soap."

"I Owe My Success to SWEETHEART CARE"

—says Gillis MacGil, famous cover girl, "because it helps prevent chapping. I couldn't face the camera with rough, chapped skin. That's why I play safe with SweetHeart Care. It leaves my complexion like soft, smooth velvet—with a fresh young glow that photographs radiantly."

And now you, too, can guard your delicate skin's true fresh beauty. Discover pure, mild SweetHeart Soap that helps prevent unsightly chapping.

You'll adore the beauty benefits of gentle SweetHeart Care. For you'll quickly see results! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.



Beauty is my business, too!

• Donna Lee Archibald, at the early age of 6 months, has already started her modeling career. And, like so many grown-up cover girls, she has a lovely SweetHeart complexion. For Donna's mother always bathes her with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.



SWEETHEART

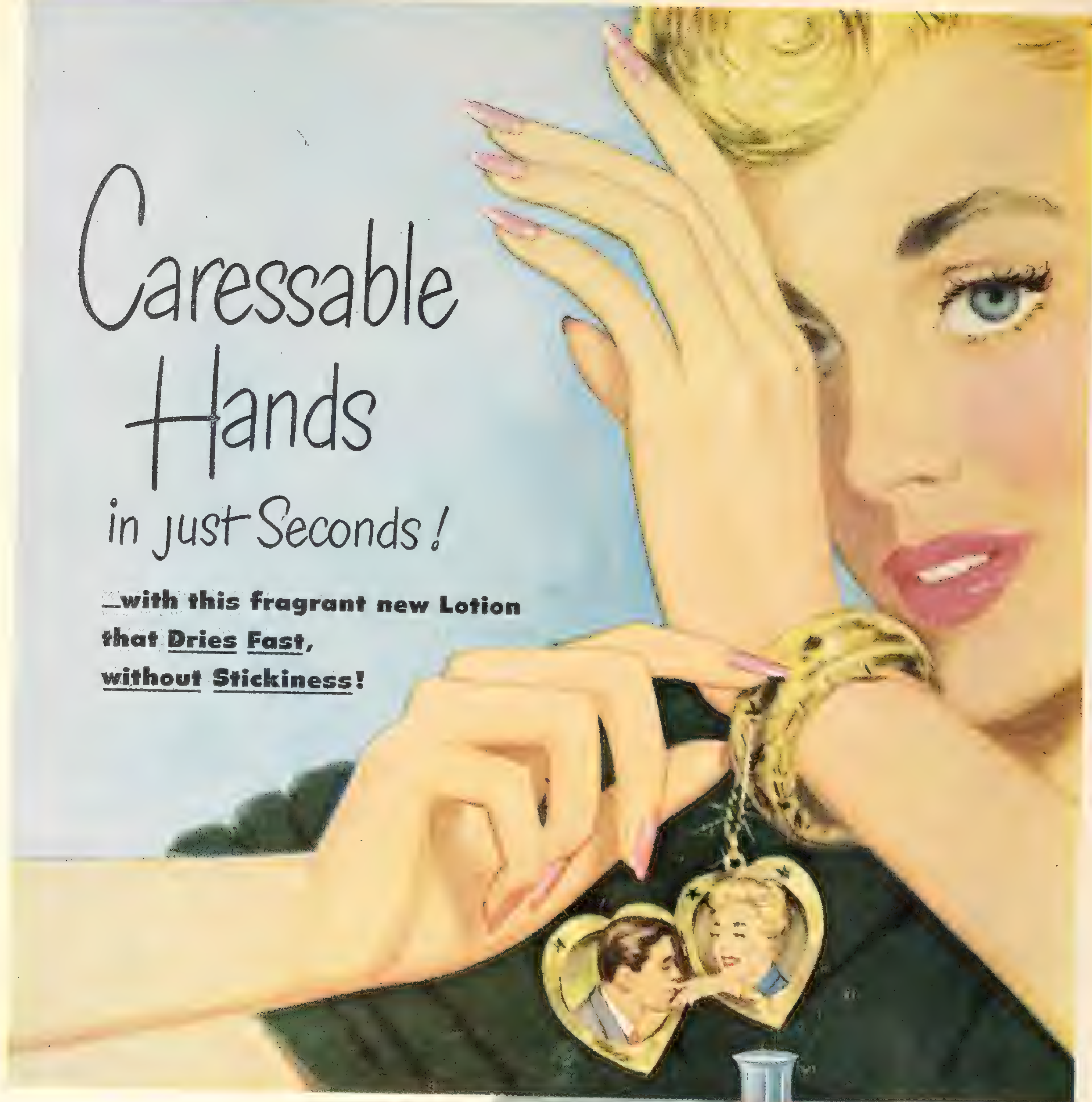
The Soap that
AGREES with Your Skin

• Today get gentle SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.



Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

**—with this fragrant new Lotion
that Dries Fast,
without Stickiness!**



Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

Want hands that are soft as any flower petal?
Just as fragrant, too? Then it's New Cashmere
Bouquet Hand Lotion (*with lanolin*) for you!
Do *this* and you'll understand why!



Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand,
any old-style lotion on the other.
Wait, then compare.

Your "Cashmere Bouquet" hand? This fast-
drying lotion that *softens* like
a cream has already done its wonderful
work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness.
Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly
fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!

Your *other* hand? No comparison, of course! In
just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that
caressable hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!

*Pours like a lotion
—Softens
like a cream*



Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

25¢, 39¢ and 79¢

Remember!

There's a Cashmere
Bouquet Cosmetic
for Almost Every
Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging—in
8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture!
6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time"
loveliness—a bedtime
beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of
spring flowers!

this is your year!

an
open
letter to
wanda and
audie—
and some
others



Dear Wanda and Audie:

As 1950, the half-way point of the century, rolls around, it's an occasion for reflection—and for hope.

During 1950, we hope you two young people will make a success of your recent reconciliation. You, Wanda, and you, Audie, represent a bright young dream for many thousands of persons. It seems to us that, in facing squarely the issues between you, you stand as an example for many young couples.

We also hope the numerous published rumors of domestic trouble between Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell are as false as they were in 1949, and that this fine couple will continue to make the whispers of dissension sound silly.

We hope that June Haver, after the heartbreaking tragedy she suffered because of the death of Dr. John Duzik, will be able to rise above it with the shining courage she has already demonstrated.

We hope that Ingrid Bergman, despite the strange situation into which her heart has led her, will forget her announced decision never to return to Hollywood. The film world is Miss Bergman's world; she can't renounce her citizenship in it without causing unhappiness both for herself and others.

We hope Bette Davis will not find occasion to press her action for divorce from William Sherry—an action which, despite their current reconciliation, she has not withdrawn.

We hope that Joan Evans, having shown she is an actress of stature in her first film, *Roseanna McCoy*, will continue to develop toward the high position she seems destined to occupy.

We hope the stories we hear, which give the impression that Lana Turner is jealous of the build-up given Elizabeth Taylor, turn out to be idle rumors. There's plenty of room at the top.

We hope Montgomery Clift and Guy Madison will see the wisdom of adopting a friendlier, more cooperative attitude toward the public and press.

We hope Bing Crosby will get through 1950 without hearing that he is (1) washed up, (2) slipping, (3) sick, (4) selfish, (5) uncooperative.

We hope that John Derek will go forward to even greater accomplishments than those already achieved in such films as *All the King's Men*.

We hope that Van Johnson continues to get roles such as he had in *Battleground*—roles that give him an opportunity to demonstrate his considerable and hitherto underrated acting ability.

We hope Frank Sinatra will continue to keep the chip off his shoulder. Chips belong in woodpiles.

William B Hartley
EDITOR



Barefoot boy with shows on

■ "You'd think the guy was a derelict. I've seen sharecroppers dressed better than he. And the places he lives in! That sixth-floor walk-up apartment he lives in in New York, a soda-jerk would want to move out of. And over at Paramount, you know, they were so embarrassed by that 1939 junk heap he drives around they begged him to get a new one—but he's still driving the wreck. What a barefoot boy!"

The speaker was a Hollywood starlet. She was referring to a young actor who, after being seen by the public in three pictures, has become a major star, with a major star's income—Montgomery Clift.

Gus Goetz, who, with his wife, wrote the screenplay for *The Heiress*, was stunned the first time Clift walked on the set.

"He was wearing," Gus says, "a pair of tattered blue jeans, a T-shirt and a jacket full of holes. He looked like a bum. 'Good Lord,' I said to myself, 'is this the fellow who's going to play the suave, elegant character of Morris Townsend? This will be ridiculous.' But when Monty got into costume, the transformation was really startling—he seemed the most fastidious youth you ever saw. Still, it took me a couple of days to get over my first impression of him."

Why does Montgomery Clift seem to choose deliberately to appear a vagabond? The answer is simple. In a sense, he *is* a vagabond.

"I like to travel," he says. "I like to keep going. People who have lots of possessions—big houses, Cadillacs, swimming pools, lots of clothes—usually are tied down. Without a huge clutter of worldly goods, and wearing old clothes, I feel the way I want to be—comfortable and free."

Aside from his trip to Germany to make *Two Corridors East*, Clift has in recent months been on the move from Los Angeles to Paris to Switzerland to Italy to Israel to London to New York to Los Angeles to New York and to numerous way-stations. "Why does he travel so much?" people ask. "Is he (Continued on page 74)"

He just won't live
his life the way a movie
star's supposed to—
yet Hollywood accepts
Monty Clift's individualism
It's the only way
they can have him.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Here they are—Hedda Hopper's favorites for 1950. These are the golden ten whom she



RUTH ROMAN. Playing it smart, this ex-carnival girl took small parts in order to learn. Now she'll get roles planned for Bette Davis.



PAUL DOUGLAS. Plain-faced, 45-year-old Paul's warmth and charm have put him solidly in the glamor-boy class.



JANET LEIGH. A natural-born actress, Janet worked hard and kept her head after her Cinderella break. MGM has big plans for her.



MARIO LANZA. This sweet-natured boy from across the tracks sang his way to singing stardom with one picture.

KIRK DOUGLAS. Dynamic, virile and canny, Kirk followed up his sensational success in *Champion* with a million-dollar contract at Warners. Excellent roles will keep him rising.

MY PREDICTIONS

From her intimate knowledge of the Hollywood scene, Hedda Hopper ventures prophecies of things to come. What new stars will emerge in the next twelve months . . . which romances will flourish and which will fail?

■ Anybody got a 1950-model crystal ball handy? Or a few magic tea-leaves? Anybody around who's the seventh son of a seventh son? I could use you right now—and a transfusion of gypsy blood, too. Because the editors of MODERN SCREEN have just pitched this puzzler at me.

"How about telling what's going to happen in Hollywood during the next year, Hedda? How about your own private star-predictions for 1950?"

Me, predict the unpredictables? Prophesize film-land's Fantasia for a full year ahead? What do they think I am—crazy?

ects to come out on top in the Hollywood race for fame and fortune during the new year.



SUSAN HAYWARD. Her great triumph in *My Foolish Heart* was final proof of her top-drawer talent and appeal.



MONTGOMERY CLIFT. Matinee-idol allure and shrewd script-selection are raising him sky-high, but his performances must measure up.



BARBARA HALE. Friendly, sincere and wholesome, she seems set to succeed Myrna Loy as the perfect screen wife.



FARLEY GRANGER. He has the deep emotional insight of the great stars, has never muffed a part, gets one of 1950's strongest roles.



SHELLEY WINTERS. Colorful Shelley combines a socko personality with dramatic talent, which she's working eagerly to develop. Only her temperamental streak can jinx her now.

FOR 1950 *by heddahopper*

They do. "Anyway," they say, "we dare you."

Well, could be they're right about my state of mind. Sometimes on my dizzy beat I feel ripe and ready for a strait-jacket. Also, I haven't taken a dare since I jumped off the chicken shed back in Altoona, Pennsylvania, with pretty sad results. That's sort of the way I feel now—set for a bump but willing to try. So out goes my neck—where it's often been before—and on goes my swami hat to peer into the future and up at the stars.

Let's see—which Hollywood Forty-Niners will strike 1950's bonanzas of fame, fortune and popularity at this momentous mid-

century mark? The prize nuggets are already uncovered and shining bright. They line up for me like this—with ladies, naturally, first:

Susan Hayward—Barbara Hale—Ruth Roman—Shelley Winters—Janet Leigh.

And the men: Kirk Douglas—Farley Granger—Montgomery Clift—Paul Douglas—Mario Lanza.

New? you ask. What's new about those? Most of those Hollywood hot-shots are already up in lights. Well, they're my New Year's prize babies just the same, because (Continued on page 58)



Proud parents Ben Gage and Esther Williams, from the stairway of their Hollywood home, listen happily to the sounds coming from the nursery above.

■ Motherhood? Girls, as the old phrase goes, I “just sailed through it.” True, there was a little “tossing” of a morning or two (or 20!), a bit of wallowing around and not seeming to make any headway, a time here and there in which I thought I’d founder completely, and in between the old engine clanking and knocking. But outside of these tiny (what am I saying?) inconveniences—well, I just sailed through it. Oh, my, yes!

Away back (it seems ages ago now) when I first got the idea that I was being followed by something that could easily turn out to be a stork, I didn’t know exactly what to think.

It was a happy prospect except that at the studio we were getting ready to start on my latest picture, *Neptune’s Daughter*. Pictures, especially big musicals, can sometimes take as long as five or six months to finish. How would this work out for me?

Now, you see, I had something to think about.

I kept hoping the producer would hurry preparations—and I also kept wondering if maybe I was wrong, maybe I wasn’t being followed. Maybe I was seeing an exciting shadow that wasn’t really there. Having sold myself on this possibility one night, I went to bed convinced all was as before . . . only to wake up the next morning with absolutely no appetite. In fact, I had no

In this delightful
 story, written in her
 own words
 exclusively for
 Modern Screen,
 Esther Williams tells
 for the first time of her
 emotions as a mother.

MY NEW GUY

by Esther Williams



This is how Esther and her Ben were "caught" for our cover.

appetite retroactively—I seemed to be regretting everything I had eaten for the past week. This was strange, I thought—yet sort of promising, too. I dressed quickly, kept well away from the kitchen, and hurried to the studio.

The next day I seemed better. In time the picture got under way and we began our swimming sequences. Every time that old bothersome thought came up, I would neatly drop a (Continued on page 77)



Benjamin Stanton Gage, all freshly bathed and talcumed, merrily grasps his adoring mother with what she fondly describes as his "great, big hands." Benjy was born soon after midnight on August 6, and weighed seven pounds, nine ounces.



At the fireplace side of their huge living room (above), Brenda and Bill Holden have a reading session with sons Scott and West. At the oppo-

site, picture-window side (below), Bill drapes his feet on the antique coffee table. All the Holden furniture can—and does—take wear and tear.



Like their deep
devotion, Brenda and
Bill Holden's home
is a creation of happy
sharing, and warmth,
and much laughter.

BY DUANE VALENTY

The house they love in

■ A house can be many things. It can be walls around you and a roof above you—and not much else. Or it can be a happy, echoing place, filled with children's shouts, and the whisper of memories shared, and things lovingly acquired.

In Hidden Village, in the San Fernando Valley, Bill and Brenda Holden have that kind of house—a house that love built, room by lovely room and hour by remembered hour. The glow that touches the front door and lingers over the upstairs windows is the sunshine, but seems more to be the warm radiance of that intangible thing that makes Home.

The dogs greet you first, and walk with you up the hedge-bordered, red brick pathway. Two great, gentle beasts, Duke and Rex wag their tails hospitably, then make off over the soft green lawn.

The imposing house is a French Provincial type, with shake shingles and fine stonework. Boxed shrubs stand on either side of the wide doorway. The letter box is of well-shined brass.

As you enter the spacious entrance hall with its rose-beige carpeting, there's an ornate, old-fashioned hatrack, quaintly complete with umbrella racks. Bill and Brenda have a passion for antiques. They're constantly hieing themselves to towns near and far to hunt for some old piece that has the feeling they both want in furniture.

After Bill and Brenda have greeted you and taken you into the large living room, *(Continued on next page)*



In the den, Bill enjoys a moment of quiet triumph over Brenda in the course of a game of Canasta—to which they're addicted. The den, their favorite spot, is where they usually entertain.



Above: Brenda waters a plant in the old lavabo—or washbasin set—that she uses as a potted-plant holder. Below: She and Bill in the bar, with its antique two-and-three-seater stools.



THE HOUSE THEY LOVE IN *continued*



Brenda Holden, wearing the white-and-gold hostess gown Bill likes, combs her new, short hair-do in the small, green-and-red powder room off the den.



Bill and Brenda pause on the stairway for an affectionate moment. Audubon prints line the light green walls here; the carpeting is a rose-beige.



Three-year-old Scott and six-year-old West get a steadying hand from their parents on Scott's new bike. Virginia, 11, was off taking a ballet lesson.

you notice other fine old pieces. There are 18th-Century tavern tables, holding huge brass lamps, on each side of the gaily-patterned sofa. And a sturdy, seven-foot coffee table. "If this," says Bill of it, "has stood the wear and tear for 200 years, I figure it can stand rough treatment for another couple of centuries."

"And a good thing, too," says Brenda with a smile. "Bill's always got his feet up on it. . . . We never get old furniture just because it's old. First of all, it's got to be comfortable and sturdy. We want a place we can really live in."

That's what you'd expect from the Holdens—two solid citizens who haven't got a nickel's worth of sham between them, and who make you think of one possible answer to the question of what's wrong with Hollywood marriages: Maybe the other couples don't laugh enough.

Bill and Brenda laugh a lot—at and with each other. Their eyes meet often in silent, happy agreement. Then you get the impression they're saying, "This is our house, and we love it."

They take turns telling you about the things they plan to do with the house—as quickly as the budget allows. "We've been slowly doing the house over ever since we bought it from Leon Errol two years ago," Bill tells you. "It's on a strictly 50-50 basis—nothing is added that we don't both agree on, and have thought about until we're completely sure we want it."

One side of the living room is taken up by a picture window that looks out over the garden. Opposite it is the large fireplace. There are bookshelves that contain a number of first editions, a grand piano on which stands a bowl of crimson gardenias and, at the living room's far end—dominating all else—is the painting.

This, the pride and joy of the Holdens, is the wonderfully alive portrait by Paul Clemmens of Brenda and the three children. Done in leisurely fashion over a six-month period by the artist, a close friend, it is one of the things they most wanted.

An 18th Century cupboard is below the painting. On this, until a few months ago, the television set rested. It isn't there any more—and for a very good reason.

It was a Sunday afternoon and a particularly wild and woolly Western was unfolding on the television screen. The Holden small fry—Virginia, West, and Scott—and several of their small friends grew more and more loudly anguished with each scene of derring-do. Finally came an unbearable moment when the fuse was lit—burning nearer . . . and nearer . . . and nearer to the prone figure of the cowboy hero.

"Put it out! Put it out!" yelled several of the young ones, jumping up and down in near hysteria.

It was too much for Scott, aged three. Dressed in full Western regalia—as are most of the neighborhood children most of the time—he pulled his toy gun from its holster and hurled it with all his three-year-old might at the screen. Fortunately, his aim was wild—but the missile struck with a bang a scant two inches below the painting.

The television set is now upstairs in the boys' room.

"Before," says Bill, "you could hardly get through the living room, the way the kids would be packed in here! And it's still a thoroughfare, any summer day, for 17 or 18 of 'em playing cowboys and Indians—with the dogs right behind them!"

Brenda laughed. "Remember the (*Continued on page 84*)

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

by Van Johnson



A life whose purpose
was destroyed seemed to
lie ahead for me—
even if I survived. And
then I learned
how God works His will
with those through whom
His love flows.

■ I was one of the happiest actors in Hollywood, playing my first important role. How I had hoped and dreamed of getting that role in *A Guy Named Joe*.

When Fred Datig, of MGM's casting office, told me I was to test for the picture with Irene Dunne, herself, I stayed up most of the night studying the script. Just to make certain I wouldn't miss a cue, I memorized everybody else's lines as well as my own. The next morning I was in my tiny dressing room on the set bright and early. I was in there when Miss Dunne walked onto the set. I watched her across the stage and saw her looking in my direction. It was clear she was curious as to what I was like.

The minute we started shooting I got so nervous I couldn't get my words to match my actions, and I rattled off my lines like a machine gun.

Miss Dunne was wonderful. She took me aside and told me to relax, that I would be all right so not to worry. She gave me confidence in myself. If she had complained about me,

I would probably have lost the part. But she put up with my awkwardness and gradually I lost my self-consciousness.

For two weeks everything was wonderful. And then, in a few nightmarish seconds, everything was changed: I was in an automobile accident.

I lay on the curb, blood pouring from my head. I heard a woman whisper, "He's dead." Dimly, I wondered how long it would be before her words were true. Death—just when I was beginning to live. A feeling of terror surged over me—then I lost consciousness.

The next thing I knew, I was in a hospital bed. A doctor was bending over me. I felt as though my head would explode and I gripped the sides of my bed, trying to forget the pain.

From what seemed a great distance, I heard a doctor's voice saying, "It's a question whether he can pull through. He's lost three quarts of blood."

Maybe I wouldn't live. Somehow, I now faced the prospect with a strange calmness. *Maybe* (Continued on page 83)



Lon McCallister strums the evening's theme song, 'Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?' on his guitar as his hobo-party guests listen politely.



Bob Stack unsuccessfully tries to startle Nancy Olson in the backyard in the course of festivities. Nancy's outfit, borrowed from Paramount, was one worn by Marlene Dietrich in *Golden Earrings*.



Ruth Roman, Diana and John Lindsay and Ruth's date, Ivan Volkman, line up for some of Lon's Mulligan stew, which they'd taken turns stirring. Sadly enough, it was so burned they couldn't eat it.

hallelujah! we is bums

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

The highway

beckoned, the night was

clear. So tattered

and battered but gay

as larks, we hit

the road to Lon

McCallister's rollicking

hobo party.

■ The night was elegant in black velvet and diamond stars, crowned with a new moon. The people were inelegant in patched cast-offs and battered hats. In fact, they looked like a bunch of bums.

In fact, they were Diana Lynn and her husband, John Lindsay; the Donald O'Connors; Ruth Roman and Ivan Volkman; Nancy Olson and Robert Stack; John Barrymore, Jr.; Lon McCallister, and we Churchills—all dressed up, or maybe down, in gunnysacks, levis and assorted tatters appropriate to the hobo party Lon was giving.

It must have been an interesting sight to see the shiny convertibles skim up the hill to the three-story Spanish apartment building Lon owns and lives in—and then observe the grimily disreputable-looking drivers get out to open the doors for their equally unsightly dates.

On the wall of the building, by the flight of steps leading up to his first-floor apartment, Lon had posted a sign—"Hobo Haven." With Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, we were the first arrivals. Diana sported John's old levis, which were secured at her waist with a flashy red tie. Her plaid shirt was decorated—or, as she preferred, "given the Park Avenue touch"—by a wilted orchid corsage.

"It was a birthday gift from John," sighed Diana fondly, stroking the shrunken brown petals. Eyeing it, we (Continued on next page)



As Lon pours hobo-style coffee right from the can for latecomers Don and Gwen O'Connor, Reba stands by with the cake that was donated by Lon's grandmother.



Ruth Roman, in levis and bare feet, takes advantage of a lull in the evening's hilarities to admire John Barrymore, Jr.'s less-than-classic profile. His blooming nose, like his monstrous feet, was of course, strictly artificial.



John Barrymore, Jr., gallantly assists Diana Lynn (now in *Paid in Full*) with the king-sized snack she constructed at the hobo party.



Foolishly allowing his curiosity to get the best of him, Lon McCallister leans forward to examine Bonnie Churchill's boutonniere—and is rewarded by a well-aimed squirt of milk.

hallelujah!
we
is
bums continued



Gwen O'Connor holds out her tin cup for a handout while husband Don suddenly realizes his sandwich filling consists of Lon's fingers.



Still the perfect host, Lon doesn't want his guests to go. "I hate to tear myself away," says Bob Stack—as Nancy helps him tear.

asked, "When *was* your birthday?" "Two weeks ago," she replied.

There was a tapping at the window. It was Ruth Roman and Ivan Volkman. "Hey," they called, "let us in! We can't find the doorbell."

Lon opened the door. "No one ever uses the doorbell," he said. "I can usually hear my guests puffing before they reach the porch." The apartment building stands on a steep hillside and Lon's apartment is reached only by panting up 35 steps.

Ivan is an assistant to director Mark Robson and met Ruth while they were working on *Champion*. Ruth now introduced him to the others. Lon shook hands with him, but kept his distance from Ruth. He eyed her like a wary prizefighter. They sparred around for a few minutes, making idle conversation—then both burst out laughing.

Everyone else wanted in on the joke. Lon obliged. According to Lon, this Roman gal carries quite a wallop. They first met on the Warner lot when Ruth was working in *Always Leave Them Laughing* and Lon was in *The Story of Seabiscuit*. Ruth was hurrying from the set to the make-up department, and Lon was just leaving Make-up for the sound stage. They collided in the hallway. Ruth remained vertical, but Lon went sprawling down the corridor. "From that meeting on, I've regarded Roman as a dangerous gal," he said.

Diana and Ruth soon appointed themselves the de-beautifying squad and set to work to make sure each guest was facially "in character" with the outfits they wore. Diana studied Ivan for a second. "He's definitely the beard type, don't you think?" Ruth nodded and fished out a flaming-red walrus moustache and beard from Lon's prop box—which contained a collection of false faces, patches, whiskers, and so forth that Lon has been accumulating since junior high-school.

But when John Barrymore, Jr., arrived, they just couldn't improve his appearance. Johnny, who makes his screen debut in *The Sundowners*, had his classic profile disguised with a putty nose and wore a giant pair of false feet and a pint-sized orange opera hat.

While we girls busied ourselves stirring and sampling judiciously the Mulligan stew Lon had cooking in an open kettle over the fireplace, the men started an involved discussion of automobiles.

After a while, stirring that stew began to be warm and heavy work. Diana looked sternly at the boys. "Why is it," she asked pointedly, "that fellas always get so talky (*Continued on page 90*)



This love of ours

Our joys are small and tender—our clouds have silver linings.

My Larry Parks

■ No, it wasn't love at first sight. Nor did I ask Betty Garrett to marry me the first time I took her out.

Indeed not. I fell in love with the sound of her voice, minutes *before* I saw her. It was at a party shortly after Betty came to Hollywood. That same night I blithely told her that she was the girl I was going to marry. I didn't really have a date with her until the next day.

Comparing notes later, we discovered that Fate had shuffled us around in the same New York environs for a long time without letting our paths cross. We had both worked in the theater in New York, had many mutual friends, had attended parties in the same apartments but never at the same time.

That night in Hollywood when we finally met, I out-manuevered three other actors, one lawyer and a radio producer to squire home the future Mrs. Parks. On the way, we stopped on a high hill to look down over Hollywood in its jewelled evening (*Continued on page 86*)



eighth
in a
series



The bright faces of Betty and her two scamps, Vicki and Jessica, clearly show the harmony of their life. She's raised them on love and common sense.

I don't run Betty's

by Lillian Grable



life

This is the story
of a mother who guided her
daughter—but never meddled.
It's also the story of her
deeply affectionate daughter
who trusted her wisdom.

■ I was minding my own business that day when MODERN SCREEN telephoned and asked, "Mrs. Grable, would you give us a story on how come you and Betty are such good friends?"

At first I thought it was a gag. Then I became a little annoyed. "Why shouldn't we be good friends? We're mother and daughter."

In the next few minutes I was given a statistical rundown on family feuds, inside Hollywood and out. I was told about the gulf that separates two generations, about the inevitable friction between children and their elders, about why Mary leaves home and Mother turns gray. My jaw dropped. When people throw figures at me, I've got nothing to throw back. It sounded as if parents and children were natural enemies.

Well—this is something I don't believe. From personal experience, I know too many families who get along fine. On the other hand, I'm not so naïve that I don't realize there are problems. I also realize that I'm a very fortunate woman. Because with my daughters, such problems never came up. Except for their illnesses, neither of them ever caused me a moment's worry.

I'm not an analytical person, so I can't put my finger on any one reason for this state of affairs, except that I'm blessed with a couple of grand girls. What holds true (*Continued on page 60*)

Betty has dinner with her parents, Conn and Lillian Grable, at the Brown Derby.



My kind of man

by Patti Behrs

Love can change
your mind about a
lot of things. I didn't
know that until I
met John Derek
and lost my heart
for keeps.



John Derek and Patti Behrs clinch expertly—they've been rehearsing love scenes ever since they discovered each other at a studio dramatic school. (Today, their love scenes aren't acting!)



Preparing for his swashbuckling role in *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*, John skillfully parries a thrust from his fencing master. He's no longer bothered by his former "pretty boy" tag.

■ Marriage, I told myself, was out of the question. I was in love—but with my career. Men were merely incidental, being an actress was all that really mattered. "Patti Behrs," I kept informing myself, "you are a very sensible girl."

This was back in 1946, when I'd just arrived from France clutching a 20th Century-Fox contract, all set to become another Sarah Bernhardt. My ambition and I went steady every morning in drama class on the Fox lot. It was a fine romance—until the day a set of eyelashes came between my ambition and me. The eyelashes belonged to a young actor named John Derek.

Helena Sorrell, the studio dramatic coach, made the dramatic announcement to me that was completely to disrupt my plans: "You are now going to meet a new classmate with the most beautiful eyelashes of any actor in existence."

I thought, "A fine recommendation for an actor!" Then I turned and glanced up—and into a pair of the most expressive eyes I'd ever seen. As we were introduced, I thought further, "He is wonderfully handsome—but can he act?" I was conscientiously trying to shake the fascination I instantly felt.

Later, I discovered that John was also wondering if he could act. He'd given it a fling once—at the wild young age of 17, when David Selznick had chosen him from a group of 20 prospects to play a scene with Jennifer Jones. After a four-hour make-up job, John was converted into a wounded soldier and placed on a hospital bed where he watched Jennifer do all the acting. This great role of his became merely another phase on the cutting room floor, but John won a contract anyway.

Did he then work hard to rise in his profession? Scarcely! Every seven days, he'd pick up his check and romp (Continued on page 88)





Bob Hope, here with Jerry Colonna on an Air Force benefit trip, has travelled tirelessly to entertain servicemen at home and abroad, works hard for many causes.



Jack Benny makes one of his regular visits to the paraplegic ward of an Alabama hospital. He accompanies his contributions to charity with constant personal efforts, presides at fund-raising affairs continually.



Loretta Young plays hostess to L.A. orphan asylum girls. She devotes herself intensively to a hospital for unmarried mothers, helped Father Peyton get his Family Theater program started on the air.

HOLLYWOOD'S TEN BEST

The General Federation of Women's Clubs honors these ten players for

■ On these pages, the editors of MODERN SCREEN proudly present one of the most important features ever published in a magazine reporting the Hollywood scene.

The men and women pictured here have been chosen as Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens. This honor has not been bestowed upon them lightly or carelessly. For more than 16 months, researchers have painstakingly studied the civic activities of hundreds of Hollywood players.

Why did MODERN SCREEN undertake this tremendous project? The answer is simple: the editors have long believed that too little emphasis is placed, in newspapers and in magazines, on the positive contributions of Hollywood players to civic life.

To make certain the judging would be unbiased and in no way influenced by the personal friendships of MODERN SCREEN's editors with various Hollywood stars, the General Federation of Women's Clubs was asked to make the final choice. Mrs. J. L. Blair Buck, president of the organization, agreed to cooperate in the project. As judges, she suggested the Federation's Motion Picture Committee, whose members are Mrs. Joseph R. Chesser, Chairman; Mrs. Dean Gray Edwards, Chairman of the Eastern Preview Division, and Mrs. P. E. Willis, Chairman of the Western Preview Division. Their task, obviously, was a difficult one, in view of the splendid records of each Hollywood individual in the group from which their final selections were made.

Space limitations make it impossible for (Continued on page 73)



Irene Dunne with Archbishop Mitty and Monsignor Sheen at the dedication of a center for homeless boys. She's been cited for her inter-faith work by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.



These officials
of the General
Federation of
Women's Clubs
made the
selections.

Mrs. Joseph R. Chesser,
Chairman, Motion Picture Committee, G.F.W.C.

Mrs. Dean Gray Edwards,
Chairman, Eastern Preview Division.

Mrs. P. E. Willis,
Chairman, Western Preview Division.

Jean Hersholt shows his wife some orchids to be sold at a charity event. Famous for leadership in welfare organizations, he is president and a founder of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

CITIZENS

outstanding service to their community.



Red Skelton trades yarns with servicemen who were his guests at a broadcast. He is a leading supporter of a Kiwanis home for delinquent boys, and he is noted for the extent of his personal generosity.



Bing Crosby greets two young victims of polio with Jimmy Dorsey before a Sister Kenny appeal broadcast. Crosby hardly ever permits publicity on his many civic and philanthropic activities.



Roy Rogers introduces Trigger to a group of enthusiastic youngsters with Dale Evans' assistance. He spends much of his time cheering up sick children, has been honored for his national work in child safety.



High in the
far-flung mountain
country where
he grew up, Rory
Calhoun and his
bride have embarked
on a great adventure
BY TOM CARLILE

Home is where you hide it



Lita and Rory Calhoun lead his favorite mount out of the barn on the long-neglected ranch they bought last spring. It lies along a hidden valley in mountains 90 miles north of Hollywood.



Lita, a city girl until her marriage, brings Rory some cool water as he works on clearing sage-brush around the house. They hope to start operating their 155 acres as a \$10-a-day guest-ranch next summer.



After a busy day, Rory and Lita settle down before a cozy fire in the living room of the 75-year-old pine lodge. Rory had set his heart on the Circle-B from the time he came upon it as a youngster.

■ It was a whippy cold day in late February one year ago, and in the mountains above Ojai, the wind was especially sharp to anyone riding in an open car. Lita Baron, bundled up in a hooded parka, looked anxiously at her husband, Rory Calhoun, as he plummeted their hot-rod roadster over the bumpy dirt road in the back country of the Los Padres Forest. For 20 minutes, they bounced in and out of chug-holes until they came upon a sagging gate which blocked the road. It was locked with several chains and prominently posted with an immense sign which fairly shouted, "KEEP OUT."

But the sign didn't seem to bother Rory. Producing a key, he unlocked the chains and swung open the gate as though he owned the place.

Lita repressed her strong urge to ask where they were going. She'd been on this sort of mysterious Sunday drive with her handsome husband before, and she knew better. Rory liked to keep his secrets intact until the last moment.

She drew in her breath as Rory shot the car ahead, up a tiny road which (Continued on next page)

home is where you hide it

(continued)

twisted and bumped up the mountainside. She closed her eyes a couple of times when the car skidded. Finally, somehow, they reached the summit. Rory stopped the car, and dramatically, like a master of ceremonies introducing a headline act, exclaimed, "There it is, honey!"

Lita looked down. Below her, at least a thousand feet, lay a beautiful hidden valley, surrounded on every side by snow-capped ridges. A gently-winding stream, fed by melting snows, flowed down the valley floor and out of sight around a canyon wall. In the pasture to the right, a few scattered horses, shaggy in their winter coats, grazed on the first spring grass.

Shivering against the mountain wind, Lita filled her eyes with the view, and said, "It's simply breathtaking, Rory. But—where are we, for heaven's sake?"

"Shangri-la," Rory answered, his eyes dancing. "Hang on and we'll drive down to it." He kicked in the clutch and the car started downhill.

A few minutes later, they rolled into a dilapidated ranch yard at the very foot of the mountain. To Lita, the place looked simply awful. An old, weather-beaten lodge, a number of scattered cabins, an unpainted pitch-roofed barn, and a stunted apple orchard. There was rubbish everywhere—tin cans, boxes, old auto tires. A real mess. From eye-level, it seemed as though the valley were an endless expanse of barren loneliness. After the car motor died, there wasn't a sound. But she decided to let Rory give her the cue. He obviously had something on this mind, for he was looking at her with a strange, inspired look.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get out and look around."

"All right," Lita replied, after a slight hesitation.

They walked onto the porch of the lodge. Two giant elk-heads hung from the heavy pine-log wall. As Rory absently picked a piece of chinking out of the wall, Lita noticed that that look had come into his eyes again.

"This cabin," he confided, "is more than 75 years old. It was built by the Lethrop family, who originally homesteaded this valley in 1879. Fine people. It's a real shame the place has deteriorated so badly."

Then Rory conducted her through the old lodge. It consisted of two adjoining bedrooms, a bathroom, a big living room with an immense rock fireplace, a barroom, a huge dining room, kitchen and pantry. Yet all Lita could see were the cracked boards, the broken furniture, and the two inches of dirt which covered everything.

Outside, Rory started talking again, as he took her arm and began walking her down to the barns.

"Honey, this is the old Circle-B ranch. There are 155 acres of it, running all the way down the valley." He stopped to make a sweeping gesture with his arm, like the last (Continued on page 92)



PLENTY OF WORK. Rory Calhoun, working hard to get his mountain ranch into sound repair, discourages the crows with a slingshot. Assisting him is Ralph Mantiz, a



JOB FOR A COWBOY. Rory practices with his lariat—this afternoon, he'll be roping calves which are to be branded. He has always liked cowboy life



PLENTY OF FUN. Lita Calhoun shows Rory how well her horse-shoe pitching has come along under his instruction. Lita, a night-club singer and dancer since her



college chum of Lita's brother, Pete. Pete, the Calhouns' partner in the Circle-B Ranch, helps Rory repair one of many fences blown down last winter. They devote almost all their spare time to fixing the place

for its opening as a guest-ranch. With Lita standing by, Rory mends one of the saddles in the tack room—the ranch has 17 saddle horses. Also on the long work agenda are planting, painting and plastering.



and, though still a novice, he hopes to grow expert in the skills of a working rancher. After a chase of half an hour, Rory finally pulls down the bigger calf. Pete (left) holds the animal still, and Ralph (right)

stands ready to help as Rory tightens his lasso. Then, while Ralph keeps a grip on the rope and wife Lita watches proudly, Rory presses a branding iron on the calf's leg. His try at a cowboy's job is a success.



early teens, has taken to the outdoor life with gusto after initial misgivings. She enjoys the relaxed pace, loves the happy give-and-take at the evening meal when the hungry, hard-working men sit down to

simple, solid food. Lita and Rory, newlyweds of little more than a year, go off for long walks and rides through the lovely country—a perfect setting for the honeymooners they still very much are.

By CYNTHIA MILLER

DIVORCE

The shame of Hollywood

The real tragedy of divorce is always this—that its cruelest blows almost inevitably

Statistics do not necessarily prove that there are more divorces among Hollywood players than among other sections of the U. S. population. Yet the vast publicity that invariably accompanies the divorces of screen personalities has resulted in a rising tide of criticism against the entire film industry. MODERN SCREEN recognizes that this criticism may or may not be justified. The following challenging article is concerned with what is, not only in Hollywood but everywhere else, one of the most unfortunate aspects of the divorce problem—the involvement of those innocent, tragic victims, the children.—THE EDITORS.

■ The boy was seven years old, the child of a Hollywood star divorced from her husband. Christmas was coming. His parents had agreed that he should spend Christmas Day with his mother, Christmas Eve with his father. He ran to tell his news to the cook, his confidant.

"I bought a tree with Daddy today," he told her excitedly. "Tomorrow I'm going to buy a tree with Mommy."

"Well, isn't that fine!" said the kindly cook. "Just think, you'll have *two* Christmas trees."

With that the light died out of the small face, the eyes that had been so eager looked suddenly lost. "I'd rather have only one," he said. He turned and went slowly from the room. . . .

. This little story, and others like it, speak a poignant commentary on the subject of Hollywood divorce—the tragedy of which is so much deeper when there are children concerned. Now Hollywood, of course, didn't invent the divorce court, and the John Agars of Hollywood have the same right to dissolve an unhappy union as the John Joneses of Kansas City. But in either case, if children are involved, the children are the real victims.

Shirley Temple herself put her finger on the spot. "The worst thing about my divorce from Jack is Linda Susan. She adores her daddy."

Psychologists tell us that children thrive best in the warmth of harmonious homes. They also tell us that, even for the children, divorce is preferable to the tensions of constant discord. Yet with patience and understanding, people can sometimes mend a broken love. Sometimes, with all the good will in the world, they can't. Apparently the



all on the innocent heads of the children.

Agars couldn't. As an inescapable result, Linda will suffer.

Here are two strong-willed people, with a child as their only remaining bond. "I want our divorce on a high and dignified level for our little daughter's sake," Shirley told the press. But all the height and dignity of Mt. Everest wouldn't serve to conceal the bitterness behind this break. With more than a trace of condescension, Shirley announced that Jack was a nice boy but a little mixed up. She assured one reporter that careers had nothing to do with it. Yet a month earlier, she'd been telling Louella Parsons: "I've grown up with the motion picture business. Jack hasn't, and he can't understand the difficulties of a career. He doesn't like the publicity that's a necessary part of any star's life. You don't know how hard it is when you go out to a nightclub and everything you say is magnified into something important. Sometimes after a quarrel, Jack doesn't come home, and it's very heartbreaking. . . ."

Her friends say that Jack neglected her, that she was a golf widow, that he was rude to her in public. His friends say that the marriage never had a chance, that he was expected to act as first gentleman-in-waiting to (Continued on page 70)

hollywood's divorce statistics

- ★ about 500 players currently are active in motion pictures.
- ★ approximately one out of every six has been divorced.
- ★ of the 500, 48 have been divorced once.
- ★ of the 500, 24 have been divorced twice.
- ★ of the 500, 8 have been divorced three times.



modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ Last month, MODERN SCREEN started a new pictorial series made up of exclusive picture stories and outstanding news photos of the month. Here is the second in the series. It contains more of the same kind of unusual photographs—which reveal with swift drama the underlying character of a personality. These pictures have been selected from the best current work of the best photographers covering the Hollywood scene. The final basis of selection was, as it will continue to be, the impact of the varied emotions which the camera succeeded in capturing.—THE EDITORS.

Romantic Elizabeth Taylor gets interested in a new beau.



Vic Damone and Elizabeth Taylor, a new twosome, arrive at the opening of the Chianti Restaurant, where they celebrated with other screen and night-club celebrities. Elizabeth, who is said to

regret the spotlight thrown on her romances, has been seeing a great deal of the young singer. She's been going to the Mocambo to hear him, and they've gone on many horseback rides together.



Kirk Douglas contributes some hot licks on the trumpet at a jam session with the nation's top jazzmen at Eddie Condon's New York club.

Musical Kirk Douglas gets fascinated by a new pastime.



Eddie Condon (left), famous hot guitarist, and trombonist George Brunis give eager-to-learn Kirk the lowdown on how mouthpieces work.



"Pucker up your lips—so," instructs Brunis, as his willing student complies. Kirk visited Eddie Condon's for briefing on his *Young Man with a Horn* role.



To his teachers' delight, Kirk succeeds in making enough musician-like sounds to indicate that he's a potential jazzman.

more pictures on following pages

when some hollywood stars go to Palm Springs, it's for a



Joanne Dru, who is in Palm Springs to perform in location shots for *Wrong Guy*, happily greets husband John Ireland at the airport. John, having just finished *Cargo to Capetown*, is here strictly for fun.



Joanne helps John unpack—and, with wifely indignation, finds that he's managed to bring along a sock without its mate. John defends himself as most husbands would—he looks helpless.

but most movie folk go to the famous resort to sit in the



Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer, seen everywhere else together recently, are tennis partners at the Palm Springs Racquet Club—where they wait for their turn to play in the Pimm's Cup Tournament.



They've reached the finals—in which they're matched against Pat de Cicco and Gussie Moran, the gal who made lace-edged panties famous last year at Wimbledon. Ginger gets set to play the net.

combination of work and play.



While a scene is set up by the pool, John hears Joanne's lines. For a gag, during the shooting he got in camera range—he thought. He hadn't, but they got even with him by then telling him he'd ruined the shot.



Though John spent all his time having a holiday, Joanne could relax only a part of the time—for she and her *Wrong Guy* associates even worked a number of nights. Here she does a scene with Edmond O'Brien.

sun, enjoy sports and parties.



After a titanic battle, Rogers and Bautzer finally emerged triumphant—11-9, 4-6, 6-2. William Powell presents the silver trophies, watched by the Racquet Club's beaming owner, silent film star Charlie Farrell.



That night, Ginger and Greg—obviously interested in each other beyond the tennis court—have a victory dinner. (Joan Crawford, who'd been at Palm Springs the week before, filming *The Victim*, was not present.)

the end

MY PREDICTIONS FOR 1950

(Continued from page 31)

they've all got new deals, new prospects, new pictures, new promise. It's been slow going for some of them and fast for others. But right now they all stand at the doorway of their rich rewards. They're fit and ready for 1950.

Let's see why.

Personally, I'm mighty pleased to pick a redhead from Brooklyn to lead the grand promenade. I've watched Susan Hayward for a good many seasons now, and always I've thought, "If that girl ever gets the right part—watch her go!" All the time Susan was ripe as a pink-skinned peach for her big break—and now she has it. Her sad-sweet triumph in *My Foolish Heart* will, I predict, set her off toward a top-notch starring career at long last and someday an Academy Award—which she just missed once before, in *Smashup*. I'm not the only one who's betting on Susan, either. Darryl Zanuck—and they don't come cannier—has just shelled out an even \$200,000 for the privilege of hiring her for seven long years, special scripts are in the works for Susan and her prospects couldn't be rosier.

Barbara Hale, after *Jolson Sings Again*, is my candidate to succeed Myrna Loy as the screen's perfect wife. In person, too, Barbara's the perfect wife—sweet and wholesome as they make 'em, warm, friendly, sincere. Those are qualities Hollywood has never lost on and they'll not lose a nickel on Barbara Hale from now on out. She's worth a million dollars in the bank.

stars are made . . .

Ruth Roman hit Hollywood with exactly \$100 to her name, and not a friend in town. She lived in a tiny hotel over a drug store while she set out bravely to bat down the studio gates. Suddenly she showed up as the sleeper gal in *The Window* and came through with a solid smash in *Champion*.

Could it all be a flash for Ruth, and will that flash blind her eyes? Listen—Ruth grabbed at a small part in *Beyond the Forest* when her agent and all her friends told her it was too dinky. "Think what I can learn, acting with Bette Davis," came back Ruth. Next, she played a straight girl to Milton Berle in *Always Leave Them Laughing*, again not for a splash but because "I think the experience of working with Milton might be darn good for me." Then Ruth mixed her shots to play a dipsomaniac in *Rock Bottom*. What will the ex-carnival kid do next? It looks as if she'll be Gary Cooper's leading lady, no less, in *Bright Leaf*, and she'll be getting all the stories Warners had planned for Bette Davis, before Bette walked out. Ruth is on a ride to a star's throne where not even a bulldog will be able to shake her loose.

Shelley Winters is—let's face it—a screwball. But a talented, bouncy, cute and sassy one. And Hollywood has always had room for a girl like that, when she could act, since before the days of Clara Bow. Shelley caught on like the one-girl bonfire she is, when she played the sexy waitress with Ronald Colman in *A Double Life*. Since then, Shelley has scored bull's-eyes in *Larceny*, *The Great Gatsby* and *A Place in the Sun*.

Shelley's eager as a beaver to make a name for herself, dying to learn her job and learn it right. She's a member of Charles Laughton's Shakespeare study group, which means that every night, including Saturday nights, she works hard to gain real acting ability, because Charles

doesn't fool with them a minute unless they do. Has it paid off? Well, George Stevens, who can direct any day for my money, picked Shelley for the tragic little factory girl in *A Place in the Sun* (the remake of *An American Tragedy*), a part with twice the guts and opportunity of the role drawn by everybody's pet and bet, Elizabeth Taylor. I'll predict that Shelley will get right to the top—if she'll watch her step, which is inclined to be high, wide and handsome. Anyway, she's on my first team for 1950.

Now, what about Janet Leigh? The girl Van Johnson named and started off in *Romance of Rosy Ridge* has made more pictures this past year than any other young star in Hollywood—and every one with prize leading men, including Robert Mitchum, Glenn Ford, Van Heflin and Peter Lawford. I happen to know that Louis B. Mayer puts her right up with Elizabeth Taylor as his biggest bet for 1950. She's made the best of her opportunities, worked hard, kept her head. 1950's her great year for sure, with *Holiday Affair* following up *The Red Danube* and *That Forsyte Woman*, and *Jet Pilot*—with John Wayne—all set to send her zooming.

You can't overlook Elizabeth Taylor, of course—and I'm certainly not, with the whole world looking her lovely way. At 18, which she'll be in February, Elizabeth can never be more beautiful. Next spring she'll do *Quo Vadis*, in Rome, MGM's biggest picture from all standpoints since *Ben Hur*, filmed back in 1924. I, for one, can't wait to see Elizabeth as *Lygia* strapped to a bull's back and fought for by Roman gladiators.

There are others who can come through this year to make big names for themselves. I think Ava Gardner will make the really stand-out star grade with James Mason in *East Side, West Side*. You may hate her in that slutty part but if she clicks, Ava's in—and *Carriage Entrance* with Bob Mitchum can keep her there.

Virginia Mayo, whom Jimmy Cagney uncovered as a real actress in *White Heat*, shows signs of making a serious bid for stardom at Warners. And don't overlook teen-age Joan Evans, either, who came through beautifully in her first test, *Roseanna McCoy*. Joan is Sam Goldwyn's pet and Sam can pick 'em—and build 'em. Our *Very Own*, her latest, and *Edge of Doom* are Joan's big-time career insurance for 1950. I'll also place side bets on Ann Blyth, Audrey Totter and Betty Garrett.

Now, what about the men in your Hollywood life for 1950? The five I'm picking

are loaded and couldn't miss if you aimed them in the dark. First on that list, of course, is Kirk Douglas.

Today, the movie world is absolutely Kirk's oyster. He has *Champion* behind him, the more sensitive *Young Man With a Horn* ready to tear at your heart and *The Glass Menagerie* shooting as I write. He has a million-dollar contract at Warners—which gives him the right to make other films for any other studio he chooses. Nothing can stop that guy. He's still calling his shots as cannily as he ever did. He picked a comparatively small job in *The Glass Menagerie*, when he could have had the biggest. Why? "Gives me a chance at a comedy character," he said—right after he'd played a brooding, complexed trumpeter in *Young Man With A Horn*. And that after *Champion*, which was all muscle and action.

Kirk hasn't a pebble in his path to the all-time Hollywood greatness I predict he'll reach in 1950. The only puff in his sky is a mixed-up marriage, and in 1950 he just might straighten that out, too.

all hits, no errors . . .

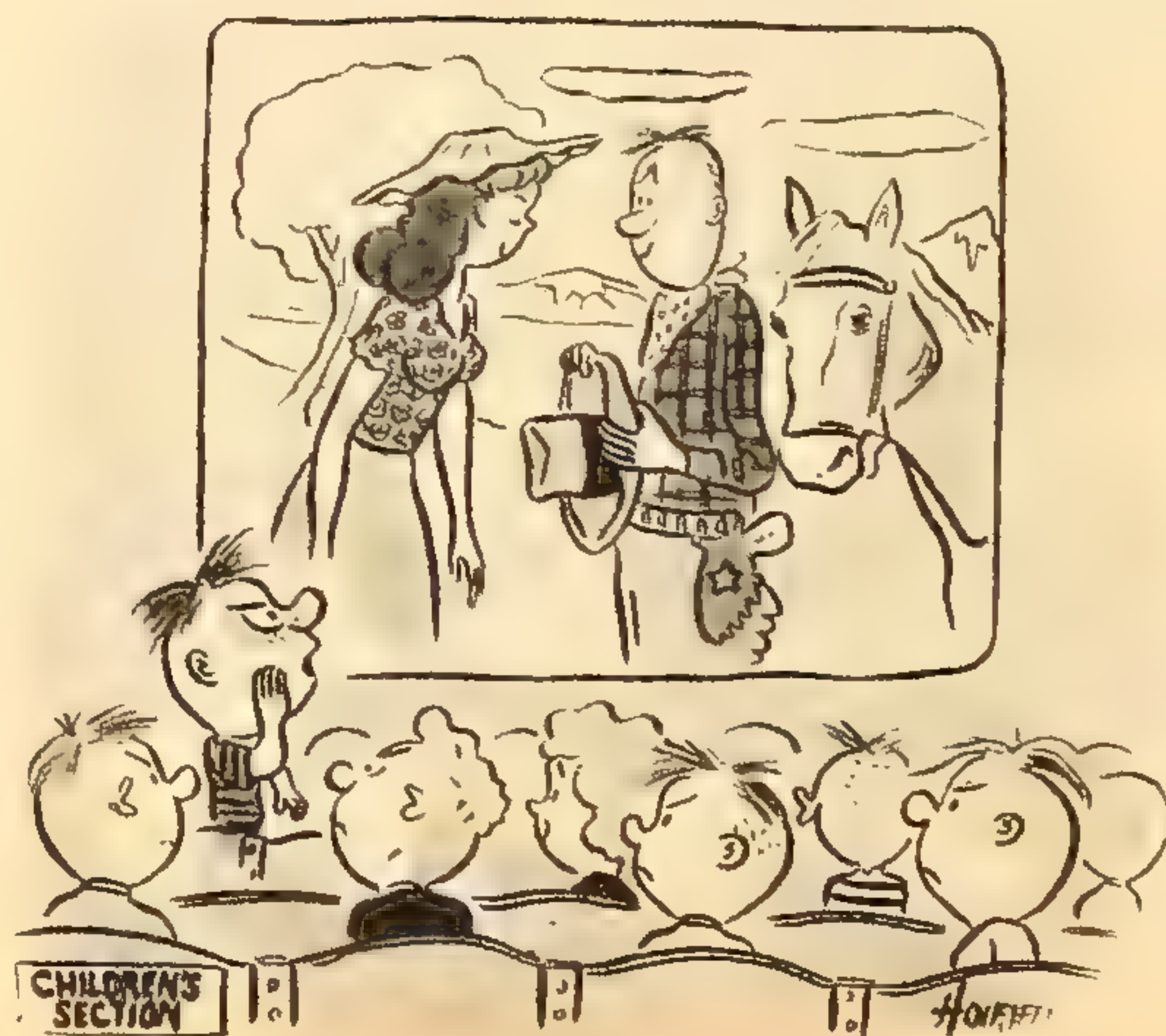
But who's next—Montgomery Clift? Not for my money. Before Marvellous Monty hits the top rung he'll have to climb past Farley Granger. So far, Farley hasn't given a bad performance, hasn't missed in one single flicker of film. I can't say that about Montgomery. He was swell in *Red River* and *The Search*. But he missed in *The Heiress*, especially in the scene that should have wrapped up his part in the picture—the important one with Olivia de Havilland's tough old pa, Ralph Richardson. Monty played that wrong and in so doing lost what might have been a decisive star in his crown. (Incidentally, right here let me predict that Olivia will cop an Oscar for her performance.)

I know Monty's shrewd about his scripts and I know he'll be a big rave with millions of girls everywhere. I'm not running him down as an actor, either, because he's good. I think he's a great star bet for 1950. But I think Farley Granger is better.

Farley's deeper and more sensitive and he's landed a role that could make 1950 an Academy Award year for him, even at his age. In *Edge of Doom* he'll play a man who accidentally kills a priest and then wrestles with his own soul. Farley will have Mark Robson, who directed both *Champion* and *My Foolish Heart*, to guide him. I'm betting on Farley to have the world at his feet when it's over.

Now, you can't exactly call Paul Douglas a boy—he's splitting his forties right now—but just a few years aren't enough to keep him off my glamor boy list for 1950. A lot of the younger charm lads could take a lesson from Paul—and borrow some of his youthful pep, good humor and virility. Ever since *A Letter to Three Wives*, Paul has romped away with female hearts from six to 60. Everybody loved him in that whacky *Everybody Does It*, he's got *Two Corridors East* coming up and Darryl Zanuck, a fervent Douglas fan, is going to throw his best scripts Paul's way. Why? Paul isn't good looking—in fact, he's a big, dog-faced Joe. He's got a voice like a buzz saw and manners you could call uncouth if you wanted to. He's a scamp for sure. When I was in New York last, Paul was also present, and in happy hot water as usual. He'd asked two girls to meet him there—one from Europe and one from Hollywood—and when they both showed up, Doug was having one heck of a time keeping them apart! Behind the brass,

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"Get a grip on yourself, Mac, and kiss the dame!"

though, Paul's definitely a sterling actor. But Mario Lanza is pure gold through and through, which makes it a thrill for me to include that wonderful Italian boy from across the tracks who made America's unbounded dream come true. Mario studied under Caruso's old voice coach—and he showed it in his first movie, *That Midnight Kiss*. I predict Mario will be Hollywood's new Nelson Eddy in 1950. *Kiss of Fire*, his next, looks too much like his first one—too frail a story for his golden voice. But when MGM digs deeper, as it will, and comes up with a real plot to mount Mario's voice, then watch for something which I, for one, have sadly missed—another golden age of song on the screen.

But I don't want to miss a mighty strong second string of fast-stepping young stars who'll sprint to glory in the year to come. Arthur Kennedy, for instance, whom Kirk Douglas calls "the best young actor of them all"—including himself. Richard Basehart, whose contract was worth \$75,000 to Darryl Zanuck the other day. Mel Ferrer, whose performance in *Lost Boundaries* was superfine. David Brian who's first-rate in another MGM bid for the Academy Award, *Intruder in the Dust*. Since Joan Crawford discovered David in *Flamingo Road*, every star in town has been dying to get him—but there's just not enough Brian to go around. And keep your eye on John Derek, Richard Conte and Scott Brady—they've all got big steps ahead and the stride to make them. One really hot picture and they'll be off.

Now, let's turn from careers to Cupid and see what the outlook is for the little guy in the months ahead. What romances look altar-bound and what couples will tell their troubles to the judge? Well, my crystal ball gets a little cloudy here.

To start off, however, I can say that Bette Davis and Bill Sherry look a very good bet to stay together after their reconciliation. Bette's trouble is that she has always taken her career too seriously. When she's in a professional stew she takes it out at home. When she comes to her senses, she's sorry. But Bette's never had a baby in her former marriages and I predict her baby's father, temperamental as he too may be (after all, he's an artist), is too real an emotional tie to give up. And I also predict that her peace and happiness will fluctuate along with the luck Bette has in getting the right roles.

state of the unions . . .

I'm not too sanguine, though, about Kathryn Grayson's chances with her Johnny Johnston. Betty Hutton's marriage with Ted Briskin has been saved once, but if the pressure of her greatest career year—which, with *Let's Dance* and *Annie Get Your Gun*, it's bound to be—proves too much for Betty, there could be another, and a permanent, separation. There are clouds of misunderstanding that Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens must fight free of, and the same goes for Linda Darnell and her Pev Marley. Don't worry, though—I'm not—about Dan Dailey and his Elizabeth. Dan has got whatever bothered him out of his curly hair and has come to his senses—I have Dan's word for that. The Sinatras are set to grow old together, now that Frank appreciates Nancy for keeps. All that Mark Stevens has to worry about with Annette is that touchy temper of his. All's well with Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron. Guy Madison and his Gail Russell couldn't be cozier—Guy even took suspension from Selznick because he just couldn't tear himself away from Gail for a personal appearance tour.

There've been all kinds of silly rumors about Lana Turner and Bob Topping since they came back to Hollywood. But I

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happen to know Lana wants this marriage to last and she's dedicated herself to that. I've never seen her look lovelier or happier—and, by the way, I'll predict right here that her career will blossom bright again in 1950.

It's always orange-blossom time in Hollywood, and there'll be plenty of new brides and grooms by 1951 that you'd never guess now. I'll predict three who'll stay bachelors, though, in spite of all the moonlight and beautiful girls in the world: Lew Ayres—because he likes his fun with no strings attached; Peter Lawford—because he prefers freedom to play the field; Cary Grant—because he's too contrary, Betsy Drake or no.

But I have the word of one young man that he's mighty eager for the girl to say "yes." That young man is Farley Granger and the girl is Shelley Winters. They don't add up as a team, as they come at you on the screen, but I've a hunch they'd be mighty good for each other. At any rate, I'm doing my darndest to make a match!

And how would you like to see Ava Gardner become Mrs. Howard Duff, in spite of her protests, sometime before 1951? I know Howard will go for that idea and, while Ava's said she doesn't love Howard enough, when you don't love a person you don't keep fighting and making up and have him hanging around all the time, do you? You get rid of the guy—which Ava has never done. I'm predicting she'll weaken before next New Year's Eve. He's a mighty stubborn man, that Duff.

And what about Ginger Rogers and Hollywood's beau boy, Greg Bautzer—wedding bells for them? Not in 1950, I'm afraid—but only for legal reasons. Ginger hasn't got her divorce yet, and that takes time, even if Greg is a lawyer. But I'll say this: If she were free right now, at the turn of the New Year she'd be Mrs. Bautzer. Greg's a mighty hard fish for the girls to net, and dozens of our best sirens have tried unsuccessfully before. But I think he's met his match in Ginger.

That same legal barrier is Clark Gable's greatest protection against a married man's fate. Paulette Goddard is still married to Burgess Meredith—otherwise, I

think that clever gal would have been the King's queen by now. I never sell Paulette short in getting whatever she wants, and it certainly looks as if she wants Clarkie. I'm keeping my fingers crossed there for a long time to come, because I think Clark secretly longs to be wed again and he's going to fall pretty hard when he does at last.

Joan Caulfield will marry Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's ex, that's certain enough. Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew, Jr. have wedding plans that can come true. And whenever Doris Day's manager, Marty Melcher, is free from Patti Andrews of the Andrews Sisters, Doris and Marty are fairly sure to make a home together. And what about Ruth Roman and Bill Walsh? Not from what Ruth tells me—but there's a hint of yes, yes in her eyes.

But there are others who might take that lover's leap in 1950, so I'll boost their chances along by holding the thought: Jane Wyman, because she's lonely and beautiful—to somebody, but not to Lew Ayres, Hedy Lamarr, if she can find the right man. And, for sure, a romance for lovely Elizabeth Taylor—it could well be Bill Pawley again. When he came out to Hollywood for Jane Powell's wedding, he talked long and seriously with Liz, and I do know that heart affair was very, very deep. They've never stopped their long-distance calls. But whoever it is, I know Elizabeth will fall in love and, if she can, get married. Her parents are for it and so is Elizabeth. I don't know any star who is more ripe-and-ready for mature life and a home of her own.

Well, there you are—that's how the movieland merry-go-round looks to me as I watch the chubby kid with "1950" on his diaper climb in the window and heave that wizened and worn 1949 character out. Another year of Hollywood history is written and the book closed for keeps on the stars' lives, loves, and luck.

But another is wide open and the pages blank. I'm just crazy enough to try to fill in a few in advance, when I should know better by now. Maybe I'll never learn. Oh, well—come along, 1950, and cross me up good. I double dare you!

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I DON'T RUN BETTY'S LIFE

(Continued from page 43)

of Betty holds just as true of Marjorie. But this is about Betty, so I'll stick to her.

We've never been a gushy, demonstrative family, but we've always known where we stood with each other. Children feel your love, even if you're not forever making a to-do. We loved our kids, and wanted to do our best by them. That's why we sent them to dancing school—not with any career in mind, but for poise and grace. Marjorie was just average. Betty took to it like a duck to water. By the time she was five, people were asking me to let her go on in this review or that. From the first, she had a professional attitude. She hated showing off for friends and relatives, but let her get up on a stage, and she seemed to love it.

I'd always been a little stagestruck myself. As a girl, I had a good voice and hoped to be able to use it professionally. Nothing came of that. Also, my father was a student of Shakespeare, and he'd have me playing Juliet to his Romeo, which must have been pretty funny, though to me it was divine. However, a career for Betty never entered my head till her teachers and others began telling me she had talent. Even then, all I did was have her go on with her dancing. She was so little, and the future seemed far away. But I did insist on the lessons. And like any child, Betty would sometimes say: "Oh, I'd rather go out and play."

That's where I could have made my first mistake, by using—or abusing—parental authority. Only I don't believe that, just because you're older and stronger, you have the right to be arbitrary with children. As clearly as I could, I'd explain why the lessons were important, mix some judicious praise with the explanation, and wind up saying: "Of course you don't *have* to go, Baby. But I'd be awfully pleased if you did."

Loving me, she wanted to please me. Besides, she was born with a sense of responsibility. Already she felt somehow that dancing was her job. "That's all right, I can play tomorrow," she'd say, and off we'd go. The minute she got her dancing

shoes on her feet, she was happy as a lark.

We spent a couple of vacations in Hollywood, so she could study with dancing teachers there. But St. Louis was home, and we always bought round-trip tickets as a matter of course. One summer we were all packed to return, when some of the kids from dancing school dropped by. "Mrs. Grable, they're holding auditions at Fox for a musical. Why not let Betty try out with the rest of us?"

"That's silly," said Betty. "I'm only 12."

I felt the same way. Then on an impulse, I said, "Let's go anyway. Of course they won't take you, but we've never seen the inside of a studio. That'll be something to tell the folks about."

Well, I was wrong. Out of 500 girls, ranging from 16 to 22, my 12-year-old was the first one picked. When they offered us a contract, I didn't quite know what to do. I asked Betty how she felt about it. It was her life, and she certainly had the right to help make a decision. What's more, I trusted her judgment just as she trusted mine. I could see she was pleased, but not wild with excitement the way some girls would have been. She thought it over, and came up with a characteristic answer. "I guess I'd like to stay, Mother. After all, I've put in a lot of work on dancing, and the idea is to get somewhere with it. Maybe here's my chance."

"Okay, honey, but we'll have to talk to Daddy first."

I called Mr. Grable, and gave him the story. He said, "If you'll promise to stay with Betty all the time, it's fine with me." And that's how the whole thing started. Marjorie went back to college, and we two stayed.

Through the next eight years we had plenty of ups and downs as far as the career went, and more downs than ups. Yet, in our relationship as mother and daughter, I look back and recall nothing but pleasantness. Naturally, I devoted myself to Betty. That was my job, just as dancing was hers. I'd get up at 5:30, fix breakfast, then drive her to the studio in our little Ford that leaked so badly when it rained

we had to cover our heads and laps with newspapers. Then I'd sit on a hard bench all day long while she worked, take her home, cook dinner, have her in bed by nine, and set the alarm for 5:30 again next morning. Sunday was a big day for us. We'd go out to dinner and a picture show, and that was the extent of our social life.

Two things seemed to motivate Betty—her desire to please me and to "get somewhere" with her dancing. Not that she was crazy to be a star—that's the funny part—it was more of a practical angle. "It would be a shame", she'd say, "for all those hours of effort to go for nothing." I never saw her bothered about her work, except when she thought her career was bogging down. Otherwise, no matter how tough it got, she was always happy. If she hadn't been, believe me, we'd have quit.

Another reason Betty was satisfied with our quiet life is that she's a quiet person, reserved, and definitely shy. To this day she avoids big parties, because she hates walking in on a roomful of strangers. But what made me realize she was a born trouper was the way she'd lose all her shyness up on a stage.

too down-to-earth . . .

Betty's always maintained that she wasn't ambitious, and gives me the credit for egging her on to success. That's true up to a point. She wasn't ambitious the way some girls are—with that terrific drive that won't let anything stop them. Also, glamor never meant anything to her, she's too down-to-earth. If you pay her a compliment, she gets embarrassed. I remember a newspaperman asking her once about all the proposals she's supposed to get in the mail. She laughed. "They don't say, 'Fly with me'. That's only for movies. They say, 'Give me \$5,000 and I'll marry you.'"

Actually, she always wanted the solid values of love and home and children that she's found with Harry. That was her real aim in life. At the same time, she had plenty of grit and persistence and, given the chance, she'd dance her feet off. What she couldn't do was push herself. She'd never say at auditions, "I can do so-and-so." But if they asked her, she'd get up and do it. And she's no different today. Betty devoted more time to the study of ballet than anything else. But has she ever used it in a picture? No. Because they didn't ask her. Some players in her position would have said, "Look, I like ballet, why don't we put in a ballet number?" She lets it go. Not from lack of interest, but because she hates to make demands.

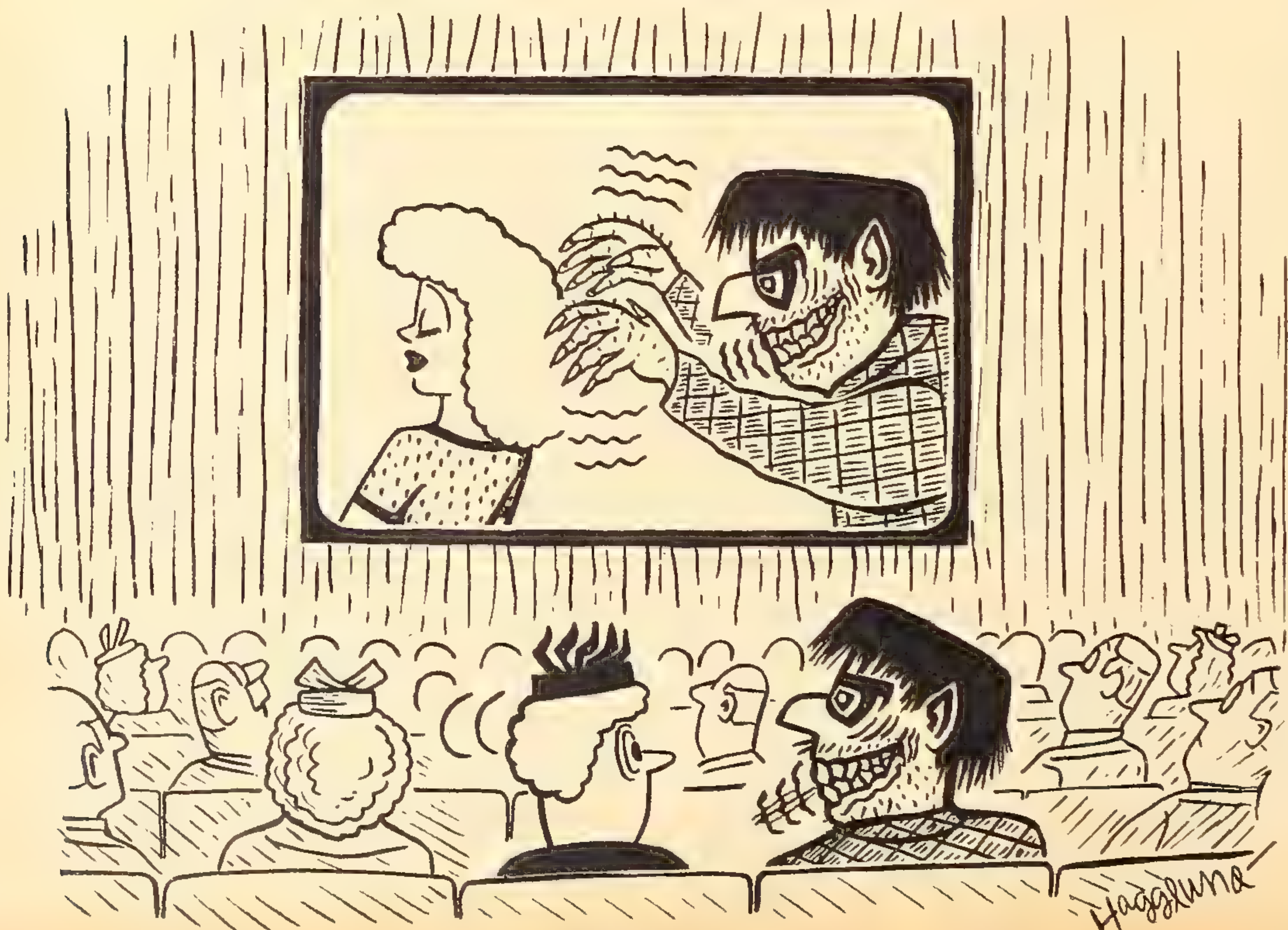
Now I'm not exactly a pushy person myself. But I had absolute faith in Betty's talent, and I feel that a talent ought to be used. I encouraged her and helped her all I could. I'd be the one to find out where auditions were being held. I'd say, "Would you like to go, Betty?" She was perfectly willing as long as I was there to do the talking for her. I guess you might have called me sort of a liaison officer. It was to me Ted Fio-Rito came after seeing her in *Tattletales*. "Would Betty be interested in singing with a band?"

"Oh, Mother, I can't sing," she said when I told her.

Fio-Rito talked her out of that. "With your looks and personality, it doesn't matter how you sing."

And I've got to admit that I came in handy on *DuBarry*. All through rehearsals Betty was miserable. Her part was inferior, her costumes were nothing to brag about. And as usual, she wouldn't go to

MODERN SCREEN



bat for herself. "I can't, Mother. Mr. De Sylva's tops. I can't go complaining to him."

"Would you like me to go?"

"No, Mother, please don't. He's got enough on his mind and I'm not a very important part of this show."

Naturally I disagreed with her. But I hesitated to approach Mr. De Sylva against her wish, so I kept my mouth shut till Louis Shurr, the agent, walked into the theater one day.

"What's wrong with Betty? She doesn't seem happy in her work."

"Well, I'm supposed to keep mum, but as long as you ask me, I'm going to tell you. She's not happy." I explained why. He went straight to Buddy De Sylva, and right away the whole picture changed. New routines were ordered, new costumes designed, and my daughter was a new girl. She sparkled. After the opening, even Betty couldn't doubt that all those hours of practice had paid off.

no questions asked . . .

Close as Betty and I were, I made one rule for myself and stuck to it. I think everyone's entitled to the privacy of his own thoughts. I think mothers who try to force the confidence of their children defeat their own ends. If Betty came home cross or upset, I'd ask no questions. In her own good time I knew she'd tell me what was wrong. If I'd tried to pry, she'd have closed up, and in her place I'd have done the same. Being a mother gives you the privilege of standing by to help, it doesn't give you the right to meddle.

There was one boy Betty went with, whose driving I wasn't crazy about. "I'd appreciate it," I'd say when they left on a date, "if you'd call me when you get there." And Betty would always call and say, "Mother, we're here." That's as far as I ever went in making demands.

And I never exacted but one promise from Betty. She was 16, and got the first crush of her life on a boy in the band. I'd watched it coming, but waited for her to tell me about it. One night, after the lights were out, she did. "Mother, I think we're in love. Maybe—someday—we'll want to get married."

Every mother knows how she feels when this happens, especially with a girl so young. In my heart I felt pretty sure it was puppy-love, but puppy-love can be very real while it lasts. I wasn't going to spoil it for Betty. I listened and sympathized exactly as if I thought it would last forever. After a while I said, "Betty, will you make me one promise? You're only 16, and he's not much older. Just to make sure, will you promise me not to marry till you're 21?"

"Oh yes," she said dreamily, "I can promise you that. I'm in no hurry."

Then I knew it was puppy-love.

When Betty's picture career started after *DuBarry*, it was like old times. The alarm would be set for 5:30, and I'd fix her tray. She protested at first, but I asked her to look at it my way. "If you can get up this early to go to work, the least I can do is give you your breakfast and see you off."

Now, if there's a thing I just can't abide, it's an interfering in-law. I think half our broken marriages could be saved, if parents learned to stay on their side of the fence. I'd no more dream of dropping in on Betty uninvited than on anyone else. I don't think it's fair and I don't think it's courteous, and I think you owe your children at least as much courtesy as you'd show a stranger. Sometimes, if I have

something special to see her about, I'll phone to find out whether or not it's convenient. Otherwise, I wait till I'm asked.

I make no suggestions about how she should run her home or bring up her children. That's her business, and she doesn't need my suggestions. She's doing all right. If you want the truth, she's come way above my expectations in that line. As a home-maker, Betty's been a revelation to me. Here was a girl who'd worked all her life on the stage, who could hardly brew a pot of coffee and didn't know a thing about children except how to love them. As a matter of fact, she had me lined up for special duty on the nurse's first day off after Vicki was born. "You'd better change her, Mother. I'll watch." Two seconds later she was telling me how to do it. "That's a new kind of diaper. You fold it square. Here, I'll show you."

She took over from there. I don't know a household that runs more smoothly than hers. I don't know two happier, better-behaved children than the James girls. And they aren't raised out of psychology books. "Common sense," says Betty, "tells you not to disturb a child when she's resting. Common sense tells you not to over-indulge her, or she'll get wrong notions of her own importance and grow up to be a pain in the neck."

I remember the time Jessica locked herself into a room. It was quite a while before the locksmith came. All that time Betty knelt outside the door, talked to the baby, told her stories, sang songs, kept her laughing and happy until the locksmith got there. Handled differently, an experience like that could have left its mark on a child. But thanks to her mother, Jessica wasn't frightened. She seemed to think the whole thing was a wonderful game.

No, Betty doesn't need any pointers from me.

She and I still know where we stand with each other. We don't talk about it. Where there's trust and love, talk isn't necessary. No mother could ask for a more thoughtful or generous daughter. She'll go out and buy herself a robe, and send me one just like it. She'll say, "Mother, let's go shopping," and I'll find myself with a half-a-dozen new dresses. Never a day goes by that she doesn't call me two or three times. When she's working, I call her dressing room between 8 and 8:30 to find out how she is and whether she got to the studio all right. If I'm late, Marie, her hairdresser is right on the phone. "Why didn't you call? Betty was worried."

by invitation only . . .

I still go over to the studio to watch her dance numbers. I love them—so I'm certainly looking forward to watching her make *My Blue Heaven*. But I don't go for lunch unless I'm asked. Betty always eats with Angie, who sets her dance routines, and Marie and some of the other kids. If Betty says, "Mother, will you come to lunch?"—that's fine. Otherwise, I show up around two, and that's just as fine.

I don't understand parents who talk about sacrificing themselves for their children. Seems to me what you do for your children, you do for yourself. If I was helpful to Betty in any way, I'm tickled to death. But for all I know, she'd have gotten along just as well without me. And the truth is, I enjoyed every minute of it.

She doesn't owe me a thing. She's done more for me than I ever did for her, in a hundred ways—but especially by being my daughter and my friend.

THE END

your letters . . .

FLIGHTY ELIZABETH

Dear Editor: Elizabeth Taylor is still my favorite screen actress, but I certainly think it's time she began to grow up. A lot of us who admire her beauty, acting talent and sweet personality have grown more than a little disappointed with the flighty way in which she keeps making and breaking engagements. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I always thought that a girl who was on the level didn't pledge her word to marry a man unless she really meant it.

SANDRA RAWLEY, ALBANY

SHE PRAYS TO WALK

Dear Editor: Doris Day's story "My Prayer Was Answered" (December M. S.) really touched my heart, because I am in the same situation myself. I hope someday very soon God will grant me the power to walk again. Over two-and-a-half years ago, when I was about 16, I had a fall which developed into tuberculosis of the hip. I have had three hip operations and can safely say I had my share of pain. After reading this story by Doris Day, I feel that I, too, will walk again. God answered her prayers. Let's hope He will answer mine, too!

DORIS LAWRENCE, ROCKAWAY, N. J.

UNMARRIED AVA

Dear Editor: It's amazing to me how a girl can be as shortsighted as Constance Miller, who wrote the letter (January M. S.) rebuking Ava Gardner for keeping Howard Duff on a string. I say three cheers for Ava and every other girl who won't let herself be rushed into marrying someone she's not sure about. I only hope that she sticks to her guns.

MURIEL DURBIN, SEATTLE

LIES ABOUT CROSBY

Dear Editor: We Crosby fans don't like the type of articles you've been printing on Bing lately—"Stop Lying About Crosby," which you had about three months ago, and now "Too Young To Die" in the December issue. These articles were just based on silly rumors, and I think it's unfair to Bing to keep repeating these things. I think these slanders should be ignored, but, instead, you seem to enjoy printing them over again to be sure that no one missed them.

EDNA JAMES, NASHVILLE, TENN.
(*Speaking as Crosby enthusiasts, too, we still think that the best way to knock out false rumors is to bring them into the open and show them up for what they are.*)

CLIFT'S BUSINESS

Dear Editor: Why can't everyone leave Montgomery Clift alone? The way he eats, cooks, dresses and the things he does are entirely his own business. His looks are perfect and his acting is wonderful, so I can't understand why he needs to live like a king to satisfy some people.

LORENE GOLEN, GRIFFIN, GA.

DISHONEST HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor: If the movie companies are looking for comedy subjects, why don't they take advantage of something which happens all the time right in Hollywood—the practically constant stream of "perfect" marriages which break up after being hailed as the most blissful unions this side of Heaven. The funniest part would be showing how the public gets taken for suckers—anyway that part of the public which continues to believe what it reads about happy marriages in Hollywood. Boy, is that a laugh!

HARRY MOHRMAN, ST. LOUIS

COMING NEXT MONTH: THE MARCH ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN—THE BIG ELIZABETH TAYLOR BIRTHDAY BOOK!

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
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embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



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Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



you're the type

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Are you making the most of your type? The big idea in clothes is to dress your personality as well as your person. Unless your get-up reveals something about the kind of girl you are, you're not doing yourself justice.

Fashion designers understand this, and that's why today you will find clothes suited to your type, in clothes suited to your size. Clothes which fit the junior figure usually fit the junior personality, too; and the same goes for all the other precision sizes that now, thank heaven, make perfect fit easy.

In this issue we concentrate on three examples of perfect type-casting. We begin with Catherine McLeod, opposite, a sophisticated lady in a sophisticated dress *you'll* love if you like to look grown-up, sure of yourself, and very slick and polished. On pages 64 and 65, we show how even shirts and skirts can look woman-of-the-world, if they're on the right girl.

On pages 66 and 67 we shift to the cute young look with three for you who have a slight young figure and a light young heart.

And on page 68 we wind up with a half-size dress which proves one of our pet convictions: nobody can look prettier than you half-sizes, if your dress is especially designed for your type.

Catherine McLeod dresses to type in sophisticated faille

■ Catherine McLeod, currently appearing in United Artists' *Escape If You Can*, wears a high-fashion, super-poised dress which perfectly suits her polished looks and divine figure. The dress is navy faille with a capelet collar and very French-looking jut pockets. Wear it to make a dramatic entrance at the smartest spot in town. Rayon faille. Sizes 10-18.

By Henry Rosenfeld. \$14.95.

At the Hecht Company, Washington, D. C., other stores on page 71.

Single rhinestones by Coro.

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



modern screen fashions

a modern screen fashion



sophisticates

are slicker than

■ Grey wool jersey and a slim corduroy skirt, or, the fashion model look. Rib-waisted blouse with Peter Pan collar, in oxford, natural, navy, cream, blue, pink, yellow, green, melon. By Old Colony. \$4.95. Slim corduroy skirt with a burst of kick pleats, in green, brown, rose, powder blue, maize or beige. By Korday, \$7.98. Where to buy, page 71.

anybody



■ Long sleeved T-shirt and a tweed skirt with huge pockets, or, the cover girl look. Cotton jersey shirt in white, maize, blue, navy, toast, red. By Shepherd. \$2.95. Wonderful wool skirt with pockets placed toward the rear, and an inverted pleat in front. Gold, strawberry, sea foam, natural, pink. By Rosecrest. \$7.95. Where to buy, page 71.

a modern screen fashion



■ The sailor collar with the dickey fill-in, aided and abetted by a cummerbund waistband and a full skirt, in case you feel like whirling. Carefree young one-piece dress in Sanforized cotton broadcloth—pert as can be. Slate grey, copper brown, emerald green. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique—\$5.95. Where to buy, page 71.

juniors

are cuter



■ The celebrated slipping hip-line of the 20's—when girls were flappers and as cute as girls can be. Washable rayon gabardine middie and accordion pleated skirt, very "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Beige, grey, powder, green, navy, dusty rose. Sizes 9-15. By Zan Tamar—about \$7.95. Where to buy, page 71.

■ Two colors to get you twice as much attention. Chartreuse top, buttoned in navy—navy skirt, pocketed in chartreuse. Tucked to a T, definitely dashing. It's a one piece dress in Tegra rayon. Also pink top with navy; beige or aqua with brown; light grey with dark grey. Sizes 9-15. By Zan Tamar—about \$7.95. Where to buy, page 71.



than anybody

**the
hand-made
look...
and it's a
half size**

■ The expensive look of delicate tucks—rows and rows of them—etched with the laciest of lace. Skillfully cut for the half-size figure, fine woven Sanforized cotton dress with lace-edged collar and cuffs, front pleats. In brown, lilac, gun metal, blue, dark green. Sizes 14½-24½. A Westover Wearable—\$10.95. For where to buy, page 71.

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5'4" OR LESS

Not a Junior, not a Half-size, but specially sized for the Smaller Miss of 5'4" or less.



... knowing you'll look irresistibly feminine in flower-fraught, Spring-spirited dresses. Specially sized, enchantingly styled by BRIEF MEASURE to follow your figure ... to have all eyes follow you.

Left ... flowers of embroidery. Soap 'n Water Rayon, guaranteed unconditionally washable. Charming Blue, Sunny Rose, Enchanted Green, Daffodil Yellow.



Right ... flowers of lace in RUM-TUM, a fine FOLKER fabric, hand-washable, permanently crease-resistant, linen-textured Rayon. Pink, Blue, Green, Beige.

Both in sizes 10S to 20S for the Smaller Miss of 5'4" or less.

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Kumin's Brockton, Mass.
Albert Steiger Co. Springfield, Mass.
Mabel's Cotton Shop, Saginaw, Mich.
Freimuth's Duluth, Minn.
Christman's Joplin, Mo.
O'Shea's Laconia, N. H.
J. W. Hill Co. Manchester, N. H.
Norby's Grand Forks, N. D.
Wiseman's Lancaster, Ohio

Groff Karnopp Toledo, Ohio
Smith's Women's Shop Eugene, Ore.
Nina's Shelbyville, Tenn.
Old Bee Hive Burlington, Vt.
L. Herman Danville, Va.
Becker's Apparel Roanoke, Va.
Coyle & Richardson Charleston, W. Va.
Dils Bros. Parkersburg, W. Va.
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DIVORCE—THE SHAME OF HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 53)

Shirley, the princess, that through four long years his mother was invited to the house exactly twice. They tell how Jack planned to surprise Shirley on her birthday with a small but nifty new car. And how Shirley found out, and because they'd had a tiff, whirled home that evening in the biggest, showiest Cadillac she could find on the market.

Wherever the blame may lie—and, as usual, it's probably somewhere in the middle—what's the outlook for Linda? Behind her dimples, Shirley's a determined young woman. We can't see her making concessions where her child is concerned.

On the other hand, Jack's a stubborn young man, unlikely to yield up his paternal rights. At best, Linda loses the warmth of her father's presence. At worst, she grows up to be a bone of contention, her loyalties divided, her affections torn.

poor little rich kids . . .

It's this kind of conflict that develops neuroses in children of divorce. You don't have to be poor to feel insecure. A certain boarding school in Hollywood caters largely to the youngsters of filmland's broken marriages. Most of the kids go home for the weekend. To one father, the principal said: "Always be on time. If you say you're coming at three, make it exactly three, or a minute earlier. Never a minute later. Because around noon, these children begin to look worried. They gather in little bull sessions, wondering whether they're going to be picked up or not. Sometimes parents get their signals mixed, and a child is left stranded. What that does to the child, I'd hate to be responsible for."

Compound divorce, like a compound fracture of the leg, offers more serious problems than a simple break. A case in point is the Flynn-Eddington-Haymes-Dru-Ireland mix-up. Flynn has a son by Lili Damita and two daughters by Nora Eddington. Three children were born to Haymes and Joanne Dru, Ireland has two by a former marriage. Nora and Dick have announced a blessed event. Eight children and a prospect caught in the net of their elders' tangled emotions!

The original divorce agreement between Flynn and Nora gave her legal custody of both little girls, while Errol retained physical custody of two-year-old Rory, the light of his life. But once she was free, Nora repented her bargain. The two little sisters, she told Flynn, loved one another and should be allowed to grow up together. In tears, she begged him for permission to take Rory to Las Vegas while Errol went abroad. Flynn refused. She could visit the child at home as often as she liked, but Rory was not to be removed from the premises nor from the charge of Nora's stepmother, who'd been caring for her.

The struggle continues. Nora bases her pleas—a little tardily—on what's best for the children. "We have no right to separate them." You can hardly blame her for wanting both her daughters. Neither can you blame Errol, who for the first time has given his whole heart to a child. But even at two, Rory is affected. Her father's return from Europe excited her to the point of illness, so that she had to spend the next day in bed. Perhaps this is partly the reason why Nora's arguments seem to be making some dent. On the point of leaving for India to do *Kim*, Errol offered a counterproposal. While he's away, both children go to Nora. When he's at home, both children come to him. Considering the circumstances, it sounds like a fair solution. Considering the children, how can they

help being confused and upset by all this?

But Rory and Deirdre are mercifully little, and for the present unaware of many things. It's the older children who take the full impact of these blows. In this whole picture, Skippy, first-born of Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru, presents the most forlorn figure. Regardless of the break between him and Joanne, Dick was an attentive father till he met Nora. To Skippy, he was the sun and moon. When Daddy came home, something wonderful always happened, like going up in a plane or taking a horseback ride. He couldn't understand why Daddy had stopped coming. Joanne tried to explain, but he still didn't understand. "Because he's divorced from you," he asked, "does that mean he doesn't like me any more?"

After marrying Nora, Dick used to have his children come over to the house. Somehow it didn't work out, and the visits were dropped. Skippy missed his father so desperately that often he'd call him on the phone just to hear his voice. Sometimes Dick would be out and, through negligence, the message wouldn't be delivered. After all, what could a little boy have to say that was so important?

John Ireland is wonderful to the children. But to Skippy, John can't take his father's place. Skippy, unfortunately, is old enough for pain, and not old enough to know how to cope with it. . . .

Even with the younger ones, who can tell what things go on in their minds and hearts that could lead them 20 years hence to a psychiatrist's couch? A four-year-old was told that her father would come to take her out that day. Her father had been away for months. He was a stranger. The word meant nothing to her. When he appeared, she shrieked bloody murder. Not till they promised to let the nurse go along, would she budge out of the house with this man, her father. Or take the case of Deanna Durbin's Jessica at a Hallowe'en party. The kids were bragging—"I've got this and my mommy's got that and my daddy's got the other." Jessica listened gravely and supplied the topper: "My daddy's got four mommies." Where she'd picked up the information that Felix Jackson had been married four times has no bearing here. Of course it sounded funny. How funny will Jessica find it in years to come?

life without mother . . .

Originally, Jane Wyman intended taking the children when she went to England for *Stage Fright*. Ronald Reagan, just back from making *The Hasty Heart*, advised against it. So did other people. Finally convinced that the small fry would be better off at home, Jane asked Ronald to stay with them while she was gone. Because, cliché or not, these two remain friends. Neither could foresee that at a charity baseball game Ronnie was destined to fracture his thigh in five places and spend nine weeks at the hospital in traction. Those weeks, piled on top of his long stay in England, pretty well dimmed him from the mind of four-year-old Michael. When Ronnie hobbled in at last, Michael stared with more interest at the crutches than at his father. Ronnie went about the business of making friends. Each evening he sat with the child while he had his dinner—till the nurse took him aside. "Mr. Reagan," she said, "Michael doesn't eat when you're around. He's too busy talking."

The following night Ronnie said, "Look, Michael—I'm going out of the room. Here's the reason why: When I stay, we talk to

(Continued on page 72)

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Capelet dress worn by Catherine McLeod (page 63)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Sport Dresses, 2nd Fl., Main Bldg.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Allen & Co., Mary Lewis Shop, 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Co., Sport Shop, 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker, Moderate Price Dresses, 3rd Fl.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Dresses, 3rd Fl.

Jersey blouse (page 64)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Washington St.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus & Co., Collegienne Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co., Collegienne Shop, 3rd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor, Street Floor

Corduroy shirt (page 64)

Kansas City, Mo.—Mindlin's, Downtown & on the Plaza, Sport & Casual Shops
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co., "Separates," 3rd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Market & 9th Sts., Sportswear, 3rd Fl.

Long sleeved cotton jersey shirt (page 65)

Natchez, Miss.—Raymond's
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. & Broadway, Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lousols, Chestnut St., Blouse Dept., Main Fl.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Sportswear, 3rd Fl., Main Bldg.

Wool skirt with hip pockets (page 65)

Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus & Co., Popular Price Sportswear, 2nd Fl.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage Allen & Co., Sport Shop, 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., Sportswear, 4th Fl.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's, 420 NW 7th St., Sportswear Dept., 2nd Fl.

Sailor collar broadcloth dress (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd St., Junior Dress Dept., 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Jr. Misses, 2nd Fl., N. Bldg.

A Middy dress and Two-tone dress (page 67)

Albuquerque, New Mex.—The California Store, 141 Bridge St.
Cairo, Ga.—Rushin's
Caldwell, Idaho, Meurer's, 705 Main
Coffeyville, Ka.—Greene's
Lewistown, Mont.—The Leader
Natchez, Miss.—Karls', 604 Franklin

Tucked cotton dress (page 68)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, 420 Fulton St., Women's Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—Goldsmith's, Main & Gayoso Sts., Women's Dresses, 3rd Fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co., Women's Sunshine Corner, 2nd Fl.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

- (1) Buy in person from stores listed.
- (2) Order by mail from stores listed.
- (3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.



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The loveliest, *youngest*-looking skin your mirror has seen in years! Now it's only a few days away. Days in which you devote minutes, morning and night, to the miracle of *deep-cleansing* with Woodbury Cold Cream.

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Fashion
Academy
Award
Gold Medal
1950



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the personal shopping service

Marshall Field & Company

Chicago 90, Illinois

DIVORCE — THE SHAME OF HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 70)

each other, and when we talk, you forget about eating. If you don't eat, you won't get strong. I'll wait for you in the other room. As soon as you've finished all your spinach and applesauce, I'll come back."

He winked at the nurse and left. Michael hadn't uttered a peep. But out in the hallway, Ronnie heard his clear treble: "You know sump'n? I like him!"

No tribute ever sounded sweeter to Reagan. The pity of it is that because two adults made a mistake, this child will have only a part-time father. But Ronnie and Jane are at least aware of their responsibility. They'll do all in their power to compensate to the children.

Terry is the son of Doris Day's first marriage. He was cared for by her mother—also divorced—so that Doris could go on singing with bands. Once established in Hollywood, she brought them both out to join her. Somewhere along the way, she'd married George Weidler. That proved another flop. The day the divorce went through, she walked into the kitchen where her mother was cooking. "Here we go again," said Doris. "You don't have a husband, I don't have a husband." Her head dropped on her arms, and she bawled like a baby for the end of something that had started in happiness.

man of the family . . .

On this scene Terry entered. Nothing had been said in his presence, but children seem to soak things in through their pores. He eyed his mother gravely. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll look out for you."

She managed a grin. "Sure, sure, you're the man of the house." But after he'd gone, the tears started afresh. "I—I can't help it," she sobbed. "Him and his skinny shoulders, all bowed down with responsibility . . ."

It may seem inconsistent at this point to cite the fact that though Joan Bennett has had four daughters by three husbands, you won't meet a better-adjusted family than that composed of those daughters, Joan, and her third husband, Walter Wanger. Analyze Joan, and the inconsistency vanishes. She's done what some of the others couldn't do—learned through mistakes, weighed the comparative values of family and career, made a clear choice. Family's first. She doesn't take her work lightly, but neither does it tear her to shreds. A part's a part, it isn't a matter of life or death. Whether her name appears among the top box-office 10 or 20 or even 50, it matters not a tinker's dam to Joan. If she never saw a camera again, life would still be rich in the human relationships that mean most to her. Such an attitude in their mother is like sunlight to kids.

As above noted, the problems of divorce can be overcome if you have the will. Joan had the will and found the wisdom.

There's another special hazard to the children of Hollywood divorce, which your child or mine would be safe from—the hazard of publicity.

The child of a certain star, who'd broken with her husband, was too young to read. Some of his playmates weren't. His mother had been trying to figure out the best way of telling him that Daddy wouldn't be back. She was seated at her dressing table one day, when a strange yapping reached her through the open windows. She listened and froze. "Yaa, yaa, your daddy's not coming home, your mother divorced him."

A kind of numbness gripped her. She sat and waited, heard the approaching footsteps, saw the small figure enter, somber-eyed.

"You divorced my daddy, my daddy's not coming home!" He flung himself at her. "I hate you, I hate you!"

One way or another, he had to find out, but this was the worst way. Gentleness would have eased the knowledge. As it was, he'd been taxed beyond his emotional strength. A sudden savage thrust had shattered his world, and who was going to put it together again?

Children must be wanted. To grow up whole and sound, they must feel secure in the world of their childhood. Only parents can give them security, be the parents natural or foster. Brenda Marshall's first marriage was unhappy. Perhaps for that reason her daughter was a shy little introvert, timid with people, unsure of herself. Bill Holden loved the child for her own sake as well as his wife's. "I have to make her realize she's important to me," he thought. "Not so much that she's got a new father, but I have a new daughter." Unobtrusively he wooed her, drew her within the safekeeping of his tenderness. Virginia danced well. When work permitted, Bill made a point of taking her to and from classes. After the boys were born, he gave her if anything more attention than before. You'd never know today that Virginia was once a lost kind of little girl. Transplanted to healthy soil, she's blossomed like the rose.

This is a story about children of divorce—but pardon us if we linger a moment on the other side, to mark a contrast. No two people are better aware of the proper emotional environment for youngsters than Mal and Ray Milland. Equally concerned for Danny and Victoria, they explained to their son that they'd wanted a little sister for him and it hadn't worked out, so they planned to adopt one. Mal brought Victoria home from the East to a couple of menfolk who couldn't contain their excitement. Danny insisted that she sleep in his room. Having left for a moment to attend to something, Mal came back and stopped short at the threshold, a lump catching her throat. On his bed lay Danny, chin cupped, an admiring spectator, while Ray braided the long blonde hair of their new daughter. . . .

sharing the pride . . .

This is the stuff of home and family. These are the moments that stay with a child and form the cherished mosaic of his background. Outer and inner stability go together. When Mal and Ray signed the final adoption papers, Danny went along. It meant taking him out of school for a week, but a week's schooling was nothing compared with the value of cutting him in on the deal, having him stand right beside them, so both children would feel through direct experience that he was adopting a sister as proudly as the parents were adopting a daughter. . . .

We're not out to point any morals. Children of divorce become useful citizens. Children of happy homes wind up behind the eight-ball. It happens like that, but the odds are the other way round.

We don't know the answer. All we know is what the kid said at the start. He'd rather have only one Christmas tree.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S 10 BEST CITIZENS

(Continued from page 46)

MODERN SCREEN to give full particulars of the activities for which the players were thus honored. All of them, if not members of the armed forces in World War II, devoted time and effort to war bond drives, camp and hospital personal appearances in the U. S. and abroad, and related activities. Beyond this, brief mention is made of only a few of the outstanding good works to the credit of Hollywood's 10 best citizens—who, alphabetically, are as follows:

Bud Abbott—who, with Lou Costello, jointly supports the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation. Since its founding in 1946, they have put about \$400,000 into the project, whose annual maintenance is \$50,000. Its play center and medical clinic, located in the east side of Los Angeles, has facilities for 10,000 children. One of the results of its operations has been a decline of more than 40 per cent in juvenile delinquency in the district.

Jack Benny—who sometimes presides at fund-raising rallies seven nights a week and to whom a neighborhood charity event is as important as a national drive. Though he insists that no publicity be made of his financial contributions, it is generally conceded that no one in Hollywood has donated more to worthy causes.

Lou Costello—who, with Bud Abbott, is co-supporter of the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation, which they founded in 1946 in memory of Costello's son, who was drowned in the family swimming pool.

Bing Crosby—the full scope of whose civic and philanthropic activities is not, at his own insistence, public knowledge. But it is extremely wide. For instance, he has contributed \$130,000 to Gonzaga University toward a library for that school. His Crosby Research Foundation has been of great help to inventors. Ideas submitted to it are carefully examined by experts and, if they are considered worthwhile, the Foundation assists in their development and in securing financial backing to place them on the market.

with charity for all . . .

Irene Dunne—who, a Roman Catholic, was named "the actress who has done the most to promote better understanding among peoples of all faiths" during 1948 by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. She is a member of The Christophers, a non-sectarian, anti-totalitarian group whose current project is to produce 30 non-profit short films aimed at "throwing out the evil from American life." She received the 1949 Laetare Medal from the University of Notre Dame as the year's outstanding member of the Catholic laity in America. She was appointed 1949 chairman of the National Women's Committee of the American Heart Association by Harold E. Stassen, the national chairman.

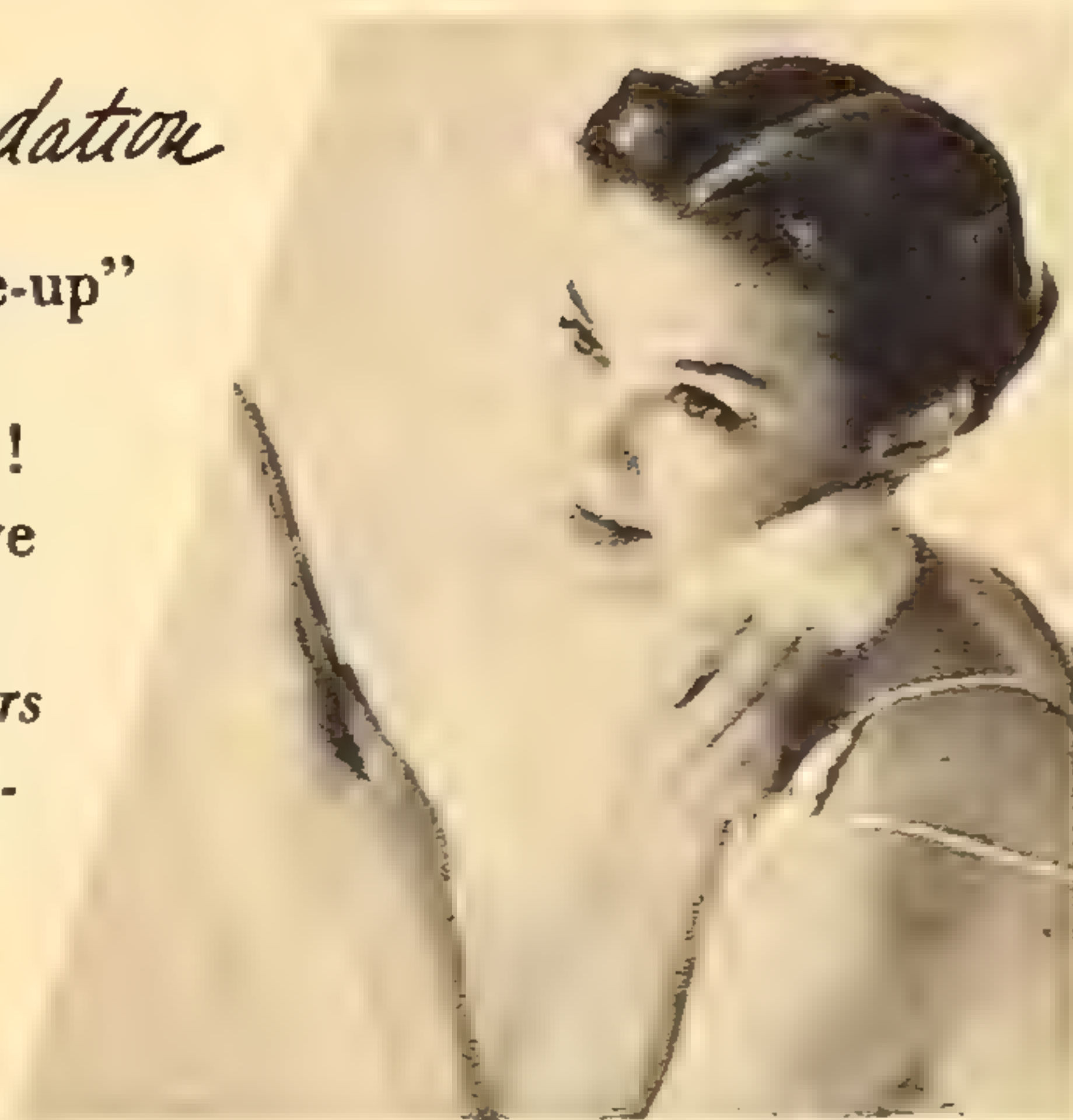
Bob Hope—who is one of the most tireless workers for worthy causes in America. Practically every spare moment of his time is devoted to forwarding some civic or philanthropic enterprise.

Jean Hersholt—who is one of the leaders of the movie community in shouldering responsibility. He is president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, of which he was a founder, which provides a home for impoverished, ill or elderly actors and actresses. He is a director of the Screen Actors Guild, of which he was a founder; of the Radio Artists Federation, and of the Hollywood Bowl Association. For four years—1945-49—he was president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He has, in his many years in

For the skin that objects to heavy make-up

A misty-sheer, greaseless foundation

If your skin feels uncomfortably "made-up" in a heavy foundation, then set it free with this sheer, flattering powder base! Before powder, apply a *light*, protective veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless! The satiny Cream *disappears* on your skin, leaving a smooth, adherent finish for powder. No streaking. No shade problem. Your make-up stays charmingly fresh for *hours!*



1-Minute Mask

Tonight—before you go out—*re-style* your complexion! Cover your face, except eyes, with a snowy-white 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves off little skin roughnesses and dirt particles. After one minute, tissue off. See the new glow to your skin, *feel* the new softness. Powder slips on more evenly, more smoothly than *ever!*



The Countess Jean de Caraman says — "Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base gives such a smooth, flattering, natural-looking make-up—helps keep my skin soft in any kind of weather."



Pat's mother spansks!

Pat spills crumbs all over the clean rug, and mother has to drag out the vacuum again. It makes her mad enough to spank!



Pete's mother doesn't!

Pete has crumb trouble, too . . . but his unruffled mother gets the mess quick, with her handy Bissell Sweeper. She saves her vacuum for heavy cleaning, uses her Bissell® for all quick daily clean-ups.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"® BRUSH ACTION

This miracle-action brush adjusts itself *automatically* to any rug thickness. Picks up every speck, even under beds, with *no* pressure on the handle. So easy on rugs, and *you*!



New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.45. Illustrated: The "Flight" at \$9.45. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

Hollywood, always been a sort of father confessor to minor workers in the industry. On many occasions, instead of merely channeling relief and medical cases to the proper charitable agencies, he has assisted with his own funds.

Roy Rogers—who is second to none in the motion picture industry in the amount of good he has done for sick children. He is constantly called upon to visit, telephone or send a message to some ailing child, and he always responds. In every town he visits, he makes a personal appearance at the local children's hospital, if there is one. The American Legion awarded him an Americanism citation in 1949 for his nationwide work in child safety.

Red Skelton—who is one of the leading supporters of the Pacific Boys' Club Home, which is sponsored by the Kiwanis Club for the purpose of giving a home and education to boys who have become subject to reform-school terms. Instead of serving their sentences, these boys are frequently transferred by the court to the Boys' Home and given an opportunity to correct them-

selves. Besides contributing extensively to the larger charities, he does a great deal of charity work on a personal basis. His "loans" to needy motion picture workers reached such a point at one time that his business agent was forced to limit him to \$75 a week in pocket money.

Loretta Young—whose chief charitable interest is in the St. Anne's Foundation, a maternity hospital for unwed mothers to which she has contributed approximately \$100,000. She never benefits by any of her radio appearances, since she turns the entire amount she thus earns over to this charity. She is credited with being the first to encourage Father Peyton's Family Theater radio program, which she helped to get on the air.

To all these ladies and gentlemen go MODERN SCREEN's congratulations. In being chosen by the General Federation of Women's Clubs as Hollywood's 10 best citizens, they reflect high credit on a profession, an industry and a community that should be proud to claim them.

THE END

BAREFOOT BOY WITH SHOWS ON

(Continued from page 29)

just restless, or is he trying to find out something?"

He's trying to find out something. He has a deep curiosity about the whys and wherefores of human relationships. By nature, he's a lone wolf. But, while primarily he's a self-contained individualist, devoting his life to his profession with the ardor of the true artist, there's nothing anti-social about him.

"To be convincing," he explains, "an actor must share, or at least be aware of, experiences familiar to the audience. Otherwise, he's making faces in an emotional vacuum and nobody knows what on earth he's trying to express. He must get around and meet the people—people everywhere. Any young actor with the fare should visit Israel. There's one of the few really new nations established since the American Revolution. Everything there is dramatic and challenging—and wonderfully stimulating and broadening."

"I can't stand being in the hothouse atmosphere of Hollywood for more than a few months at a time. People there live such an artificial existence that they lose contact with ordinary people. . . . But please don't misunderstand me! I owe Hollywood a lot, and I know it. I hope I never turn out to be one of those jerks who reap the rewards of Hollywood and then blast the place for ruining their 'artistic integrity.' Guys like that didn't have integrity in the first place if they let that happen to them."

Clift's insistence on maintaining his integrity has been the despair of publicity men. He simply doesn't believe in leading his private life in public nor will he lend himself to the exhibitionistic projects dreamed up by publicists. He's been that way from the beginning of his career.

Several years ago, he was playing on Broadway in *Foxhole in the Parlor*. The press agent in charge of exploiting the play hired 50 bobby-soxers to lie in wait for the young actor outside the stage entrance of the theater. It was planned that, as Clift came out, the 50 were to "mob" him, camera shutters were to click and, it was fondly hoped, pictures of New York's new "matinee idol" were to be plastered over the drama pages of the newspapers.

Clift was told about the scheme. He was, to put it mildly, lukewarm. The press agent argued earnestly—and Clift reluctantly agreed.

Then, at the last minute, Clift's honesty prevailed. He turned up his coat collar and sneaked out of the theater by a side entrance.

When writers ask him for permission to interview his mother or father or older brother or twin sister for background material, Clift always politely but firmly refuses. "Look," he says, "what could you find out, anyway? What can my mother say to strangers? That I was a cute baby, that I cried at night, that she's proud of me? Nuts! Who cares? Such things don't mean anything. And besides, if I didn't keep my family out of my public life, it would be a terrific nuisance to them. Why should they be bothered?"

To date, Clift's feelings about his family have been honored—largely because, when he does grant interviews, he's quite cooperative in telling all about himself. All, that is, except about something his family probably wouldn't know about anyway: his love life.

"I like girls," he says flatly. "All kinds of girls. But I just won't drag any particular girl I like into the spotlight by talking about her to reporters. And I can't describe what type of girl I like better than another—I just don't know. If I meet a girl I like, then I ask her for a date. That's all there is to it."

In the past year, Clift has been "linked romantically" in the gossip columns with a number of girls. But what male star—with the exception of Lassie, and he's supposed to be a girl—hasn't? Here are the ladies the news-hungry columnists have recently mentioned in connection with Clift: Actresses Peggy Knudsen, Ann Lincoln and Myra Letts; writer Tricia Hurst, and WAC Lieutenant Mary Carter. At this writing, his engagement to none of those ladies has been announced. Any more than it has to Elizabeth Taylor who, through studio arrangement, he escorted not long ago to the Hollywood premiere of *The Heiress*.

At the beginning of 1946, Clift was completely unknown to movie-goers. Today, his fan mail is second to none in volume (and probably intensity) and exhibitors everywhere will tell you he's an actor who attracts more profit than even their popcorn machines.

Clift is modest indeed about his phenomenal screen success. "I've been very lucky," he says, "to have had fine directors for all my pictures. I've always felt that

ood director is the most important fac-
in a good picture."
When he signed with Paramount to
ke three pictures for a minimum of
0,000 apiece, he insisted, besides the
ht to approve the final script, on having
tipulation in the contract that each film
uld be directed by one of four top-
chers—Frank Capra, William Wyler,
orge Stevens and William Wilder. He
already finished two of the three pic-
es, *The Heiress* and *A Place in the Sun*.
at his third will be, he doesn't know.
t he does know that when he makes it,
will be in the masterful hands of a
t-rate director.

ney isn't everything . . .

Now, this is definitely an unusual ar-
gement. One may well wonder why
er actors don't make the same sort of
al. Actors like Gary Cooper, for in-
nce. Cooper has been around for years,
s got great prestige, he's a tremendous
k-office draw. Why doesn't Cooper,
e Clift, battle and argue over scripts
d directors?

The answer is that Cooper's main reason
making movies is to make money—
0,000 a picture, with frequently a per-
tage of the profits. To Clift, making
ney is strictly secondary to helping
ieve an artistic creation.

n 1946, Howard Hawks phoned Clift in
w York from Hollywood and offered
n a job in *Red River*. He described the
e and the story. Clift turned him down.
don't think the part's right for me," he
d. And at that moment of superb re-
al, Clift was broke and living on un-
ployment compensation.

But Hawks persisted. "It's impossible
me to give you a fair idea of this pic-
e over the phone," he said. "Tell you
at: I'll wire you expense money and
a come out here and let me talk to
u. If you still don't like the part, you
fly back. Fair enough?"

Clift agreed and went to Hollywood. "I
s very much afraid of the part," he
s. "I didn't think I was physically right
it. I didn't believe I could stand up to
man as big as John Wayne. But I liked
story and Hawks gave me a good deal,
I signed."

n Clift's second picture, *The Search*, he
used to play the role of the GI unless he
uld do it as he thought it should be done
n a natural, realistic manner. "And the
y the part was written," he says, "the
racter was a Boy Scout type spreading
pility and virtue all over the lot. I was
posed to be so darned saintly a special
p man would've been needed to polish
halo. I felt the soldier had to get mad
the kid and yell at him when the situa-
n was established, just as any normal
ult does with a difficult kid."

When Clift was told the characterization
ldn't be changed, he said he'd bow out
the picture. He was reminded that he'd
ned for six weeks and couldn't bow out.
K," he said. "Suppose the picture isn't
shed after six weeks. Is there any-
ng to prevent me from bowing out
n?"

The script was changed and Clift was
mitted to play the role as he saw it.
e picture was a success, Clift's artistic
science was satisfied, and demands
his services arose in every Hollywood
dio.

Montgomery Clift may often give a first
pression that he's a sort of barefoot boy.
ne is, he's a barefoot boy with his feet
nted firmly on a path going up—a path
y definitely of his own choosing.

THE END



To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your tender, golden charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your perfume heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your swift and gentle care,
I shun all washday wear and tear.

And when with me you've had your way
I'm cleansed of 'Tattle-Tale-ish' Gray.

All substitutes I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

LITTLE LULU

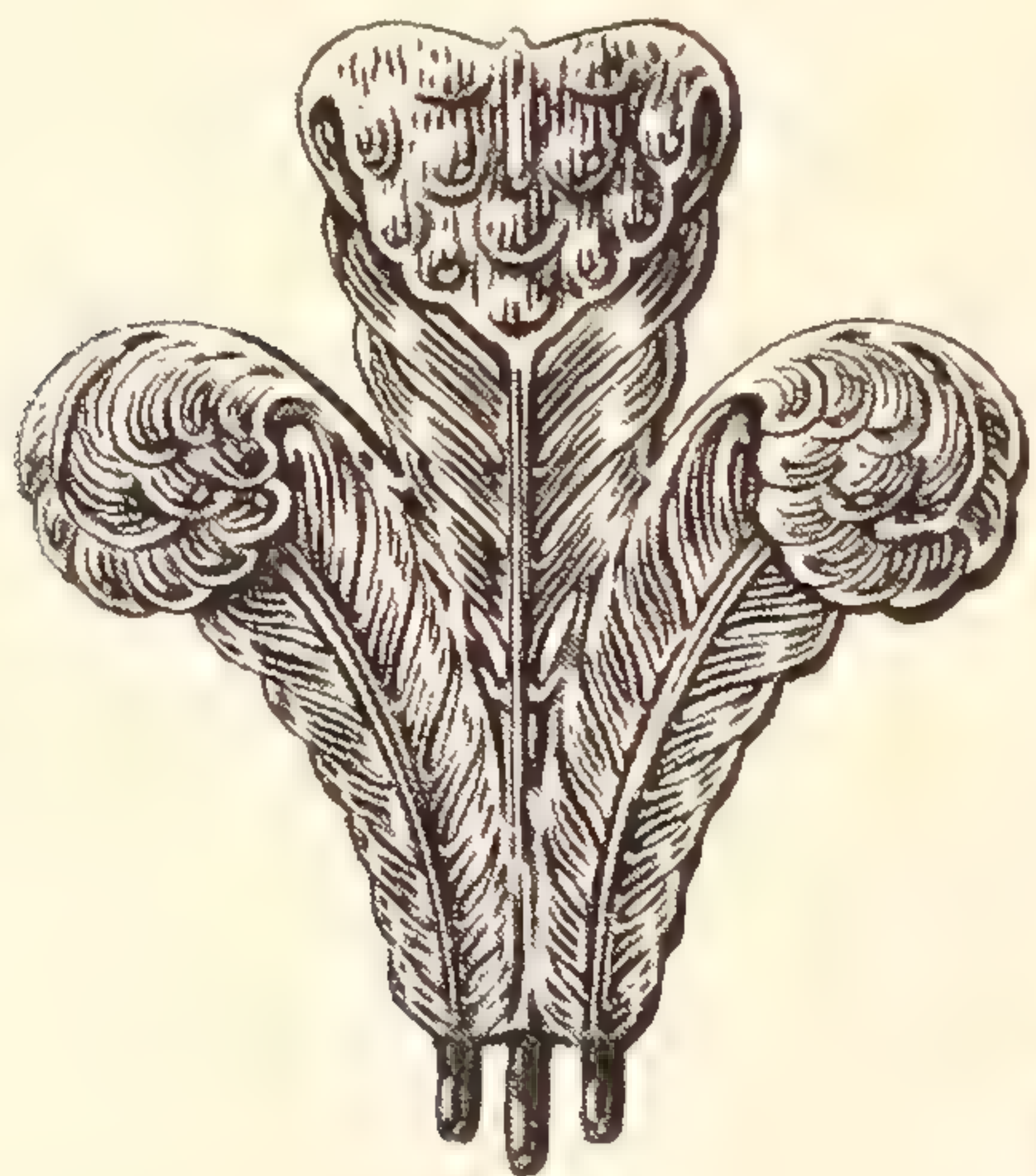


Wait! Always room for Kleenex* Pocket-Packs!

Little Lulu says: WHEREVER YOU GO, CARRY KLEENEX POCKET-PACK TISSUES! SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES (24 SHEETS - 12 PULLS) IN A TINY NEW PACKAGE THAT SERVES ONE AT A TIME, ONLY 5¢

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★ T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



**THREE
FEATHERS**



Design patent pending © Coro, Inc. 1949

Pretty plumes, to preen up your hat, suit, coat, whatever your fancy suggests. Pin, matching earrings, \$3 each, plus tax. Ask for Coro's Three Feathers at your favorite store, or write Coro, Inc., New York 1.



AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED WOMEN WEAR CORO JEWELRY

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BITTER VICTORY—"You're Wonderful" by Bill Eckstine* (MGM).

THE GREAT LOVER—"A Thousand Violins" by Russ Case* (MGM); Paul Weston (Capitol).

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—Album of six songs (Victor).

A weird assortment ranging from Vaughn Monroe singing *Sonny Boy* (oh, no!) to Count Basie in *After You've Gone*, plus Phil Harris, Sammy Kaye, Tony Martin and Tommy Dorsey.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL—Tony Martin-Piepipers Album* (Victor).

Six songs from the movie about the late Fred Fisher, American songsmith from Cologne, Germany, including the title tune, which oddly enough Fred didn't write. For Tormé fans, there's a single Capitol platter by Mel, coupling this song with *There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway*.

RED SHOES—Ballet music by Easdale, conducted by Muir Matheson with the Philharmonic Orch.* (Columbia long-playing).

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON—Title song by Ralph Flanagan* (Victor); Tommy Tucker (MGM); Andrews Sisters & Russ Morgan (Decca).

WABASH AVENUE—"I've Been Floating Down the Old Green River" by Johnny Mercer (Capitol); "Billy" by Doris Drew (MGM).

POPULAR AND BOPULAR

JUNE CHRISTY—"Get Happy"* (Capitol).

With the help of fine Pete Rugolo backing, Stan Kenton's blonde alumna sound greatly improved on this and the backing *I'll Remember April*.

KING COLE—"My Mother Told Me"*** (Capitol).

Shorn of the vocal groups, elaborate backgrounds and dull Tin Pan Alley tunes Nat sounds like his old informal self in this delightful blues, mated with an equally pleasant *Exactly Like You*.

ELLA FITZGERALD—"In The Evening"* (Decca).

WOODY HERMAN—"Rhapsody In Wood" (Capitol).

This is the number Ralph Burns wrote to feature Woody's clarinet, and the band in a George Pal Puppetoon.

ROY KRAL-JACKIE CAIN—"Ever Lovin' Blues"* (Atlantic).

This great new group, a sextet with a subtle sound, includes a girl cellist, a terrific girl drummer and vocals by "Mr. & Mrs. Bop" (Kral and Cain), formerly of the Ventura band. Reverse is a synthetic treatment of *Auld Lang Syne*.

ALBUMS

SPADE COOLEY—"Skip To My Lou" (Victor). Strictly for square dancers—with calls by Roy Rogers.

BILLY ECKSTINE—Eight of the best standard songs from Billy's bandleading era. Long playing record* (National).

OSCAR LEVANT—Gershwin's "2nd Rhapsody," variations on "I Got Rhythm," and three "Preludes"* (Columbia).

MY NEW GUY

(Continued from page 33)

little wall between it and my consciousness and behave as if it wasn't there at all.

Well, a person can go on pretending away a lot of things—but not one certain thing. There came a morning when I woke up and didn't feel at all like Neptune's daughter. On the contrary, I felt like somebody's mother! I was both thrilled and confused.

It was time to share with my husband the responsibility of what might be going on, so I did. "But Ben," I said, after the first cheers and excitement were over, "don't say anything yet! I want to be absolutely certain before we make any announcement. I don't want to have to pull any of this 'I guess I was wrong, ha-ha!' stuff. And I don't want to be running into friends months after breaking the news and have them say, 'Good heavens! Haven't you had that baby yet?'"

He promised—but it was tough on him, because he wanted to tell the world in a full campaign including use of stenciled sidewalks, handbills and skywriting. And it was tough on me, too, because I had to contend with Charlie at the studio, who was the assistant director on our picture. I had to contend with him because there came mornings when I couldn't get to the studio on time; I would drag myself in sometimes an hour or more late.

long-term cold . . .

"This isn't like you, Esther," Charlie would say disapprovingly. "What's wrong?"

"Uh—it's a cold," I would tell him, and snuffle busily. But after several weeks of this . . . well, how long can you have a cold? He would eye me suspiciously.

"That cold sure is hanging on," he would comment.

"Snuffle! snuffle!" I would snuffle, miserably. "Isn't it, though?"

But worst of all was the pool. We spent such a long time in it for the big scenes that it was sometimes kept heated up to 88 degrees. Between this suffocating warmth and the chlorine in it—ugh! In the middle of a number I would feel myself getting woozy and would start dreaming of drinking a big pitcher of ice water, or wonder why I hadn't taken up ice-skating in the first place instead of swimming.

No sir, my "cold" soon wore out its usefulness as an excuse. It was time to find out about myself exactly so I could tell the world if it was true. Besides, from the way some of those mermaids were flipping their eyes around when I went past I had a hunch I wasn't fooling them anyway. (I wasn't, as I later learned from the busy little know-it-alls!)

Came the official verdict—and, as they say in Washington, I was able to declassify my secret. "The first person I'm going to tell about it, outside of the immediate family, is Charlie," I told Ben.

I arrived at the studio late as usual the next day and there was Charlie waiting for me in my dressing room with a big medical book in his hand. In my condition, the sight of it scared me.

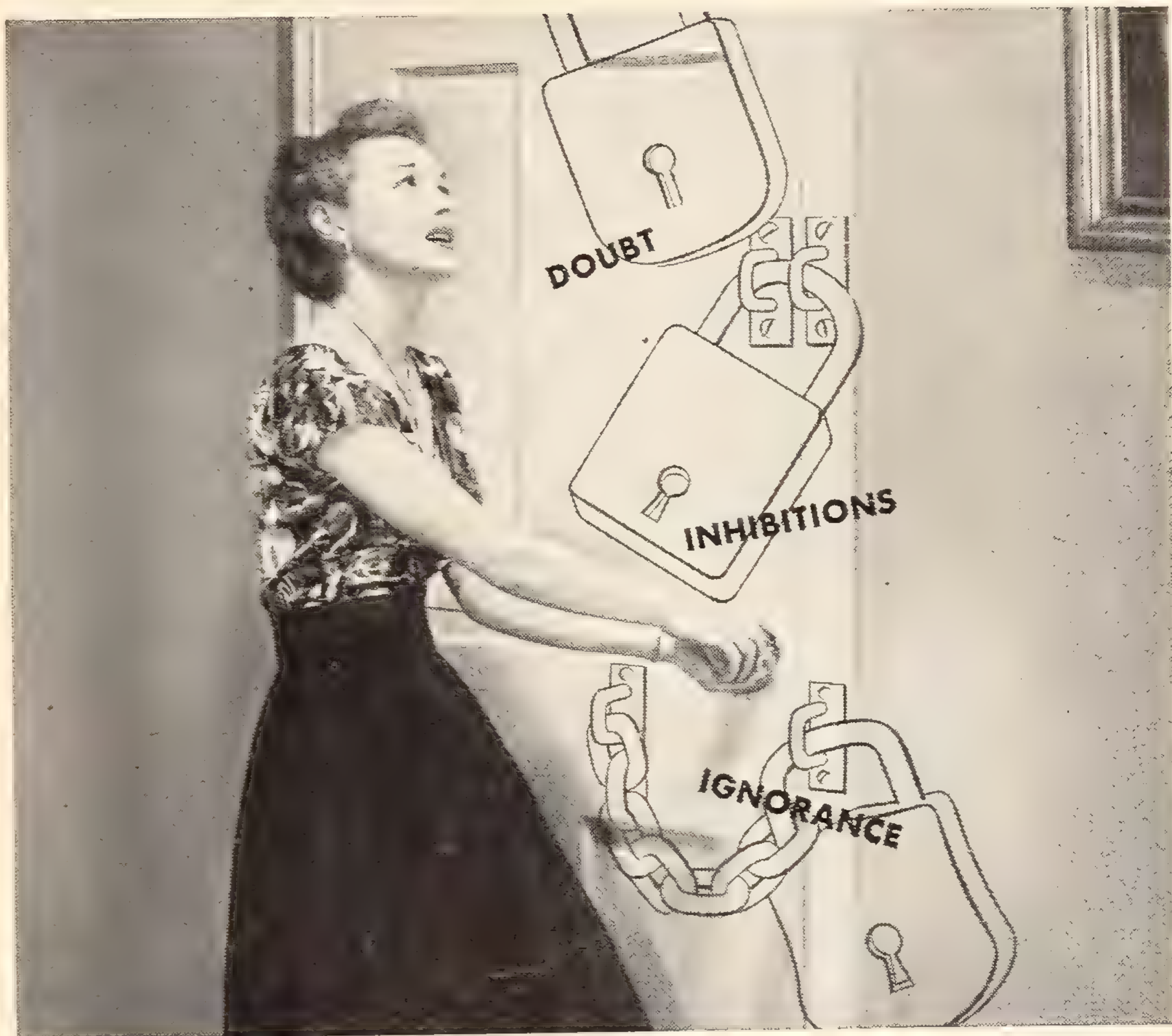
"What's that?" I asked.

"I've got a whole chapter on colds here," he said severely. "It says that colds either get better or turn into pneumonia. Yours hasn't been getting anywhere for weeks."

"Charlie, we can write a new chapter for that book," I said. "My cold turned into a baby."

From then on everybody understood, and working was a little easier for me

"PLEASE, DAVE..PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!"



Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

A man marries a woman because he loves her. So instead of blaming him if married love begins to cool, she should question herself. Is she truly trying to keep her husband and herself eager, happy married lovers? One most effective way to safeguard her dainty feminine allure is by practicing *complete feminine hygiene* as provided by vaginal douches with a *scientifically correct* preparation like "Lysol." So easy a way to banish the misgivings that often keep married lovers *apart*.

Germ's destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts

like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure feminine daintiness alone, and to use it as often as necessary. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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DM-502

during the shooting of the picture. But toward the end of it, some four-and-a-half months later, things got a little frantic. Baby was beginning to make himself quite evident, there was still one more scene to be shot and there was a delay in the preparations for it. It turned into a race—and ended in a dead heat. If you should see me in *Neptune's Daughter*, you might take note of the dressing-room sequence just before the finale of the picture. I'm in it, face and shoulders only. That, in case anyone wants to know, is because we could only get the upper portion of the robe buttoned.

So that's how I sailed through motherhood in my professional life. My private life? Ah, that was a cinch. There were good days (there must have been, I'm sure) and there were the other kind. Some of the latter just couldn't get started early enough, it seemed. I used to find myself awake at three and four in the morning, lying there just communing with nausea. A lovely way to pass the time. On one such dawning, I got an irresistible desire to eat something that I knew would make me feel better—but I couldn't think of what it was. For an hour I probed into every little alley and wrinkle in my mind trying to nail down the pesky thing that was tantalizing me so, and . . . finally I hit upon it! So simple, too.

But I just wasn't able to get out of bed and fetch it. The only thing left was to have Ben get it for me. But wake him up in the middle of his sleep and make him do that? I couldn't. Still, I just *had* to have it. So I compromised. I used thought power on him—telepathy. I concentrated as hard as could. "Ben, you can't sleep any more," I said in my mind. "You just can't because you know I want something and you must go downstairs and get it for me." And I repeated and repeated. Suddenly he started to stir!

How wonderful, I thought. And then, just to make sure, I spoke aloud. "Oh, Ben. While you're downstairs, will you pick me up a cold peach from the refrigerator?"

There was more stirring—and then a deep, steady breathing. He'd just turned over in his sleep! It was perfectly disgusting!

Morning came at last. As Ben was dressing, he turned to me and said, "You know, honey, you talked in your sleep last night."

"I did?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

how ridiculous! . . .

"Sure," he replied. "I woke up for some reason and was just shifting around when I heard you. Something silly about wanting me to go downstairs and get you a cold peach. Imagine that!"

Yet, of course, I couldn't have gone through the whole thing without Ben's understanding and help. There were days when he used to recite dozens of dishes, one after the other, to help me think of the one that something inside of me was shouting for. There were mornings too, when he would have warm tomato soup for breakfast because warm tomato soup was the only thing I wanted and I couldn't even think of sniffing anything else—particularly the bacon that he ordinarily would have had.

But on the other hand there was the time . . . hmmm! . . . I can just feel myself getting mad at him all over again! It was toward the end of my expectancy and baby was no longer being subtle about his existence. Far from it. Far, far, far from it! As I waddled into the living room one evening, Ben looked up from his newspaper. When he saw me an almost frightened expression crossed his face. He said, "Wow!"

I drew myself up to my full height (so 78 I would look taller than rounder). "What

do you mean, sir, by that?" I demanded. "Wow, what?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, folding up the paper quickly and slipping it to one side of him. I didn't like the way he did that. So I went to pick it up. He grabbed it and put it on the other side of him. That was enough for me.

"I demand that you give me that paper!" I said.

"It's just a paper," he answered.

"Give it to me."

He did. I opened it up. Right over almost half the page was a big ad for *Neptune's Daughter*. In the ad was a picture of me, in the gold bathing suit I had worn, looking wonderfully slim and sitting on a diving board. Slim! SLIM! My eyes filled with tears and Ben hastened to say something.

"It was just the contrast for the moment when I saw you," he tried to explain. "That 'wow!' came out before I thought."

"How could you?" I sobbed. "How could you!"

That was positively the low of my life

hollywood cook book



by nancy craig,
american
broadcasting company
women's editor

■ When svelte, sophisticated Marta Toren sat down in front of our ABC microphone to talk about her latest picture, *Death on a Side Street*, I immediately concluded that here was a young lady whose tastes were definitely Continental. Toward the end of our interview when I asked her what her favorite dishes were, I certainly expected her to recommend some exotic soufflé or perhaps one of the delicious smorgasbord recipes of her native Sweden. Imagine how surprised I was when Marta said that her favorite dish was ham and eggs. And Marta was really serious. "Good American ham and country fresh eggs are a delicacy that we didn't get much of in Europe—especially during the war. I could eat ham and eggs three times a day." However, more surprising was the unique way that Marta has of frying eggs. It's a simple little trick, but I have tried it and I can tell you that it really is wonderful.

As soon as your butter starts to simmer, drop your eggs sunnyside up into the pan, which is over a medium flame. Immediately cover the frying pan with one of your kitchen dishes so that none of the heat escapes. After about a minute, remove the dish and using a butter brush spread some prepared mustard lightly over the hardening whites and drop a dab on each yoke. Then put the dish back over the pan and allow the eggs to cook for another minute or however long is necessary to suit your personal taste.

Covering the pan gives the eggs a baked quality—makes them taste more elaborate than simple fried eggs. Not only that, but it saves you the trouble of having to turn them over, since they cook on both sides at once. The mustard gives them a nice tang. Serve the eggs by placing them on top of your favorite type of ham and garnish with parsley. This is really an attractive, simple dish.

then. Oh, well—there's nothing like a good cry. But only a few days after that, Ben came down suddenly with something rare which the doctor called a ruptured Meckles Diverticulum. It required immediate surgery. I was at his bedside when he awoke after the operation.

"The doctor says you should feel quite exclusive," I said. "Few people get what you had."

Ben groaned. "I know what it is," he said. "It's something you catch when you kid your wife about her figure when she's going to have a baby."

Poor Ben. We laughed at that till he hurt and had to stop. Later he got an idea to take my picture in the same pose as in the ad so we could have an imperishable record of the contrast. But I said no, thanks, that I didn't even want to remember myself that way, let alone have it around for everyone else to see. Anyway, I wasn't going to climb onto any old diving board in my condition—I had finally lost an argument with my doctor on the subject of swimming as a pre-natal exercise.

It was O. K. with the doctor until the last couple of months, when he wanted me to stop it in favor of walking. I didn't want to walk. It jogged me, and besides, it meant going outdoors and wincing every time I passed a small boy for fear he would yell out something like, "Hey, Joey! Look-it! I thought they didn't allow trucks on the sidewalk!"

So I swam. Then one day after a meeting with the doctor, I stopped suddenly. The main reason for this was that he pointed out that he was a poor swimmer himself and would find water a strange medium in which to work should there be a sudden emergency. That was enough for me.

Eventually there came a day when the doctor said, "Esther, you are starting on your last week." Ben and I fell all over each other in preparations. First I packed my little bag so it would be all ready. I put in bedjacket, best hairbrush, nightie, a bottle of cologne, two of this and three of that and so on. We called off all our engagements for the week, sat down and waited.

The day passed. Evening came on. "A whole week like this?" I thought. I got up and went to the telephone and called the doctor. "Really!" I said. "This is getting ridiculous. We're just sitting and looking at each other."

just like that . . .

"All right," he replied. "If you're so impatient, have Ben drive you to my office now. I'll examine you and possibly you can go to the hospital and have the baby tonight."

"Wha-wha-what?" I stammered. "Just like that?"

"Sure." And he hung up.

Ben took me over. The doctor said everything was favorable. I was to go to the hospital immediately. Whew!

We could have gone right then and there but first I insisted on Ben driving me home. I don't know why. Just to look around, maybe. Then I insisted that he see some of his business associates and tell them he might not be around for a while. I wouldn't mind waiting at all, I assured him. I thought of other ways to stall, too. But, in the end—well, there was nothing left to do but go!

We were just leaving the house when I stopped and told Ben that I was hungry.

"Oh, no!" he said. "You're not supposed to eat."

"But you're hungry, too," I said, hopefully. "Don't you want to eat?"

"Well," he said, "I'll get something to eat after I get you to the hospital."

I was staggered. "You couldn't!" I protested. "You just couldn't eat then!"

"Couldn't I?" he asked. Then, catching himself suddenly—"Oh, of course not. I couldn't think of it!"

"Oh, yes, you could!" I accused . . . and so on until we got to the hospital. I had been looking for something to start the tears, and I had found it. . . .

A little after midnight—at 12:46 a.m.—on August 6, the baby was born. A few hours later I regained consciousness to hear myself delivering a long lecture to my nurse on lubrication of automobiles—which I know nothing about. It must have been a very dull talk, because it put me right back to sleep again.

The next night a television set was put into my room and I watched Ben do his regular weekly television show. He came on looking tired, and I realized that he had probably been up all night, what with hanging around at the hospital, phoning relatives and getting his show set. The first thing he did as he made his entrance was open up his coat. Around his waist was a big sign that said, "IT'S A BOY." He turned around and lifted the back of his coat to reveal another sign. This one read, "SEVEN POUNDS, NINE OUNCES!" Then he started to sing "Mighty Lak a Rose"—and when I heard the line, "Sweetest little feller," I broke out in tears. . . .

So you see, there was nothing to it. I just sailed through motherhood. And now that it's over, what have I got to show for it?

Well, here he is in my arms—Benjamin Stanton Gage. My new guy is a blue-eyed little man with dark, reddish hair and great, big hands. I brush his hair with his own little brush. I smooth his little shirt. And I do other things for him, besides. And when I am all through, I bend low for my reward—and I get it. In a most bored manner, he looks up at me and hiccups and hiccups and hiccups!

That's what I've got. And, girls, take it from me—everybody should have a baby!

THE END

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

(Continued from page 16)

clouds are far behind me . . . Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away above the chimney tops—that's where you'll find me. . . .

The throb in the child's voice rose with hope, and there were tears in the eyes of the workmen. The thin whirring of the camera sounded loud in the utter quiet of the stage.

"Somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly. . . . If birds fly over the rainbow, why, then—oh, why, can't I?"

There was a long moment in which nobody moved or spoke, then a snuffle or two and an embarrassed cough broke the silence. Finally the director took a deep breath.

"That's all, Judy," he said. "That was swell."

Judy Garland bowed and skipped away. She didn't know it then, but she was a star. Maybe her name wasn't important enough at that moment to put up in lights, but everyone on that stage knew he had heard and seen a great artist—and that it was just a matter of time and the usual inter-office memos until Judy got her due.

That was a long time ago, and a lot of water has passed under the bridge, and many things have happened. Judy Garland is no longer the child she was that day, she doesn't bow and skip away when she finishes a scene any more. Her eyes are not as starry when somebody says, "That's swell." There have been too many years of disillusionment and heartbreak for

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- 2 LEAVES HAIR SPARKLING WITH STAR-BRIGHT SHEEN. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every elusive highlight. Lustre-Creme leaves hair aglow with natural sheen and shimmer. With no special rinse needed!
- 3 LEAVES HAIR FRAGRANTLY CLEAN, FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, world's leading cream shampoo for "down-to-the-roots" cleansing action. Yes, tonight, show that man in your life how much lovelier your hair can look after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE . . . but I managed to find myself a cozy corner by the radio last Friday night and cuddle up to what I think is a pretty terrific, warm-hearted family . . . **OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY NELSON.** Along about 9 o'clock (Eastern Time) the nifty **NELSONS** gladden your local ABC station's airwaves with their happy-go-lucky humor and spontaneous good cheer. The wonderful wizard of **OZZIE**, his cute double-check-mate **HARRIET**, their bumptious boys **DAVID** and **RICKY** . . . all add up to a grand way to spend a Friday evening . . . joining in the entertaining "**ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET**." (And if you're still cold, you might try one of the **H. J. Heinz Company's** hot-delight soups. To quote a note from **OZZIE**: "At noon, at night, at other times . . . warm up with soups by **H. J. Heinz!**")

SOUP-TO-NUTS DEPT. . . . dished out along with more glamorous gimmicks such as minks, diamonds and trips-around-the-world . . . await winners on the fabulous "**CHANCE OF A LIFETIME**" program. What a purseful of prizes they've given away! **M.C. JOHN REED KING** (he's one King I'd like to be ruled by) put's plenty of zing into proceedings every Sunday night at 9:30 (Eastern Time) when "**CHANCE OF A LIFETIME**" comes your way on your local ABC station. I've already sent in my phone number to be eligible for some of that heavenly haul . . . why don't you? It's a real "**CHANCE OF A LIFETIME**" . . . sponsored by the nice **Bretton Watch Band** people.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD GRIDDLE . . . who? . . . why? . . . what? . . . when? . . . how? . . . where? . . . get all the gossip straight from Hollywood's first lady of the luminary set . . . **LOUELLA PARSONS** on her **Woodbury soap-box** Sunday nights at 9:15 (Eastern Time) on your local ABC station. Lolly, by golly, knows the ins-and-outs of the movie industry and its starry inhabitants . . . and does a colorful, juicy job of reporting the latest about the greatest!

I'M "**DATED**" FOR A GREAT TIME FRIDAY NIGHTS . . . starting with **THE LONE RANGER** and ending with the **FIGHTS**:

The Lone Ranger	7:30 P.M. et
The Fat Man	8:00 P.M. et
This Is Your F.B.I.	8:30 P.M. et
Ozzie and Harriet	9:00 P.M. et
The Sheriff	9:30 P.M. et
Harry Wismer	9:55 P.M. et
Cavalcade of Sports	10:00 P.M. et

Joan Lansing

an idle compliment to please her. Perhaps, you say, it's because **Judy Garland** grew up. But you are wrong. That's what's the matter with **Judy Garland**. She never grew up. She never had a chance to grow up. She never had time.

All past experience has proven to the movie producers that a dim light, called talent, must shine somewhere below all the obvious characteristics in an embryo star. For that reason the screening for future stars is more severe. And when the light is spotted, at the age of five or fifty, the studios hold on to the actor as tightly as possible.

The first man to realize that **Judy** was to rise to great things was **George Jessel**. (At the time, **Judy's** name was **Frances Gumm**.) **Jessel** was master of ceremonies at a benefit when **Judy** and her sisters played. In introducing **Frances Gumm**, **Jessel** stopped for a moment in his talk and tried to picture that name in lights. It didn't look so good, so **George** changed his pitch.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I want to introduce next a little lady who is destined for great things. A kid with a voice that is going to start **America** singing her songs. A child with a name I want you all to remember. **Miss Judy Garland**."

a star is born . . .

Movies were no hop, skip and jump from there. An agent became interested in her and took her out to **MGM**. The executives looked her over, heard her sing, and made their decisions. Sure the doll could sing, sing fine. but she was short, plump, apple-cheeked, not too pretty and her eyes were too big for her head. But the agent was important enough to be able to get **Judy** an audition with **L. B. Mayer**. **Mayer** heard her through and sent downstairs for a contract.

There was plenty of opposition to that contract. All of the other executives objected and wanted to go on record as being opposed to the deal. **Mayer** listened to them, let them all go on record, then handed **Judy's** agent a pen. She was in.

Just a polite little drama of minor conflict, eh? No. It was more than that. Put yourself in the place of a girl of twelve who wants a job and has ninety percent of the brass in command against her. In her adolescent mind two camps were set up, those who wanted her and those who didn't. The big brass became enemies, bosses, people to cope with warily. **Mayer** became her friend and mentor.

And **Judy Garland** became **MGM's** biggest money-maker. But she never forgot that first day when nobody wanted her—and a lot of other things.

Time breeds intolerance, as well as some of the good things. When **Judy Garland** was taken out of *Annie Get Your Gun* almost a year ago she was practically friendless in Hollywood. The press spanked her soundly and at every opportunity. The studio issued formal statements explaining its stand, and it took no supreme court justice to see that it was quite justified.

Judy had been late for work time after time. The cast had been assembled ready to work on several occasions when she didn't even show up. **MGM** had given her every consideration but she just wouldn't cooperate. It was, therefore, the studio heads' duty to the stockholders to remove her from the picture before the added costs went beyond all hope of reclamation. It was a field day for the papers. A big studio publicly denouncing a big star!

But in all this racket there was one small voice that didn't quite get through. It was tiny and tear-choked. **Judy Garland's** voice. And it wasn't making excuses, or asking anyone to hear her side of

the story. It just said, "They are right. What they say is true."

Let us assume for a moment, say, **Greer Garson** had fallen into a fit of temperament and decided to take things easy for awhile. Her home or her dressing room would have been instantly filled with executives, each with his own formula for squaring the beef—or **Clark Gable**, or **Van Johnson**, or any of the other **MGM** stars. When the big shots upstairs decided that **Judy Garland** was out of line, however, they did it another way. They sent a messenger down to the set to hand her a note which said, in effect, "You are hereby suspended from your contract until further notice."

After fifteen years, a note! Then, before you can catch your breath, a formal announcement of your sins to the newspapers.

Judy Garland went home and cried. If it hadn't been for a single friend who came to her side at that time, heaven knows what she might have done.

A careful investigation of the events taking place after that tells an interesting story. **Carleton Alsop**, **Judy's** manager and friend, went to see her at her home. He watched her cry and listened to her story. Then he drove out to **MGM** and asked for a conference with the studio heads.

They all sat there impassively, the top men of **MGM**, businessmen with obligations to the company. **Louis B. Mayer** sat at the head of the table. **Alsop** pointed out the value of **Judy Garland** as an **MGM** asset, her past earnings and her future potential. Then he turned to the white-haired head of the studio.

"Mr. Mayer," he said, "you have earned a reputation as the most brilliant executive in Hollywood. You know **Judy Garland** is an asset of this corporation. She is ill, she needs help, medical attention. Let her go away, invest some of your money in her, make her well and you'll be doing your duties to your company."

There was a murmur of approval around the table. **Alsop**, known as one of Hollywood's most lucid talkers, then told them the story of **Judy Garland** and **MGM**—and when he was through, there wasn't a misunderstanding heart in the room.

studio childhood . . .

The tale of **Judy** and **MGM** is the story of almost any family association. She came to the lot when she was twelve years old. **MGM** was her life. She didn't go to school down the block like other kids; she got all the education she ever had in the studio school house. When other kids were playing games, **Judy Garland** was working. When she was naughty, no stern parent took her into the woodshed for a serious talk or a workout with a hickory switch. She was called up on the carpet and lectured by an executive.

Sure, she was wrong a lot of the time. No kid with such talent could be without temperament. She was an artist, a kid bringing millions of dollars into the bank account.

The effect of the first meeting with the people who were to dominate her life was still upon her. They were bosses, and she was an employee. Like any other kid in the same position she had developed a fear of the ogres upstairs, and found understanding in the other lesser lights on the lot. Then, as she grew older, she developed a neurotic resentment, without meaning to, against the people who had stolen her childhood. That was when **Judy Garland** began to give trouble. Without any malice, actually, but it was the only way that **Judy** could protest her robbed youth.

Now, at twenty-seven, she had really kicked over the traces and time for strong action against her had come. But destroying her was not justice.

With MGM money, and her friend, Carleton Alsup, at her side, Judy slipped out of Hollywood one night on a train bound for Boston and a good hospital. Six months later, she returned to Hollywood, sound in health and soul. Those who saw her at private parties or laughing gaily in the front row of a night-club audience, said she never looked better. Her marriage, which had gone on the rocks, seemed all right again. She devoted a lot of time to her daughter, and she yearned to go back to work.

Then a few weeks ago, the trouble started again. Judy hadn't shown up for a recording date. The dance director and his chorus people had waited all day for her and she hadn't turned up at all. The papers got hold of the story, and it was said she was due for another suspension.

But L. B. Mayer remembered the spanking he and the other executives had taken the last time it had happened, and he sent for Judy.

the way of a friend . . .

The day she went to the studio to listen to the score of her next picture, she slipped into a side door and went directly to the stage. Her manager was there, and he told her that Mr. Mayer wanted to see her. Judy trembled in fright.

"I can't," she said. "I just can't go to see him."

The manager got on the phone and tried a desperate measure. He informed Mayer's office that Judy was on the recording stage if the boss wanted to talk to her.

The composers were sitting at the pianos, the director was checking the score, the technicians were taking a last level on the mikes and Judy was sitting alone in the front row of seats. The door opened and L. B. Mayer came in. The air was tense for a moment, as everyone waited for the fireworks.

Mayer smiled and walked over to Judy. He sat down beside her and told the people to go ahead—he wanted to listen. For an hour, the busiest man in Hollywood sat there and heard the score. Once he reached out and patted Judy's hand. Then it was over.

Mayer turned to Judy and looked at her with a lot of affection in his eyes. And then he did something that probably no other executive has ever done in Hollywood. Like a father he began to talk to Judy, a father trying to cheer up a sad child. He talked about a humorous incident that had taken place that morning. He got to his feet and told a long story that required a lot of very funny acting, and he played all the characters to the hilt. The workmen were goggle-eyed—but Judy was laughing. She laughed until she cried.

Then Mayer put his hand on her shoulder. He told her that there had been a lot of opposition to her when she first came to the studio, fifteen years before, but that he had fought against it and won. He told her that there was a lot of opposition to her now, but that he would stick by her and they'd win together again. He said that the weight she had put on was becoming, and that a rose in her cheeks was more important to him than how she looked to a camera. He said that she must keep her health above all—and that they'd stick together with that uppermost in mind.

When Mayer left the stage, Judy got to her feet and wanted to go to work. She's been different ever since. She may kick over the traces again, because she is an artist, but she knows that she has a friend, and that a star making \$3,000 a week need never tremble before the mighty.

And all Hollywood is behind her. When she appears in public now, she waves at people instead of trying to slip by un-

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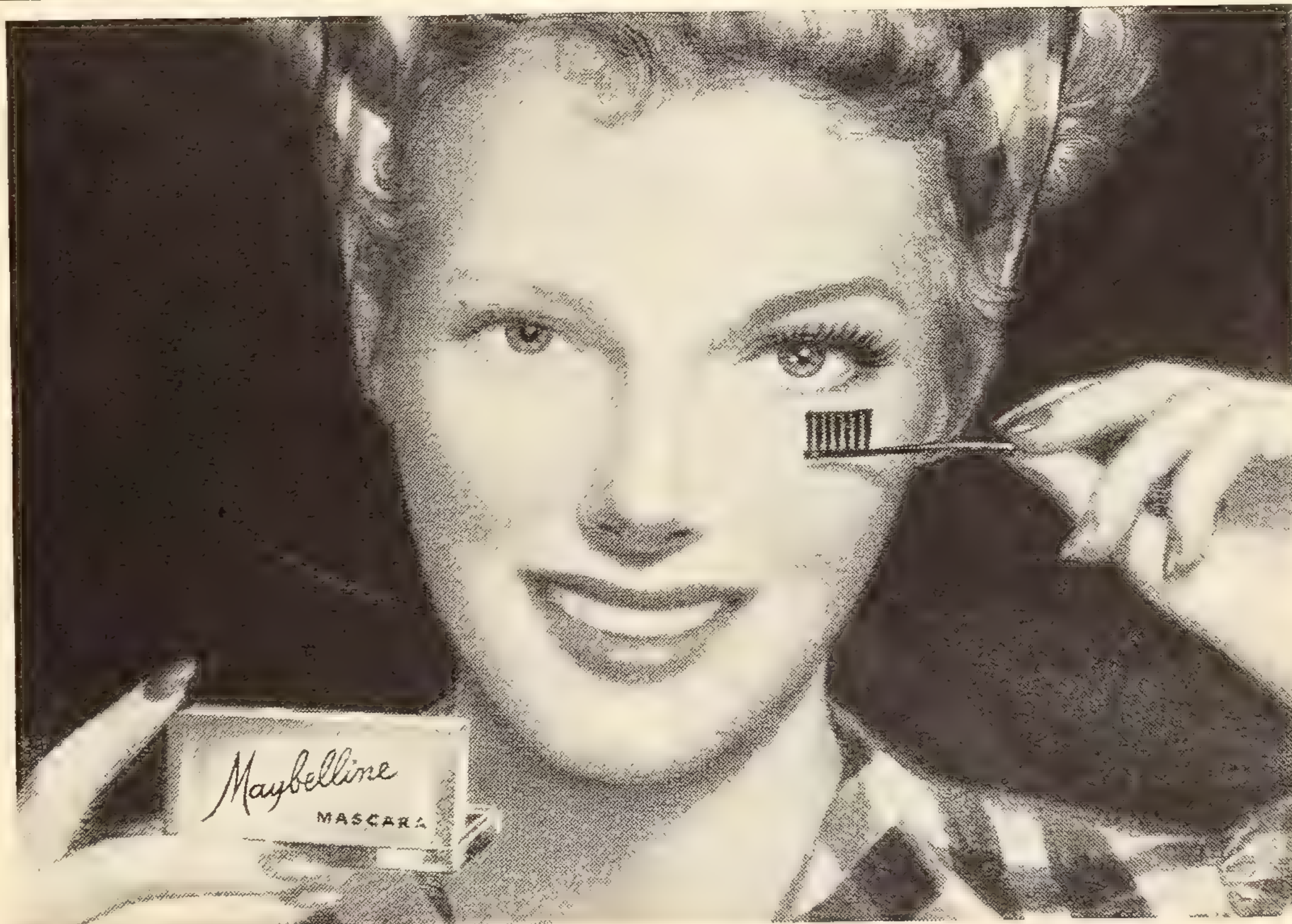
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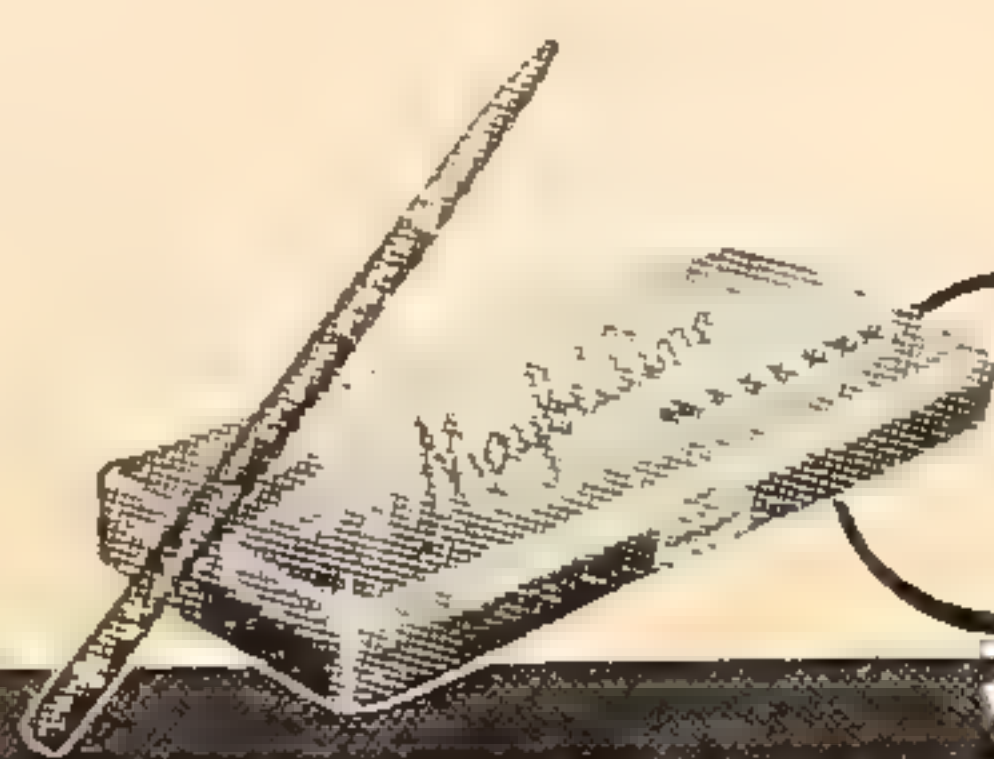
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GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

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seen. She is happy for the first time in the only home she has ever known—the Culver City studio.

But there is one thing that MGM must never forget. Whatever Judy Garland is today, MGM made her. They took her childhood—and they owe it to her. If she becomes ill again, there is only one thing MGM can do. Forget that Judy is a married woman and a mother. Forget she is a star. Remember the chubby kid who parked her youth in the front office, and that someday she may have to come and pick it up—and go away for a while and live it. You see, she has never had the time before.

There is one thing that can always overcome despair, and that is friendship. This story is illustrative, for it shows that friendship and kindness can work wonders. It is what brought Judy back to Hollywood the last time.

Judy and her friend, Carleton Alsop, were alone in Boston when she was living at the hospital. She was restless, but much better. However, the thought of having to go back to entertain again was frightening. A note came from an old pal, song writer Hugh Martin. He was in Falmouth, Mass., not too far away, with a summer theater group. Would she like to come down and see the show?

Judy wasn't sure, but decided it would be rude not to. She sat in the audience when suddenly she realized that she had been spotted. She crouched low in her seat, just waiting until the performance was over—then she ducked out.

A messenger from Martin was waiting for her. Hugh had asked if she would come back into the theater and say hello. It was impossible to avoid, so Judy went back inside.

The house was empty of the last of the audience. A huge, bare work light stood on one corner of the stage, supplying the only illumination. Judy walked down the aisle alone and she saw the entire cast of the show gathered behind the footlights. Martin went to her side and told her they had asked if they could put on an extra

performance for her alone. Judy dropped into a seat.

She sat in the semi-darkness while those summer troupers sang and danced for her. All for Judy Garland. Show people paying tribute to an all-time great. When they finished Martin came with another request. The cast wanted to know if Judy would sing for them.

Judy walked down to the piano while Hugh took his place on the bench. The players crowded the footlights again and Judy started to sing. She sang for two solid hours—every song she could remember, and those who heard her in that small Cape Cod playhouse said no one ever sang better. It was the greatest performance they had ever witnessed. Finally there was only one song left.

"Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. . . . And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. . . ."

The throb in Judy's voice rose with hope. Almost fifteen years had passed, but the silence was there again. Only the buzzing of the night's insects against the work light broke the spell.

"Someday I'll wish upon a star, and wake up where the clouds are far behind me. . . . Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away above the chimney tops—that's where you'll find me."

The voice was rich and mellow—and the singer believed the words. When she was finished, there was silence again for a long moment, then prolonged applause—and Judy turned and walked out of the theater with it ringing in her ears.

Her manager was waiting outside near the car. Judy walked to his side and took his arm.

"Let's go," she said. "I'm, well again. Now I want to go back. I want to go back to Hollywood. I want to go home. . . ."

THE END

(The song lyrics quoted in the above story are from "Over the Rainbow," lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, music by Harold Arlen, copyright 1939 by Leo Feist, Inc., and are used by special permission of the copyright proprietor.)

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

(Continued from page 37)

I wouldn't live. In that case, well, there was nothing more to worry about. A feeling of peace and relaxation stole over me. And with it came an impulse to pray. Prayer has been defined as "a devout petition to, or any form of spiritual communion with God." Close to death, I felt I was in communion with God and I felt His presence closer than ever before. I didn't pray for my life to be spared. I just repeated the most beautiful prayer in the world—the Lord's Prayer. Then I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my head was swathed in bandages. I could see very little, but I overheard a voice in the hospital corridor. "Too bad," it was saying, "about Van Johnson's accident. That's the end of his career. He's lucky if he pulls through, but he'll never make another picture."

You can stand pain. You can stand the thought of death. But when you face the prospect of living without being able to do the thing to which your life has been dedicated, you know real despair.

Then I thought, "If this means the end of me as an actor, perhaps with God's help I can become a technician or an assistant director."

I have always believed that religion is a universal thing. When I go to church,

I find peace. But I believe that God is everywhere—in the schools, in the hospitals, in our homes. We have only to reach out with our thoughts, and He will hear us.

So now I prayed, "If I can never act again, please God, let me be a part of movie-making, somewhere, somehow."

Maybe it seems strange that I should have prayed like this about my life when no one really thought I'd pull through. But, as I've said, it wasn't the fear of death that stirred me. Being cut off from the work I loved would be like a living death.

My prayer was answered. For while I lay there in the hospital, Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne went to Director Victor Fleming and to Everett Riskin, producer of the picture, and asked them to hold up production. Although MGM could easily have hired someone to replace me, the executives decided to wait for me.

There is a point during convalescence from a serious accident when you can go either forwards or backwards. I had just reached that point when Irene and Spencer came to my bedside with their wonderful news. Afterwards other members of the cast and crew visited me. Their kindness made me feel I had to get well—and fast.

It was four months before I was able to step in front of the cameras again. When I resumed work, I knew I was with friends who had all helped me and given me my chance. Those friends were the instrument through which my prayer was answered. I am convinced now that men's prayers are answered by means of human beings through whom God's love flows.

Shakespeare wrote, "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The good deeds of men and women are like candles shining in the darkness. Through those good deeds, men's prayers are answered, but the goodness is inspired by God—which is another word for Love, human and divine. THE END

THE HOUSE THEY LOVE IN

(Continued from page 36)

time, Bill, when you were giving out that really earnest interview, sitting there on the sofa, and you stuck your hand down in the cushions and came up with an old apple core?"

Bill smiled. "Oh, yes indeed! And then there was the time when we were ushering some new friends through the living room and out to the patio. They were really startled when all of a sudden eight little girls' heads popped over the top of the sofa and popped down again! I know I did a double-take."

This is a house that has been invaded, like many others through the nation that include television sets, by the Wild West. Boots, jeans, cowboy hats and shirts, to say nothing of attempts at rope-twirling, are part of practically every hour of the day. If West—the six-year-old son named West, that is—enters the room when visitors are present, precariously twirling a circle of rope, Bill will say sternly, "Stop that, West!" But it isn't until he adds, "Hopalong wouldn't waste his strength indoors that way!", that the point really goes over, and relieved visitors can sit back, unlassoed.

When Brenda made her film return after four-and-a-half years away from the screen, she was featured in a television trailer for *Whispering Smith*, her come-back movie. Bill rounded up the youngsters and sat down eagerly to watch.

Came the trailer, and the luminous features of the lovely-to-look-at Brenda. Bill gazed in delight, a proud smile on his face. West gave one look and turned away.

"Aw, I don't want to see Mama, I want to see Hopalong!"

One of the cherished things the Holdens have acquired is their beautifully-toned Meissner record-playing system. Sharing a similar musical taste for both popular and classical, and with an excellent collection of long-playing records, they can have a house full of music whenever they want it—which is most of the time.

The Holdens' dining room is French Provincial, in dubonnet tones. "But we want to do it over," Brenda says, "in Early American . . . deep reds and blues . . . with a Revolutionary War scene on one wall . . ." Her gaze is faraway.

"We give small, informal dinner parties in the dining room once in a while," she says, returning to the present and leading the way into the cheerfully bright breakfast room. "But actually, we eat in here much of the time, with the children. They have a way of upsetting things, and this room is more used to it!"

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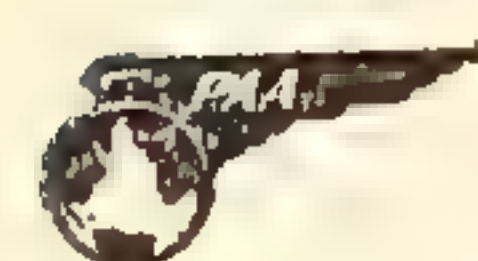
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Close friends of the Holdens include the John Lunds, the Richard Carlsons, Helen Conway, the decorator, and Paul Clemmens, the artist. Since all are Canasta lovers, that game is played a good deal at the Holdens'—usually in the den, with a fire blazing in the fireplace.

This part of the house is where most of the lounging and living is done. The walls, panelled in light wood, hold bookcases and cupboards. There are many lamps and inviting furniture—including a brightly-patterned couch that follows the wall around—and a vastly interesting collection of photographs on the walls.

The walled garden, with thick English ivy and just the right number of trees, invites Bill out to do a spell of gardening every now and then. He likes to rake up leaves and burn them, or point a hose at the lantana bushes. Or just relax, in a long, low chair. Relaxing has lots of charm after you've done 43 straight weeks of picture-making. Bill has been one of the most-in-demand actors in town. His last two films have been *Sunset Boulevard* for Paramount and *Father Is a Bachelor* for his home lot, Columbia.

"Not that I mind being so busy," he says, "considering the months I didn't work after I got out of the Army. But it sure is a wonderful feeling now to sit back and realize I won't have to work again until the first of the year!"

Brenda waited two years after *Whispering Smith* to do another picture. She has just finished *Iroquois Trail*, and admits she has the acting bug—but loves home life just as much, or more. Her decision, and Bill's, is that she ought to do a picture once in a while, but firmly refuses to sign any contracts.

"We have an extra piece of ground we hope to build a swimming pool on for the children—maybe I'll do a picture to pay for that," says Brenda. "Then we're doing Vinny's room over for her this year. She's always wanted a dressing table since she was a little girl. I told her that her dingy old shell collection would have to go—it was that or the table. So the shells go out to the garage, and she'll have her room re-done—in the way she thinks a young lady's ought to be!"

As in any household with children, there are sudden, unexpected crises. When six-year-old West was a year or so younger, he was scolded for playing with some older boys around a bonfire in a nearby lot. Pouting, West came home, sat in the den awhile, and then scuffed his way out to the yard. Moments later, Brenda and the cook came through the living room and



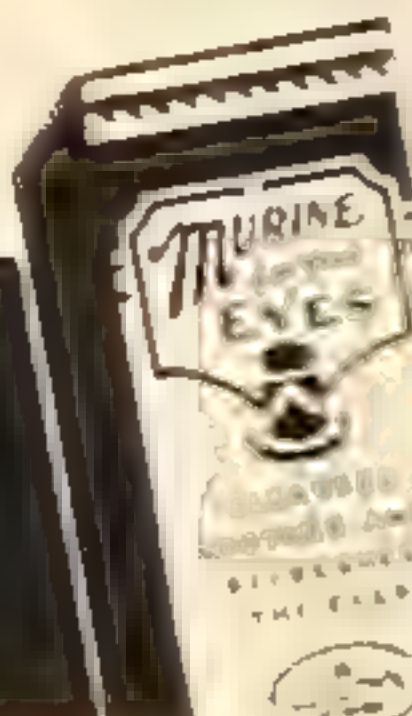
HOW TIME FLIES

In spite of her success in *Intermezzo*, her first American picture, Ingrid Bergman is in no hurry to return to Hollywood. When she came here, the Swedish star left her two-month-old daughter, Pia, at home with her husband. "At that age, babies don't miss their mothers so much," she said, "but I shall never again spend more than a few days away from her. So if I come back, it will have to be when Pia's old enough to come along."—*Modern Screen*, January, 1940.

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were horrified to see flames shooting up from the chair in the den. Bill's favorite chair!

"We dragged the chair outside—it was ruined—but we were so thankful to have caught it! We never knew whether West carried a hot coal home in his pocket, or what. Besides the ruined chair, there was a big hole in the rug!" Brenda sighed. "But the biggest hole was in our budget."

These are the days when, with the two older children at school, Brenda worries just a little about Scott, her youngest, loafing resignedly about in his mite-sized blue jeans, kicking at gravel and leaning against posts—bored as only a young fellow can be with everybody else at school.

"Sometimes I watch him," says Brenda, "and you can almost tell he's counting minutes until he's old enough to go, too!"

Virginia studies ballet, and loves it. Recently her father made some slow motion home-movies of her dancing. This film is her treasure.

still another antique . . .

One of Brenda's favorite parts of the house is the little powder room and half-bath which opens off the den. Here the carpeting is deep green and shaggy; the flower-patterned walls are done in tiny red and green figures on oilcloth; there are frilly curtains and a dream of a dressing table, long and luxurious; and the plumbing fixtures are pink. Even here there's an antique—a man's brass shaving stand, unique and handsome.

Upstairs, the landing with its large Audubon print and two striped window-seats leads on to three separate, colorfully-furnished suites. Brenda and Bill have one, the boys another, and Virginia the third—with a sun porch for everybody.

All over the house are the bright little faces of the Toby mugs Brenda used to collect. Bill's former hobby was collecting guns. According to Brenda, they're both between hobbies right now, until new fancies strike.

Though practically everything in the house is something they have bought together, Brenda and Bill each have something they especially prize, the selection of which was entirely the choice of the other. Brenda's is an ancient silver-fox jacket—one of Bill's first presents to her.

"I took it down to a tailor the other day," Brenda related ruefully, "with the idea of giving the old jacket a new look, and surprising Bill. The tailor handed it right back to me. 'You couldn't pay me enough to work on that, Mrs. Holden—it's falling apart!' he said. It was, too, so I just put it away again, with the same old look."

Bill's special prize is worn on the third finger of his left hand. It's a wide wedding band which he has had inscribed with Roman numerals for each year of their marriage. He never wore any rings at all until one day during the war, when a lonesome and tearful Brenda travelled East to see him, and half-fearfully gave him the ring. It's never been off his finger since.

"When the Roman numerals go all the way around," says Bill with a loving light in his eye, "I want a little diamond for a period. By that time we ought to have everything we want for the house—and we'll be able to afford it!" THE END

If you like to laugh, you'll want to read the hilarious screen story of William Holden's newest movie, *Dear Wife*—which you'll find in the entertainment-filled February issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 41)

dress of twinkling lights. Perhaps I should have led up to my proposal gradually . . . talked shop . . . discussed her career or mine . . . chattered adroitly of life and love and the best methods of pursuing happiness. But I by-passed all that, and said, as nearly as I can remember, "Look . . . there's something I think you should be the first to know. You and I are going to get married."

We had had a fine time at the party. There had been lots of laughs, some horse play and crazy gags. Betty evidently thought this was just another gag, so she laughed.

Not so many months later, I could have uttered a smug, "I told you so!" We stood in the quiet sanctuary of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church in Hollywood and Betty said, "I do." To this day, I don't know what kind of a dress she wore, because I never took my eyes from hers.

brideless bridegroom . . .

Being highly impractical, both of us, we started our married life on an appropriately unorthodox basis. To assure a successful marriage, the two persons involved are supposed to be within shouting distance of each other. It is true for about a week we honeymooned during the days, but nights I had to go to the studio for some after-dark shots in *Counter-Attack*. Two weeks later, Betty was called East to start rehearsal for *Laughing Room Only*, leaving me with the melancholy distinction of being Hollywood's only brideless bridegroom.

Even now, it seems like a bad dream to recall those months when we wanted to be together but could snatch only an occasional brief rendezvous in New York whenever I could get away from the studio. Once, literally flying into each other's arms, we almost staged our own private comedy of errors. With a few days' rest before starting rehearsal for the musical, *Call Me Mister*, Betty decided on a spur-of-the-moment visit to Hollywood. Shooting on *The Renegade* was completed about the same time, and I had just bought a plane ticket for New York and a similar surprise for Betty. Luckily, just before taking off, she phoned me long distance from LaGuardia Field. And we didn't need to toss a coin to see who'd make the trip. Betty's plane took off two hours before mine, so that solved that. We still laugh, picturing how that double-barrelled surprise almost boomeranged.

Separations those two years before Betty signed her first movie contract with MGM, brought us even closer together in spirit. Every reunion was another honeymoon—short, cherished holidays in New York, which we both love, or in the small Hollywood apartment where the Parks' started their sketchy housekeeping. We never neared its cheery white door without reviewing our wedding day and the sad plight of the happy bridegroom who had planned to carry his bride over the threshold in the best romantic tradition. The project bogged down when I discovered that, in my eagerness to reach the church, I had forgotten the door-key. I had to climb in the window and open the door from the inside, dishevelled and smudged on the chin where I bumped into a flower pot. Betty enjoyed this immensely and still cites it as one of the most striking entrances in my career as an actor.

Maybe because our time together was

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so frugally rationed in those first years, we could spare none of it for petty bickering or the frequent inconsequential differences that arise in what marital soothsayers call the "adjustment" period. Another overworked theory is that no marriage is big enough for two careers. Not as experts, but just as a happily married couple, Betty and I would like to debunk that one.

We believe our work is the fundamental basis of our ever-growing understanding and pleasure in each other. And our careers themselves are looking healthier. Contrary to popular belief, I did not descend from a pink cloud just in time to get in on *The Jolson Story*. I had slashed through a solid wall of 30 "B" ("B" as in "bad") pictures, before getting a chance at my first "A" production, *Counter Attack*, just about the time Betty and I married. And while Betty had made a start on Broadway in Cole Porter's *Something For The Boys*, her first starring role in *Call Me Mister* came shortly after the wedding and just about the time *The Jolson Story* began rolling.

As a bachelor, I couldn't have explained why I always wanted to marry an actress, but I did. There was one other requisite... she had to be a good actress. I would hate to go through life married to a bad actress. As a happily married guy with his dream a reality, I think I know why my heart was set on an actress-wife. When I come home from the studio with my day's problems, Betty is not only sympathetic, but she understands from her own experience exactly what I'm talking about.

I never could have weathered the grueling, endless months of production on both *The Jolson Story* and its sequel, *Jolson Sings Again*, without Betty to come home to. One night just about the time *Jolson Sings Again* was finished (or so we thought) the studio brain-trusters added three more songs. Along with the news of weeks more of rehearsing, recording, rehearsing again, everything on the set went wrong that day. Betty listened to my fuming and growling while she fixed hot soup and cold chicken sandwiches that evening for dinner. As usual, she said all the right things to soothe my ruffled spirit. Sitting there on a high kitchen stool, almost drowned in a voluminous blue apron and with a stray blonde curl bobbing just above her nose, she looked like a tired little kid as she buttered slices of my favorite crusty bread.

"How'd you do today, honey?" I asked

that's hollywood!

Carl Schroeder tells it:

Those in Hollywood who know Father MacDonald of Notre Dame are exceedingly fond of him. "You know, Father," a Hollywood press agent said to him recently, "I am sick of the problems of those \$3,000-a-week actors. I have ten of them under contract and every day they come into my office to tell me their troubles. I don't know how I stand it."

"Do you think that's tough?" the priest asked. "How'd you like to be one of God's press agents?"

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

her, sorry I'd been so grumpy. "Did they shoot your dance number?" That particular dance number was her current pride and joy.

"Not so good," she said, wrinkling her nose ruefully. "They cut it out. Too many dance numbers."

Here I was, complaining about a couple of extra weeks' shooting (but also an added chance to build up the picture) and Betty had been working just as hard, only to see her best spot cut out.

Then in my comprehensive denunciation of everyone even remotely connected with Betty's disappointment, I completely forgot about my own peeve. After I had consigned all of MGM's executives, directors, producers, and cameramen to permanent box office oblivion and Betty had fashioned countless scathing appraisals of Columbia's unreasonable campaign to overwork her husband, we both felt much better. All the pent-up tension was gone. Betty soaked her poor dance-weary feet and I gargled my blistered tonsils which had emitted about 45 renditions of *Sonny Boy* that day. Then we both fell into bed for a sound ten hours of sleep. Waking in the morning, we weren't mad at anybody. *Jolson Sings Again* would be my best performance and Betty's remaining numbers would stand out even more brilliantly because there weren't too many! It was a new day—acting was our dish—and tonight, reunion!

opposite outlooks . . .

For a pair who see eye to eye on practically everything, Betty and I are poles apart in temperament. I am a worrier. I worry about leaking faucets, overacting, underplaying a scene, the state of the world, and the chances of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Betty is as carefree as a kitten, refuses to worry and keeps on hand an enormous supply of silver linings with which she outfits every cloud that appears on her daily horizon. I'm cautious and methodical about work when I'm rehearsing or learning a part. "Stuffy" is her specific adjective for this sterling trait.

Timetables, curtain-time and other institutions of immovable habit have never intimidated my wife. Once when I went back to New York for the opening of *Call Me Mister*, she had me in a cold bath of perspiration as curtain-time moved nearer and nearer, and we hadn't yet left the hotel. When we reached the theater at last, the curtain was going up and Betty had about eight minutes to change, make up, and be onstage. She made it, and as always was poised, calm and terrific.

Now take me. I would have been pacing the dressing room for hours, going over every word, every gesture. And would mine be a better performance? I should say not.

Some day Betty and I want to do a play on Broadway together. This will probably take ten years off my life. I will certainly work myself into a nightly lather, just wondering if we'll make the opening curtain. Betty insists the experience will be good for me, and guarantees that under her guidance, I will soon be shaving, dressing, racing to the theater, changing clothes and singing the second chorus of my opening number—in four minutes flat.

If in all this, I've conveyed the impression that I think my wife is the swellest girl in the world, then this is a true story. And when you hear people say that Larry Parks got his lucky break in *The Jolson Story*, will you tell them for me that he got his *real* lucky break the day he met Betty Garrett?

THE END

Larry Parks' current film is *Jolson Sings Again*; Betty Garrett's is *On the Town*.



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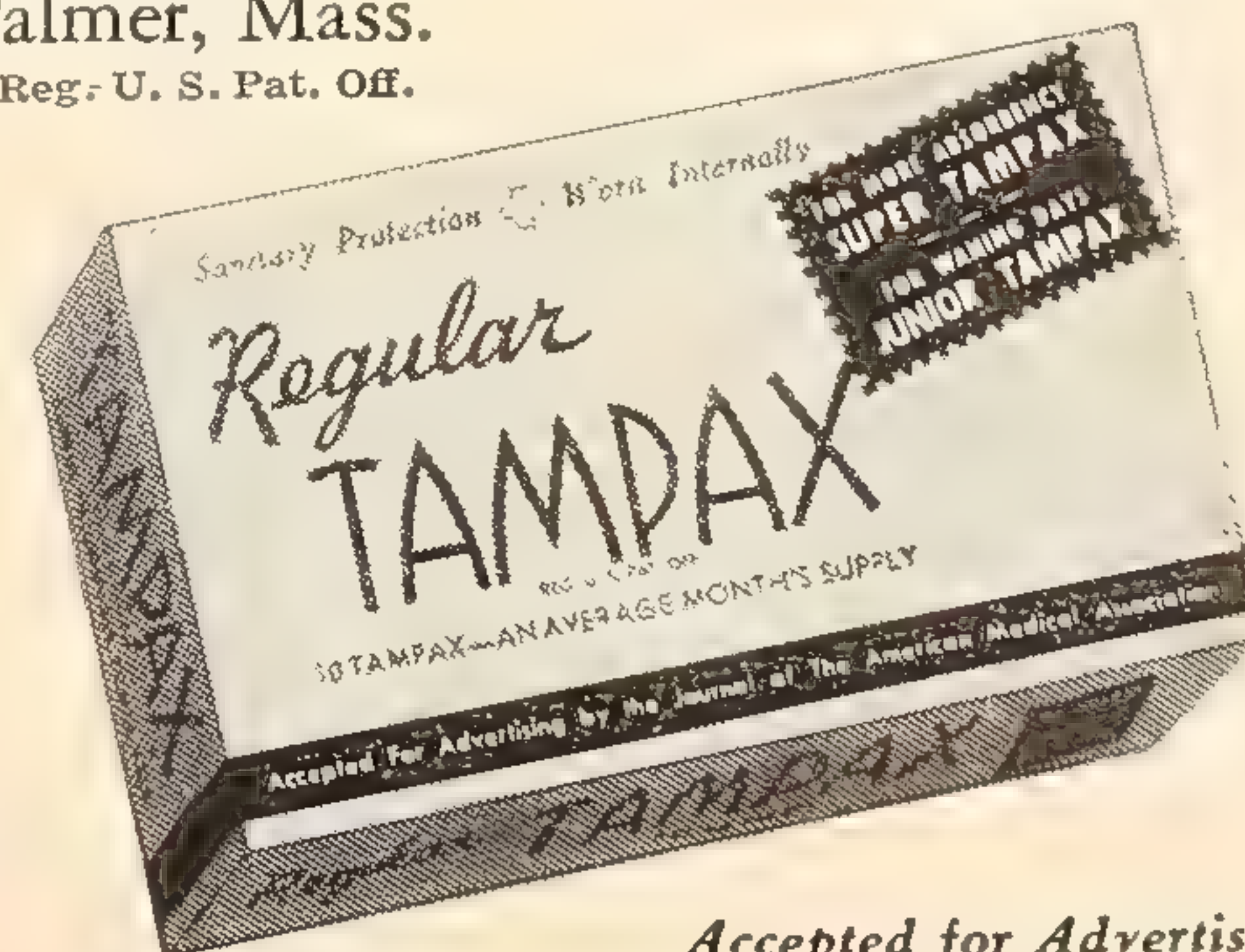
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MY KIND OF MAN

(Continued from page 44)

merrily away to squander it until time to collect another one. When you're 17, you can have a high old time on \$125 a week. And John had one. He'd report to the Selznick dramatic coach, all right, but he never felt compelled to listen to what she had to say. A growing boy needs sleep, so he slept—straight through classes.

I wouldn't have liked that John Derek. But when he went away to war, he began to listen and learn, and he grew up the hard way—under fire. Consequently, it was a very serious John Derek who walked into my class that day—determined to become a truly good actor.

I came to respect the man with the impressive eyelashes. We had the same ambitions, the same ideas about careers coming first. We often studied together and occasionally we'd do a love scene together. Love scenes are very difficult to do before the camera. Time and practice are required to perfect them and in doing them you can learn much about acting in general. So if our romantic scenes became more frequent, that seemed natural enough. John would earnestly come up to me with a script. "This love scene has real dramatic scope," he'd say. "Want to try it?"

torrid love . . .

It would turn out to be, say, a sequence from an old film in which Ty Power and Loretta Young had once set the celluloid to burning—with more action than talk.

Love scenes or no, a few months passed before we had our first date. I accidentally arranged for the invitation and I was sure I wouldn't live to regret it. Before class one morning, I happened to mention that there were two things I hadn't yet seen in Los Angeles—a circus and Ken Murray's *Blackouts*. The circus wasn't due in town for months, so John declared, "You shall see the *Blackouts*—tonight!"

"Not tonight," I wanted to cry. I had a cold that seemed on the verge of pneumonia. My nose was red, my eyes were bleary. But somehow I couldn't refuse. I just sneezed happily.

That evening, in the middle of the show, I began to cough. I tried to be considerate and cough softly. Then John tried to be considerate and started hitting me on the back. Tears streamed down my cheeks. I was choking. We crept out of the theater.

Once on the sidewalk and in the fresh air, I recovered and apologized. John was very sympathetic, but in my misery, I knew our date was doomed—and it was only 10 o'clock. "It doesn't matter," I consoled myself bravely. "I am a career girl. I belong at home with my cold capsules."

But actually it mattered a lot. I didn't want our first date to end on a note of agony.

On the way home we stopped at a place called Jerry's Joint. "Cheer up and have a hearty appetite," I told myself—and managed to order a rare steak.

John asked for the same. When the waitress left, he said, "You like rare meat, too?"

He said it as if we were the only two people in the world who liked our meat barely warm. It was a wonderful discovery. I nodded my head. Then I relaxed and had a good sneeze.

After that night, we found that we shared a thousand likes. Traveling was one. In the months that followed, we visited Arrowhead, Yosemite, Las Vegas, Laguna—dozens of places. If John weren't serious about acting, I think he would roam the world. However, our short excursions

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seemed partially to satisfy his wanderlust, while they served to introduce me to the Western scenery—and John's sweet thoughtfulness.

I'm still sentimental about one of his touring gallantries. Wherever we'd go, he'd stop along the highway if he saw a flower stand. And he'd buy me one perfect red rose. . . .

Then, on an afternoon some months after our first date, we were driving home from Santa Barbara when John suddenly pulled over to the side of the road. I was puzzled. There wasn't a flower stand in sight. Then the reason for his stopping became clear. He wanted to say a few words—only a few—but they were enough for me. "You're wonderful," he said. "Let's go to Mexico and get married."

Thereupon, Pati Behrs—that logical, calculating, career-minded girl—and I had a fight. She won. But the thought of a career wasn't the reason for the victory.

"Let's wait," said that sensible girl to John. "We've known each other such a short time—really not long enough."

"But—how long is long enough?" asked John. "When do you think that'll be?"

"I'll tell you when I think the time has come," I promised. "Then I'll propose to you!"

how she proposed . . .

Six months later, I proposed. "I think now we can get married," I proposed.

I was in for a shock. "Sorry, darling," said John. "But right now I have nothing to offer a wife. It's best for us to wait a while."

He was right, of course—as I had been right when I first suggested a postponement. But all the same, I was insulted!

Things looked pretty grim. John left Fox, for there were no roles for him. There wasn't much consolation in being secretly engaged. Then, along came our big break—John's role in *Knock On Any Door*.

We set a date for the wedding and the day arrived. I was working on a picture. John was supposed to pick up the ring, then wait for my call to let him know what time I'd be finished. When I finally called, it was to tell him that I'd be at the studio until late afternoon. Too late for a wedding!

"Good thing we aren't easily discouraged," he laughed.

He could say that again. However, the next day found us in Las Vegas, all ready for the ceremony, with friends Candy and Bob Brand, who were going to stand up with us. "What luck, what wonderful luck!" John and I kept telling each other.

We were practically on our way to the chapel before we realized something was missing. The ring! It was a very special one. John had searched for weeks until he found just the gold link chain he wanted. He'd made arrangements with the jeweler to pick it up. And he'd forgotten. We both wanted that ring and no other would do.

Two nearly-weds placed a frantic call to the jeweler, an understanding man who dashed to the airport to send the ring on the first flight to Las Vegas. John was sheepish when he met the plane. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" the stewardess teased as she handed him the box. He was.

After our marriage, I realized just how absent-minded he can be at times. For instance, one night for dinner I fixed cheeseburgers, which he adores—but instead of using the usual American cheese, I used Swiss.

"Best cheeseburgers I've ever eaten," said John, after his third.

"Thank you, dear," I replied, putting another on his plate. He took a bite—then looked unhappy.

"Say," he said. "This one's got a different kind of cheese. You know I only like them with American cheese."

"Then you've certainly been very brave," I informed him. "You've been eating Swiss cheeseburgers all evening."

John grinned. "Well, what do you know!" he said. And he finished his cheeseburger in contented silence.

reforming john . . .

Gradually, I'm reforming his appetite, I think. When we were first married, I'd set some delectable French dish on the table and John would look at it for a moment, and then say apologetically, "I don't think I like this very much."

"Have you ever had it before?" I'd ask. "No."

"Well, try just a bite."

He would. Then, "Hmmm . . . uh . . . well, it's not *bad*," my husband would admit—and have three helpings.

If John had his way, he'd sleep at least 12 hours every day. And it's really a job to awaken him. Once I tried sprinkling water in his face. I was very pleased with my efforts when he jumped right out of bed. Then he raced into the bathroom, turned on the shower full blast, and raced back to the bedroom. "Forget something?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but *you* did—you forgot your husband should be treated with respect!" And with that he lifted me off my feet and, grinning fiendishly, deposited me, in my robe and pajamas, under the shower. Then he went back to bed.

My husband really has practically no temperament, and it takes a lot to make him fighting mad. His fisticuff days are over now, but there was a time when he had to hold his own. He was a pretty child and he often found it necessary to establish himself in school by roughing up a fellow classmate. However, he still follows a bit of advice he received when he was small: "Find out if the offender is kidding. If he is, take it that way. If he's serious, let him have it."

Through the years, John has come to realize that being as handsome as he isn't a handicap. That thought that he was a "pretty boy" had haunted him throughout his teens. But, after all, if he hadn't looked the part of the good-looking, brooding Nick Romano, he and I might still be playing our love scenes in class. Even worse—I might be just another career girl!

Now I've learned. I've learned that a career isn't everything. Of course, John wouldn't demand that I give it up, but we both want a family—a good-sized one—and one career in the family will do.

Making a home for John is every bit as fascinating as being at the studio. That's his doing. For example, he leaves notes for me all over the house. Just the other day, he left one in the refrigerator. It was written on a check. It read: "Pay To The Order Of: Pati Derek. One Million Kisses." Some hours later he got around to cashing it for me. I couldn't help smiling between payments.

"Why the grin?" he asked.

"I was just thinking," I answered smugly, "what a very sensible girl I am."

I gazed fondly at him for a minute—then started for the kitchen. Bernhardt had to put the dinner on. THE END

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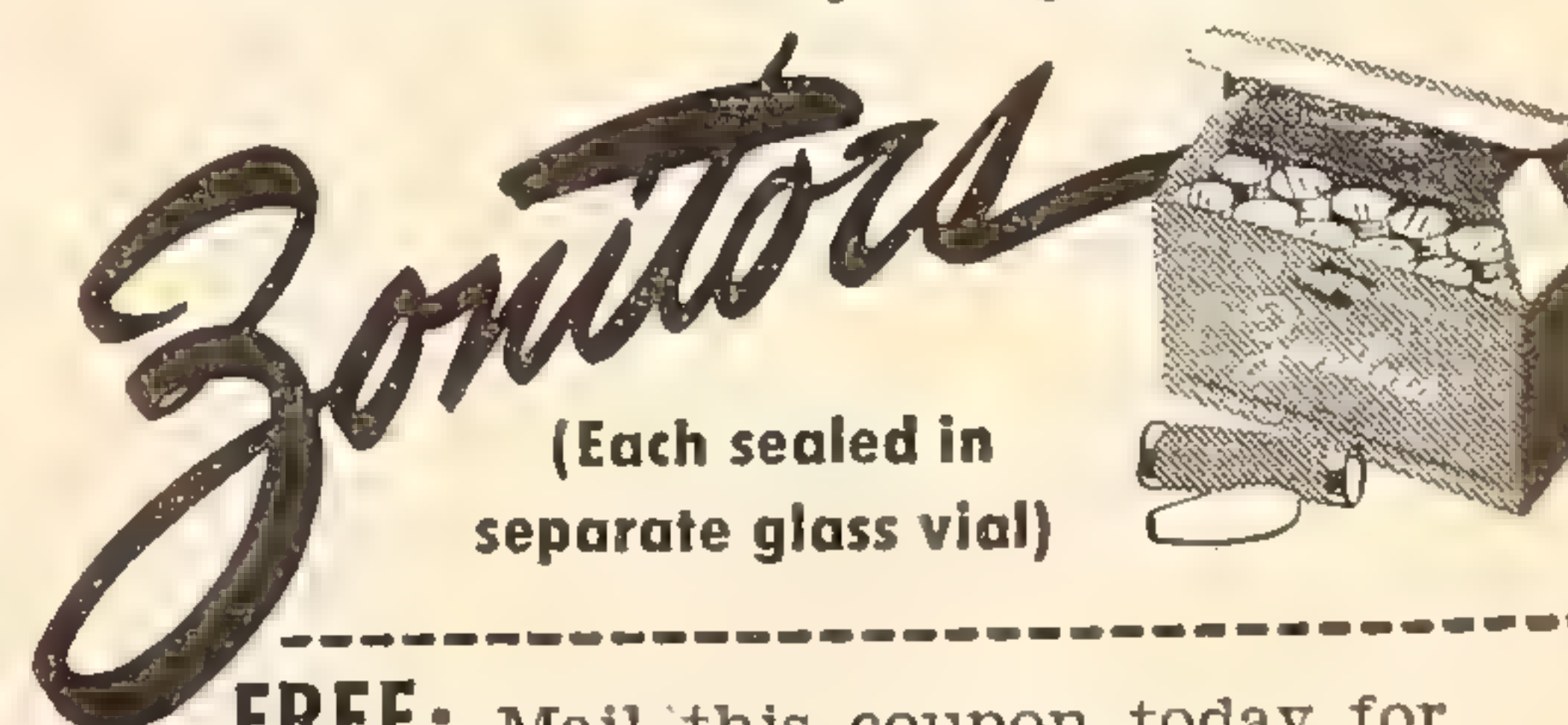
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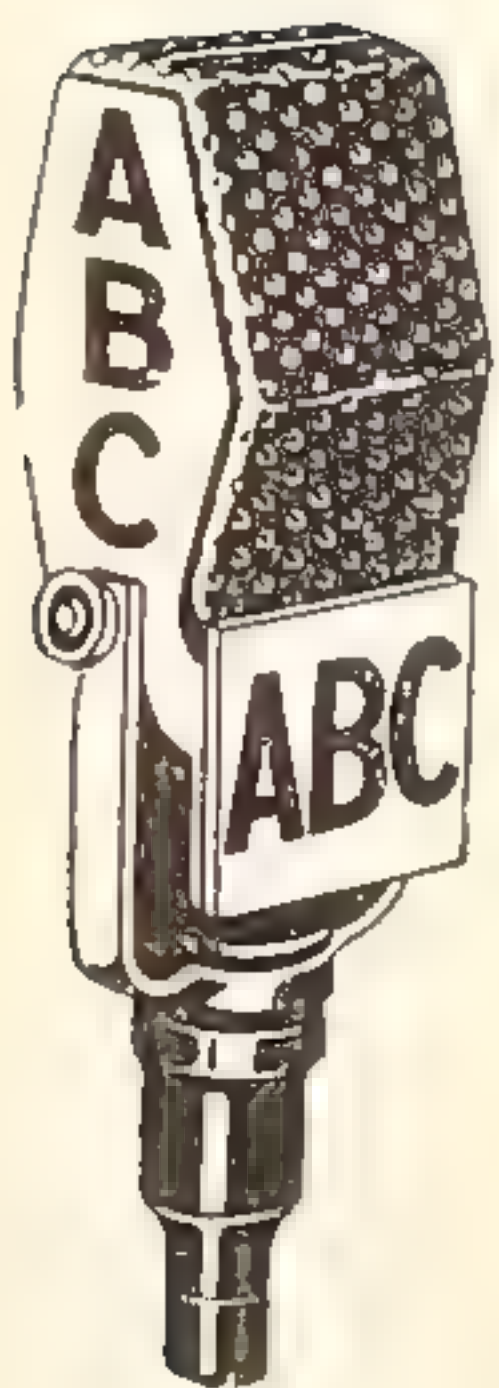
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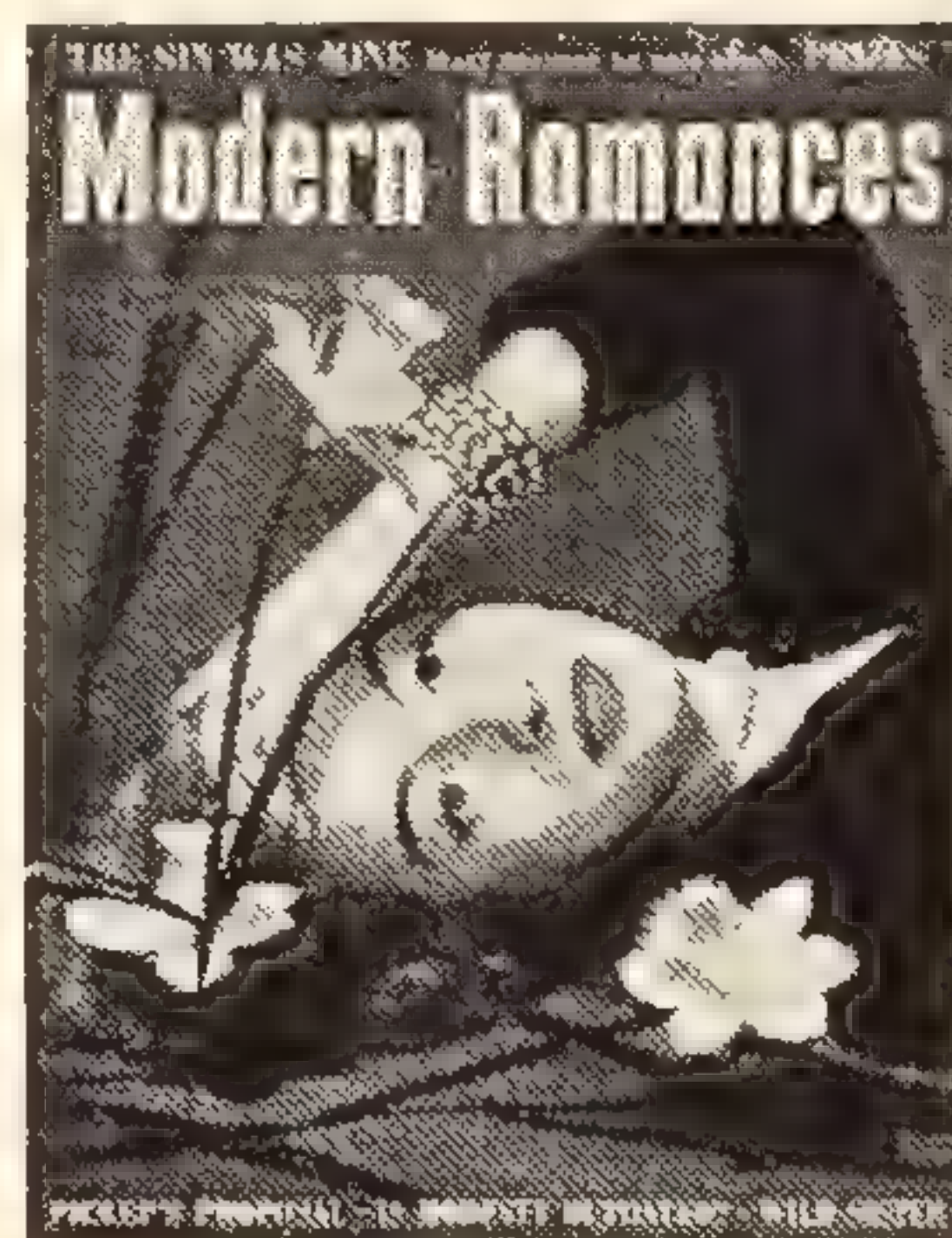
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HALLELUJAH! WE IS BUMS

(Continued from page 40)

whenever there's cooking to be done?”

Johnny took the ladle from us, bowed gallantly, and announced, “I'll finish cooking this. I'm really a pretty good chef. If I don't like what I concoct, my dog always does.”

“He's got the fattest dog in town,” Lon remarked.

The cooking was interrupted by a loud pounding at the back door. We all followed Lon to the kitchen and discovered Robert Stack and Nancy Olson at the back door holding out a tin cup and a pie tin for hand-outs.

Lon stroked his chin for a second—then decided they were honest-looking hoboes and let them in. Bob and Nancy, both appearing with Bing Crosby in Paramount's *Mr. Music*, had come right from the studio.

Nancy said, “We made a slight detour to the wardrobe department where Bob picked up his tramp outfit and I borrowed this—the costume Marlene Dietrich wore in *Golden Earrings*. She wore it in the fight scene.” Sticking her fingers through some of the holes in the skirt, she observed, “It's well ventilated.”

nice diggings! . . .

Lon showed Bob and Nancy around his apartment. He decorated it himself. It has steamship-blue walls, rough-beamed ceilings and low, chartreuse couches.

What really caught Bob's eye was a three-foot table that fits snugly into one corner. Lon has covered the top with Charles Addams cartoons from *The New Yorker* magazine. The table holds a two-foot ship's lantern that Lon picked up at an antique shop and had wired as a lamp.

On the way back to the living room, Bob picked up Lon's guitar and started tuning it. “Play for us,” coaxed Diana. “Never touch the stuff,” said Bob, and promptly turned the instrument over to Lon.

Lon strummed a few bars, then started to plink out the appropriate strains of “Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?” John Lindsay and Ruth Roman joined in with a stirring duet. They finished the song minus accompaniment, for Lon stopped plinking to go off to answer the phone.

He returned in a few moments. “That was Donald and Gwen O'Connor,” he told us. “They were a little detained, but they'll be over in 15 minutes. Don said he couldn't explain, because there was a crowd gathering outside the phone booth. Said he couldn't understand it—hadn't they ever seen a guy in a gunnysack sweatshirt before?” Lon laughed. “He also said they were starting to throw pennies into his pie plate. I advised him to collect while the collecting was good.”

Then Lon noticed we were all holding our noses. “The singing?” he asked. “The stew,” we replied—pointing to the burnt remains in the pot. The potatoes and beef looked as if they were cemented in a field of tar. One taste, and Ruth Roman said the diagnosis was quite accurate.

Lon and Reba went scurrying for substitute food. This took them upstairs: Lon has divided his triple-decker building into apartments and his folks live on the second floor. His grandmother had just baked a cake and a pie—and she generously turned them over to Lon and Reba for the party.

When they returned below, Lon placed the apricot pie on a window sill to cool, and we all pitched in to make sandwiches. All, that is, except Ivan Volkman. He, still sporting that sinister red beard, was in the process of liquidating the pie when the



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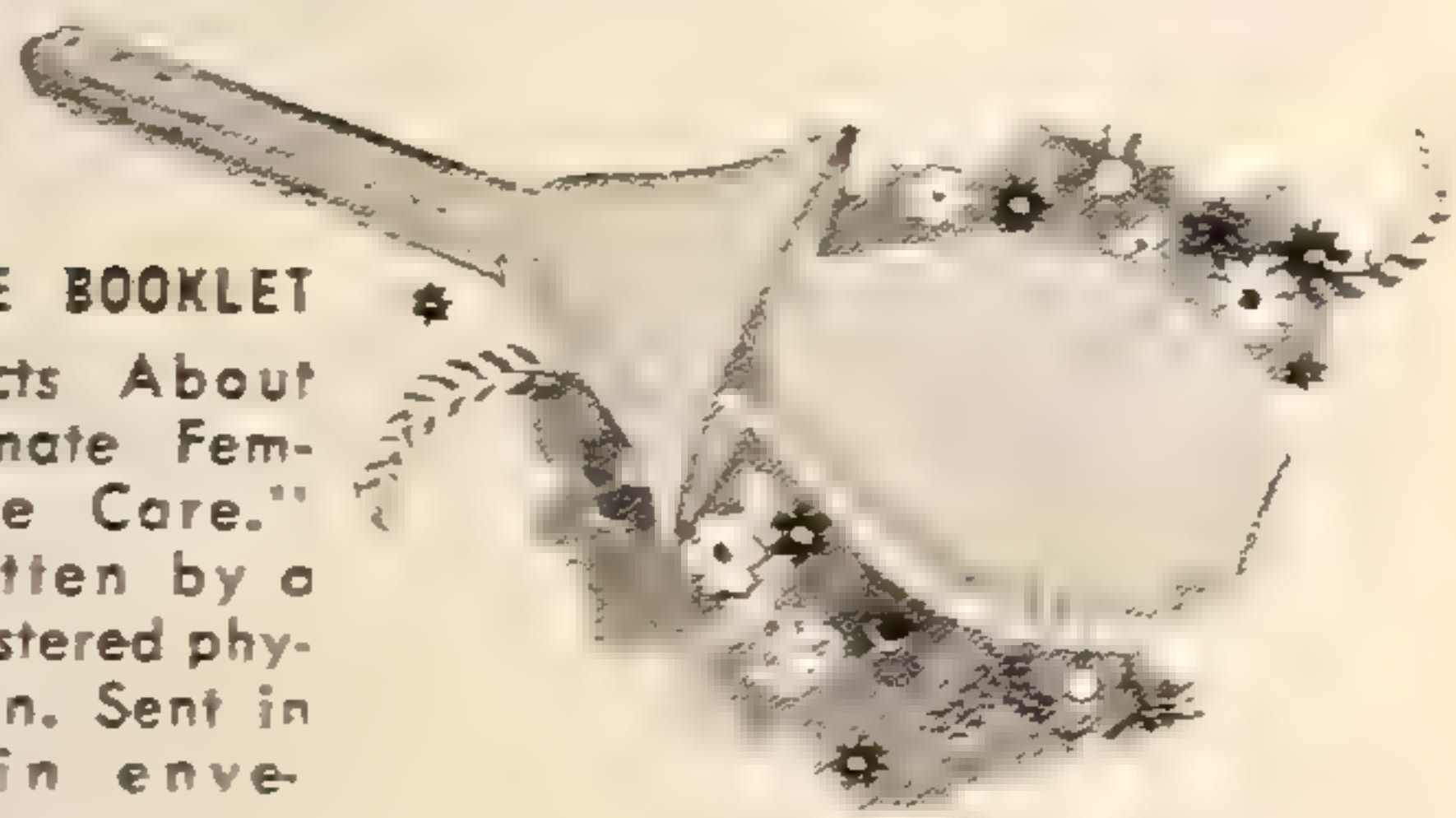
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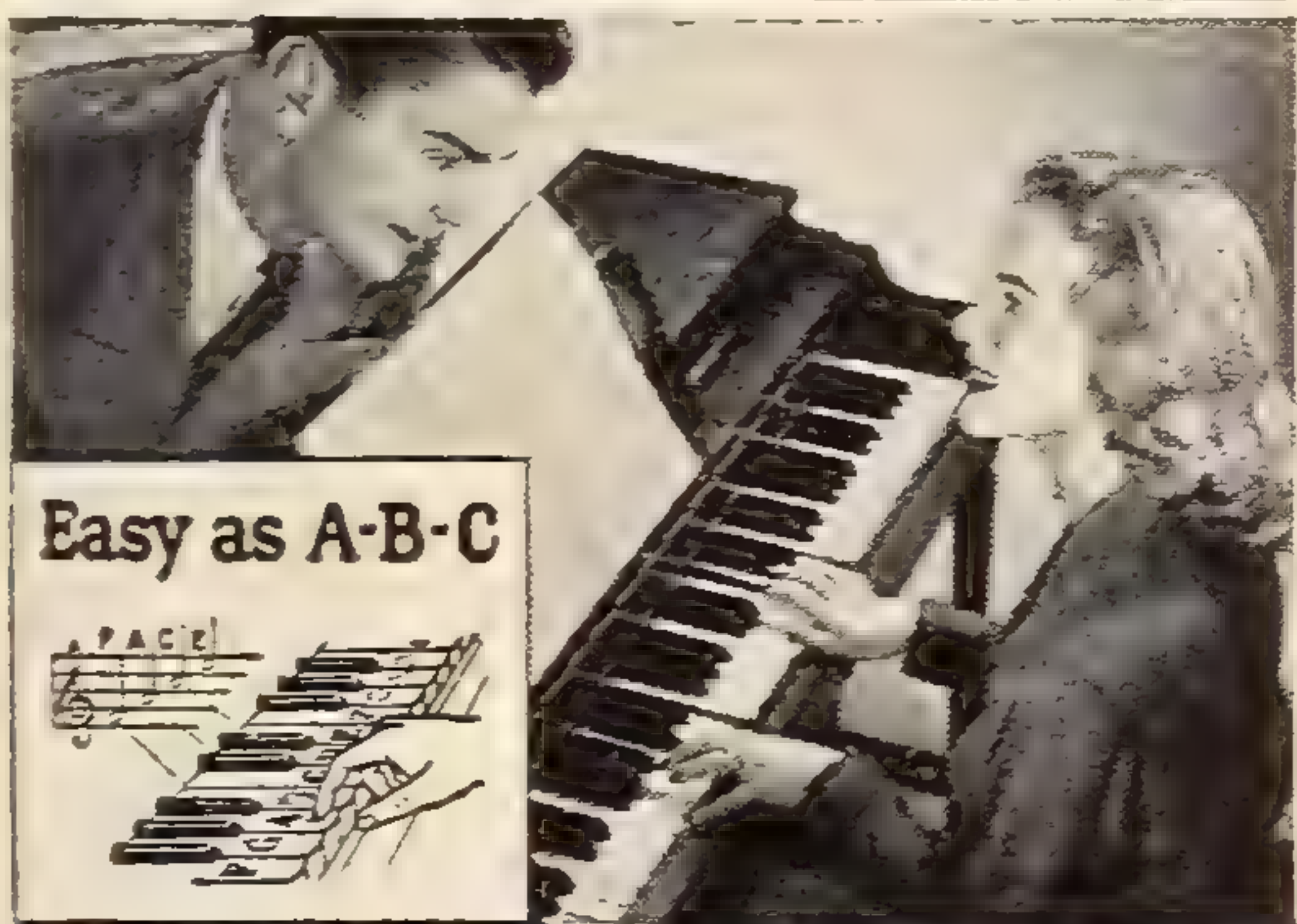
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O'Connors arrived by way of the back door.

We had been approaching starvation while waiting for Don and Gwen—so the minute they appeared, we started the eating activities by shoving a sandwich into their hands. "Hello," we said, "do you want mustard on it?"

"Is this what's referred to in hobo circles as the bum's rush?" inquired Don.

The O'Connors couldn't help being late. They'd had to attend a preview of Don's latest movie, *Francis*, with some of the Universal-International executives at the studio.

"We wore these hobo outfits into the projection room," said Gwen, "and one producer asked, 'How come the tramp get-up, angling for a raise?'"

Most of us kept shuttling between the living room and the kitchen. The kitchen was like a steamship office. For the party, since hoboes are supposed always to be afflicted with wanderlust, Lon had hung all sorts of posters which invited tourists to visit "Beautiful England in the Autumn" or "Italy in the Spring." There were also maps behind the stove and refrigerator.

Most of the latter Lon had accumulated on his four trips across the country in the past 10 months.

A hobo party wouldn't be quite complete without a train, so Lon had dusted off his electric train and set it up in his bedroom.

In between eating and playing with the train, we learned that Lon is quite a business man. He's associate producer on his starring film for Ventura Productions, *Blaze of Glory*. Besides owning his apartment building, he's the landlord of a beach house at Malibu and a house in Bel-Air.

He's an easy landlord to deal with. Every time his tenants need an item of furniture, Lon takes it from his apartment. He'd just donated his bed. That's why we had so much room for the train and tracks in the bedroom. There were only a desk and a chest of drawers left.

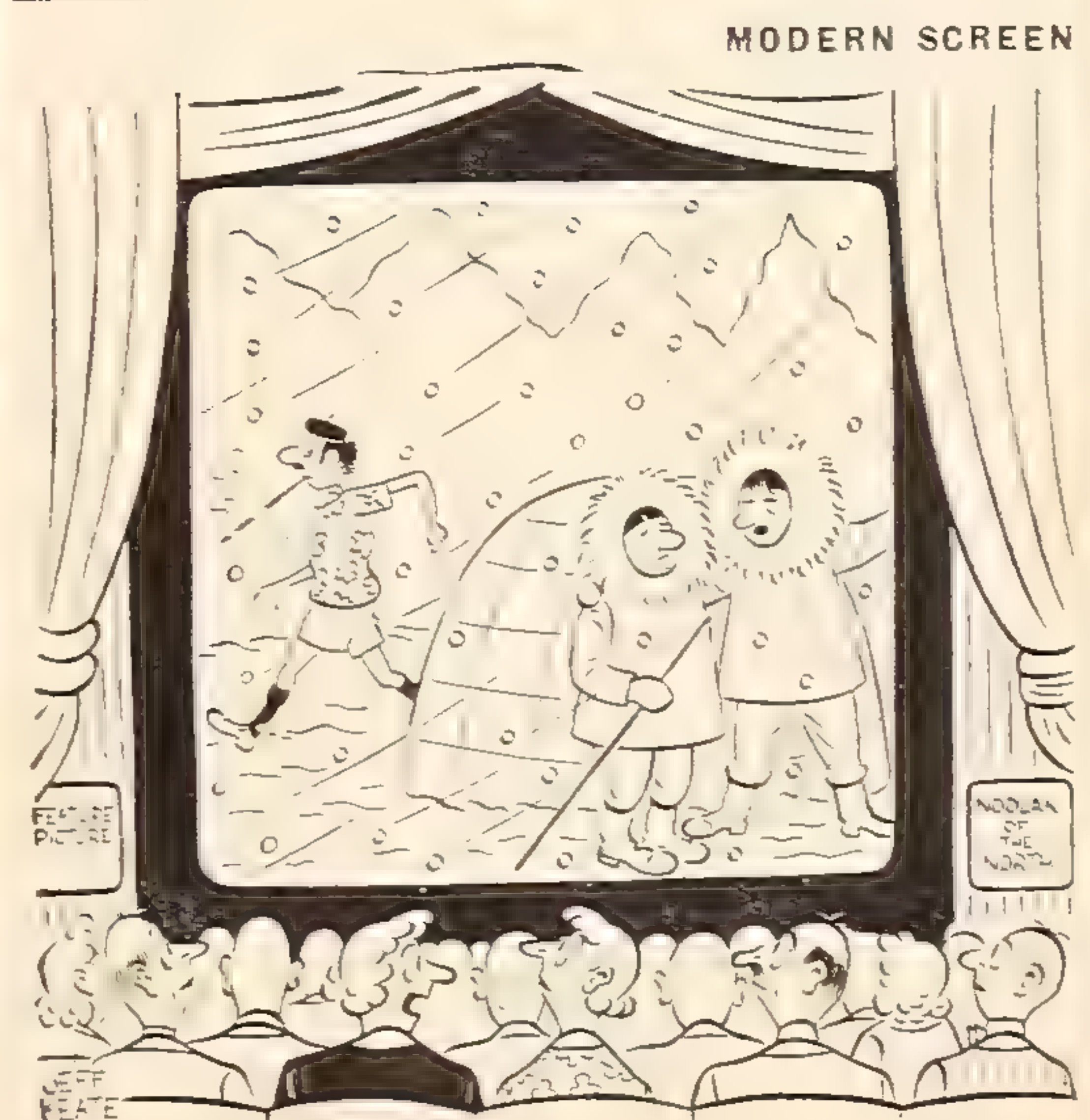
But soon we moved the train into the cozier living room and laid out the tracks before the fireplace. The firelight glinted across the tiny engine and made the 10-year-old train look shiny and new. John Lindsay, who'd brought along a harmonica, started playing "Blues In The Night."

"Being a hobo might not be so bad," said Ruth Roman dreamily. "No worries, plenty of travel, out in the sun all day..."

"Not to mention the rain, sleet and snow," put in Lon, less dreamily.

But sitting there around the open hearth, we were a pretty contented group. A nicer bunch of bums we've never met.

THE END



That's the director who always sneaks into one of his own scenes."



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HOME IS WHERE YOU HIDE IT

(Continued from page 50)

Mohican pointing out the lands of his forefathers. "I used to come up here deer-hunting with my grandfather back in 1927. I always wanted to come back when I was old enough to enjoy it. Isn't it the most beautiful country you've ever seen?"

"Oh, it is!" said Lita, to be agreeable.

"Well, let me tell you about the place," Rory went on, sitting her down beside him on an empty water-trough. "The other day, I heard that this ranch was for sale." He paused for emphasis, and then launched into more nature study. "Why, there are trout 12 inches long in the stream down there. Deer come down from the mountains and graze in the pasture. Did you ever see a place that was more serene and peaceful?"

"Ye-es," said Lita. "But—but isn't it awfully run down?"

"Exactly!" Rory exclaimed, as if she were getting the important point. "That's exactly what's the matter. Some years ago, this place was a very successful guest-ranch. But the last few owners have let it fall apart. Just imagine that field planted in heavy pasture, the barn painted, the lodge and cabins cleaned and patched up. It would be a gold mine!" He wound up breathless.

emphatic negative . . .

"You don't mean you want us to—buy it?" The idea slightly stunned Lita.

"Well, yes," said Rory. "I was thinking that maybe we could buy it—as an investment! It's a real steal, honey."

"I never heard of anything so silly," she replied, putting on the brakes with both feet. To emphasize her point, she got up and started walking back to the car.

The 16-mile ride back to Ojai, up the mountainside and over the bumpy dirt road, was a chilly one. And not wholly from the weather. Under her breath, Lita worriedly kept repeating, "It's silly . . . it's silly." Rory didn't say anything. He quite wisely held his peace.

By the time they pulled into town, Rory had Lita talked out of her silence—but no more had been said about the Circle-B. That afternoon, they drove back to Hollywood.

Nearly a month later, when Lita's family was forced to sell their home in Hollywood to make way for the giant freeway which is being cut through the city's heart, it was Rory who had the solution. He took them back to Ojai, which is a sleepy old-world town 75 miles north of Hollywood, situated in a fertile agricultural valley just 15 miles from the ocean. There they bought a livable modern home with eight acres of orchard, stables, and two small guest-houses. It was just right for the folks, and Lita loved it. To Rory, the little valley was a second home. He had spent a great part of his boyhood there with his grandfather, and it was filled with pleasant memories.

One Sunday morning, less than a week after Lita's family had moved into their new home, Rory and Lita's brother, Pete, drove off in the hot-rod. They were very mysterious and non-committal when they left—but when they returned that afternoon, Lita knew immediately where they had been. She could tell from Pete's beaming face that the Circle-B was about to become an issue again.

At dinner, the boys both tackled the subject with well-rehearsed fervor. They had great plans for the ranch. Pete would manage it. They would offer an inexpensive good time to hunters and fishermen. There would be saddle horses for pack

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trips back into the mountains. Lita listened until her head began to swim. Finally, she agreed to go back for another look next Sunday. But she warned them that she wasn't sold. Not by any means.

Both Lita and Rory had a hectic time in Hollywood the following week—parties, rehearsals, television shows, dates with agents—all the nerve-wracking little things which make an acting career so difficult. When they returned to Ojai on Saturday night, Lita was tired and slightly fed-up with the pace of Hollywood. The boys couldn't have found a better time to take her back to see the Circle-B.

When they looked down on the valley again, the full coloring of springtime had taken over. The open pasture-land was green and vibrant. The trees along the stream were bright with new foliage. Even the old ranch-house somehow looked fresher and cleaner.

the big idea . . .

They sat on the porch for several hours, eating the lunch they had brought with them, and talking seriously about the ranch's real possibilities. Pete and Rory pointed out the swimming pool, a big 30 x 50 concrete affair that could be inexpensively modernized. They showed her the cabins which could sleep 23 people. They told her about the 17 saddle horses that went with the ranch. And with as much pure business logic as they could muster, they tried to explain the economics of their great plan to operate it as a guest ranch.

Maybe it was the calm peace of the place after her frantic week in Hollywood. Or maybe it was simply the odds of 2-to-1. But anyway, the idea began to make sense to Lita. She finally said yes.

This was one of the most difficult decisions Lita ever had to make. It wasn't simply the thought of the boys losing the money they'd have to invest. It was the whole business of outdoor living. Lita wasn't sure she could take it. After all, she was a city gal—a night-club singer who had never been more than shouting distance away from a major city before she married Rory. Born in bustling Detroit, dancing in theaters at 13, singing with Cugat at 15, acting in movies at 18—what sort of preparation is that for being a rancher's wife? That was what really worried Lita. That and realizing, on the other hand, how much the out-of-doors meant to Rory.

She made her choice, though. It had to be yes. So the boys went into the guest-ranching business then and there.

All during the summer months, Pete and Rory worked at cleaning up the lodge and the cabins. They didn't bother opening the place for business, except for two weeks in July, when they played host to 33 boys from the California Rangers group. During September, a few deer-hunters dropped by and rented Circle-B horses to pack into the back country. But that wasn't too profitable, either. A trigger-happy hunter accidentally shot one of their best mounts and it had to be destroyed. They don't want any more business like that. In fact, until they finish their repairs and remodeling this winter, they don't want any business at all.

When they first took over the Circle-B, Rory bought two spirited cow-ponies for Lita and himself and brought them up to the ranch. His own horse, "Diablo," is a tricky, high-stepping mount, trained for working cattle. Lita's is a pretty little sorrel mare named "Duchess," and she was the first horse Lita had ever ridden.

"Two years ago I never dreamed that I would be riding on horseback through brushy trails, inhaling dust, and letting the sun burn my skin," Lita says, now that

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the open spaces have become her home. "Everything in my life has been different since I married Rory. He's taught me a healthy, wonderful way of life that I never knew existed before."

The Circle-B will undergo a complete face-lifting this winter. Pete has invited an old college buddy, Ralph Mantiz, out from Michigan, to help him with the job. Much of the work they will do themselves, with Rory lending a hand when he's free from making movies in Hollywood. Between now and opening day they plan to paint the barns, repair the fences, plant a permanent pasture, cultivate the apple orchard, clear off the weeds, build outdoor furniture, fix the plumbing, overhaul the generator for the lighting system, replaster the swimming pool, re-rig the saddles in the tack room, dam up a section of the creek for irrigation, line the fireplace with new rock, modernize the kitchen, repack the water pump, tighten the bedsprings in all the beds, install a badminton court, sand the floors, put in a lawn around the lodge, and build a grandstand and arena for amateur rodeos. (Whew!)

Rory and Pete don't plan to run a fancy dude ranch. But the beds will be soft and the meals hearty. The price will be the same to all comers—\$10 a day for room, board, and the use of horses to ride anywhere in the valley. Long pack trips into the back country will cost \$5 per day extra for each rider.

With Hollywood less than three hours away, the Circle-B should do a brisk business from the day it opens its doors to the public. Rory is pretty sure of that now that he's checked on what other guest ranches have to offer. He'll take his Los Padres Forest country any day.

Lita will, too. She's become the most enthusiastic rancher of the lot. "A woman's touch," she tells them, "is important even in a log cabin."

Since Rory finished his last picture for 20th Century-Fox, *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, the Calhouns have spent very little time in Hollywood. So little, in fact, that their friends have begun to wonder what could possibly have happened to them. During the past month or two, they have been driving hurriedly down to Hollywood on Mondays to attend the television show on which Lita is the singing star. It's their one big night in town and they make the most of it—a fancy dinner with all the trimmings, a show, or perhaps a few hours at a nightclub. But unless urgent business keeps them in town, the Calhouns head back for the hills on Tuesday morning.

They figure that if anything important comes up, they can be back to Hollywood in a flash. And if it doesn't, they can spend their time hoeing weeds. There sure are a lot of them on the Circle-B. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN

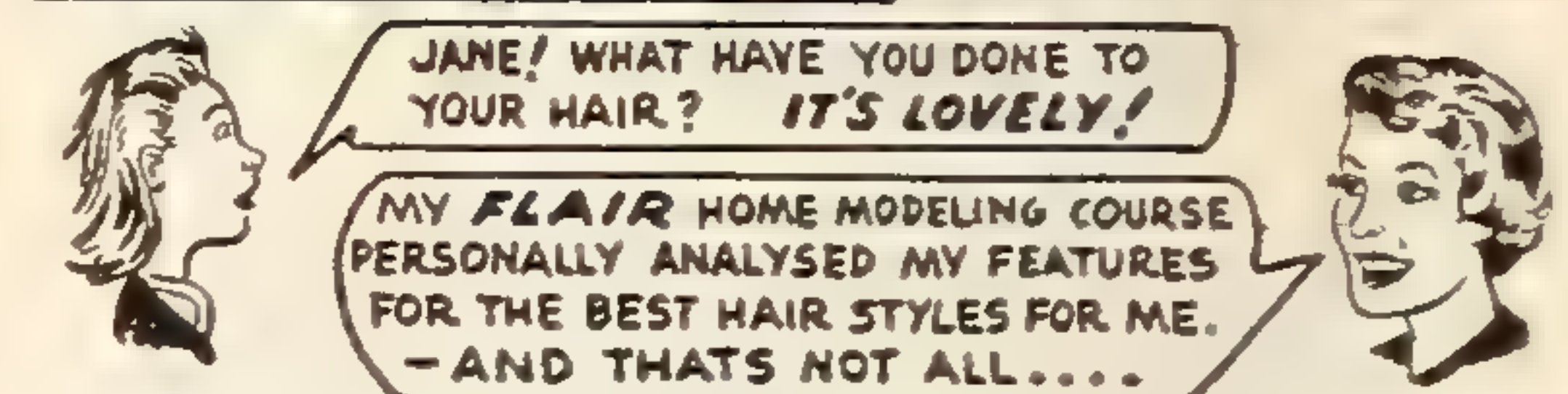


One day while my friends and I were going to school, a car stopped and a man asked us where a certain church was. My friends and I looked again and saw it was Bing Crosby. After we told him, he asked

us if we would enjoy a ride around the block. We were too thrilled to speak. But we got our ride and I'll never forget it.

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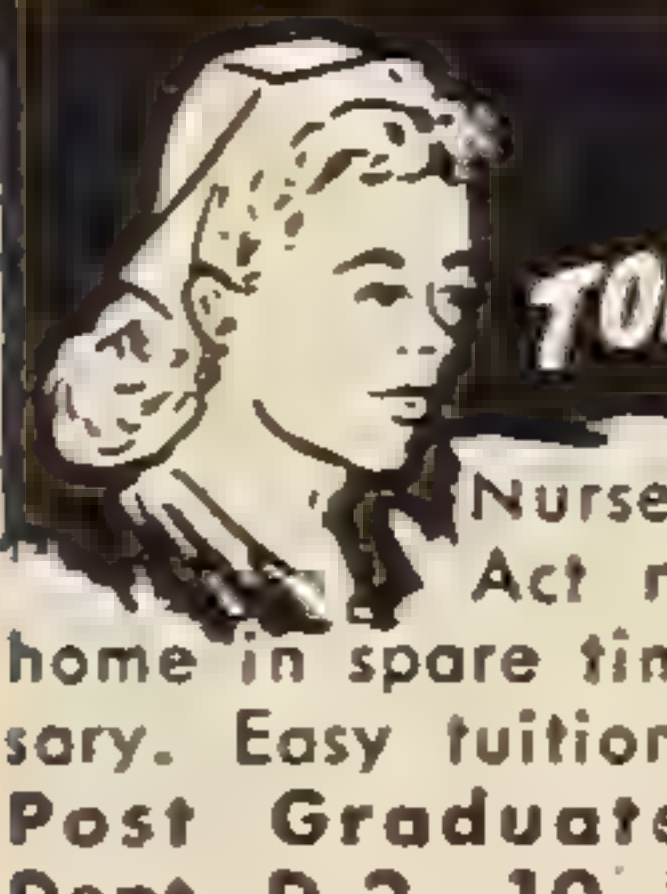
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SOMEDAY HER PRINCE MAY GO

(Continued from page 24)

Rita Hayworth. Directly after the broadcast I piled into a car with my assistants and drove to the Cansino Dance Studio on Vermont Avenue, far off the beaten path from the usual swank Hollywood and Beverly Hills establishments.

Here, in a second floor studio, Eduardo Cansino, Rita Hayworth's father, spends his working day. It doesn't matter to him that his daughter is married to the heir to a hundred million or more dollars while he teaches students in a room where the floorboards creak. It matters only that Rita has her happiness and that his students really learn to dance.

As a commentator of some years' standing in Hollywood, I have always hated the idle, often vicious, shot-in-the-dark rumor type of reporting. Whenever possible I prefer to record my interviews word for word—so in this instance I set up my portable tape recorder and this was my conversation with Rita's father:

on the record . . .

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, it's nice to see you again. You know, for some reason or other there seems to be very few movie-star fathers around Hollywood. Or if they are around, nobody pays any attention to them. How do you account for this?

CANSINO: I couldn't say.

(Mr. Cansino, a dark-haired, handsome man who appears to be in his middle thirties, wastes no words. His answers are always preceded by a slight pause, during which he considers the question before giving a short reply in his pronounced Spanish accent.)

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, do you think a father can stay close to a famous daughter?

CANSINO: Yes, I do. Because we're a family and we're always close together.

FISHER: Well, to put it in another way, have you and Rita ever, so to speak, "lost each other"?

CANSINO: Yes, once in awhile we have. We call each other when she's busy and I'm busy. We call each other on Sundays.

FISHER: Did you meet Prince Aly Khan when he visited here in Hollywood?

CANSINO: No, I didn't have a chance to meet him. They just happened one day to call me and that's usually the day I take off. So we didn't meet.

FISHER: Did you ever meet her last husband, Mr. Orson Welles?

CANSINO: Oh, yeah.

FISHER: Were you good friends?

CANSINO: Yes, sir.

FISHER: Did you receive an invitation to Rita's wedding to Prince Aly?

CANSINO: Yes, sir.

FISHER: But you didn't go?

CANSINO: No.

FISHER: You were too busy?

CANSINO: I was busy putting on a show. My own recital.

FISHER: Did she ask your permission to marry Prince Aly Khan?

CANSINO: No, she didn't.

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, recently the newspapers have hinted that there might be some trouble between Rita and her husband. Do you think this is the real love of her life?

CANSINO: I believe so. Yeah.

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, do you think that Rita has ever been disillusioned by Hollywood?

CANSINO: Yes, once when she wanted to do *Ramona*—she wanted to so badly—she never got to do it.

FISHER: Do you think she wants to come back and make more pictures of the sort



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she did—or do you think she wants to retire?

CANSINO: Well, I don't think she wants to retire, really. I think she's gonna be back and wants to do more pictures.

FISHER: When she comes back, with all this business of being married to one of the world's wealthiest men, do you think she'll be hard to handle?

CANSINO: She's a lot like I am. She's temperamental once in a while, but she doesn't lose her temper for nothing, for no foolish reason. Once in awhile she can fly off the handle good, but there has to be reasons. She wouldn't do anything just because she has money.

FISHER: Do you think that once a girl is a star she can give up all the things that movie fame brings? In other words, are stardom and adulation important to Rita?

CANSINO: I don't think so. It's hard to answer that. If you work in show business you have to have all that. More important even than money, but you don't get it if you don't do your lick.

FISHER: Then, you wouldn't say she was homesick for Hollywood? Getting back to those newspaper rumors, does she seem to be homesick?

CANSINO: She is right now.

family addition . . .

FISHER: Would you like to see her come back here to have her child?

CANSINO: Yes, I would. After all, it's going to be my grandchild. I will have three then. One by my son and two by Rita.

FISHER: What name do you think she will call the baby? After you, perhaps?

CANSINO: If the baby is a boy she should call it after the father. If it is a girl it should be called after the mother.

FISHER: Then you think Rita will do what she wants to do. We hear that Aly runs the show. Is Rita like most Spanish women, who are content to let the husband be the head of the house and never question anything? Or is she the modern type?

CANSINO: I don't think she is *very* bossy. No, I don't think so.

FISHER: Tell me, would you like to direct Rita again in a dance picture? I mean, do you have an idea about the things she should do?

CANSINO: I like to. You bet. Last time I directed her was in *Loves of Carmen*.

FISHER: Well, she was evidently a good student. Did she take direction well?

CANSINO: You bet, she always worked hard.

FISHER: You have trained a lot of stars for pictures, haven't you?

CANSINO: Quite a few. It goes way back. Ramon Novarro, Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne. I taught Myrna the hula dance. Margo studied with me when she was 10 years old. Of course, I did *Rio Rita* on the stage and in pictures, and I have been doing quite a bit—mostly Spanish numbers.

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, does it mean anything to you in a business way that your daughter is so famous?

CANSINO: People are always calling the studio to see if Rita teaches here. I say no.

(If I had a son who turned out to be a big football player or a girl like Rita I have a feeling I couldn't be so offhand about the whole thing. I told Eduardo that. He smiled a little and showed me the artist's drawings of his new studio. It's a far cry from his present modest quarters. To be erected not far from Beverly Hills, it is a highly modernistic glass-fronted structure—the complete last word in dancing studios. I knew better than to ask who was paying for it. Cansino makes his own living. Always has and always will. Even the sign lettered in above the building proclaimed the name of Cansino.)

FISHER: You know how Hollywood and show business is, Mr. Cansino. Let's say

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that everything turned upside down some day, and Rita wasn't wealthy and famous any more—would you have a place in your studio for Rita to work and teach?

CANSINO: Naturally, I would help her any time. You bet.

FISHER: You mean that if Rita—and this takes some imagination—were to come back home broke some day and not a Princess any more, you would give her a job? Do you think she'd be a good teacher?

CANSINO: Sure, I would. Be a good teacher? To tell the truth I dunno.

We talked in generalities for a time. One of Cansino's speech mannerisms is to punctuate his enthusiasms with, "You bet!" When I asked him if he'd go out of his way to meet Prince Aly when they returned, his "YOU BET!" seemed to crack the plaster off the ceiling.

As is always the case, I reserved my most explosive question for the last. "About these persistent rumors," I said. There's another one, an item in this morning's paper: 'After the birth of her baby, Rita is going to have an explosive announcement to make.' What about that?"

Eduardo shrugged and looked at the printed words with distaste.

a talk with rita . . .

I suggested that perhaps he might call her long distance in Lausanne, Switzerland, and we could both listen to what Rita had to say personally. I pointed out that a lot of reporters tried to call Rita and as a matter of policy she might not talk to me.

"Will you call her?" I urged.

"Sure," he replied, "But this is personal and I guess I wouldn't want anyone listening in."

I left, and Eduardo Cansino did call his daughter then. It took time to put through the transatlantic message and we didn't talk again for several hours.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Ha!" he laughed. "We were so hysterical. She shouted at me. I shouted at her. It was several minutes we couldn't even understand each other. She is very happy, that I can tell you. I told her the reports of the Hollywood papers, what some of these writers were saying. She said to me, 'Don't get mixed up with the press. Daddy, believe me, there is nothing wrong. Don't worry about anything. Any kind of bad report is just ridiculous. You know that.'

"Then she said, 'Rebecca (her daughter by her former marriage to Orson Welles) is coming from Cannes tomorrow to join us here in Switzerland. We're just very, very happy.' You can believe me, too—my daughter Rita doesn't fool—or talk that way unless it is so."

Eduardo patted his hip pocket and pulled out a letter. He explained he really didn't have to make that call, but talking about Rita so much had made him want to, although he knew all the time everything was all right. He wouldn't let me read the letter, but he told me that in it Rita had said, "Aly is a wonderful man."

"You see," he declared, clinching the point, "I think that accounts for herself. Do you think so?"

I couldn't help grinning at his blunt conviction, spoken plainly in the language he has never bothered to completely master.

"Yup," I replied. "I think so. YOU BET!"
THE END

(Radio reporter George Fisher, author of the above story, may be heard on his "Confidential Closeups" program each Saturday at 5:45 Eastern Standard Time over an NBC network that extends from the East Coast as far west as Milwaukee.)

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